

FEBRUARY

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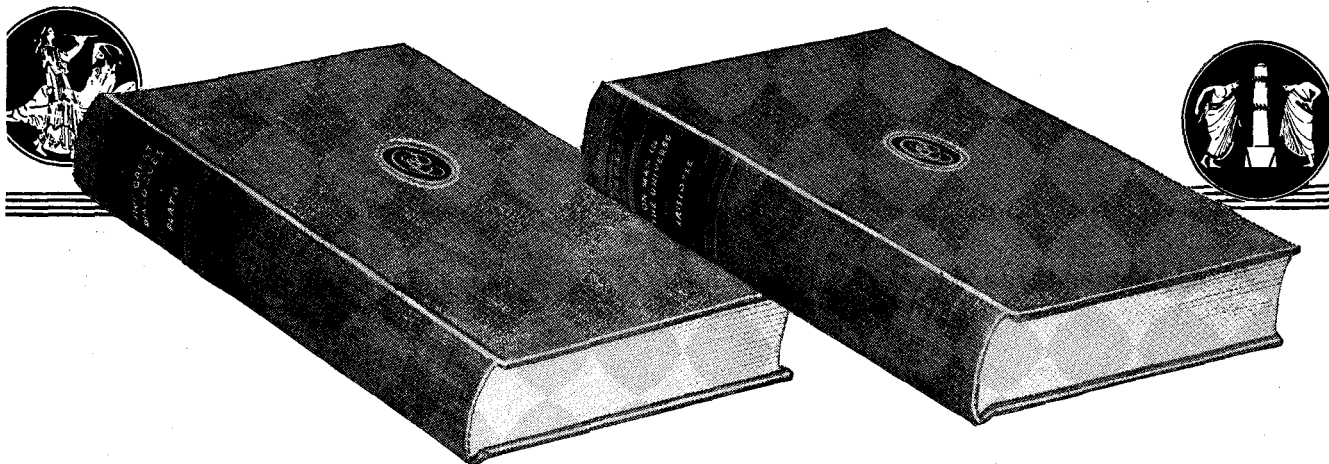
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



PRESIDENT TRUMAN will have a honeymoon with Congress. But it will be limited — in all probability shorter than F.D.R.'s famous Hundred Days. Mr. Truman has never given any evidence that he has the same knack as his predecessor in handling the circus which is the Democratic Party. True, he is now at the height of his popularity. It is likewise true that success has not turned his head, for he is an innately modest man. But, feeling as he does that he has a mandate to carry out his election promises, he is likely to run into rough water before the session is halfway over.

Foremost in the Truman program is repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, though there are those who think that the President will seek a rose by some other name. It must not be forgotten that in a moment of desperation Mr. Truman once suggested drafting strikers into the armed services. He has suffered too many headaches from the labor bosses to want to return to the one-sided Wagner Act under which they grew big enough to challenge the government. The main object is to get rid of "Taft-Hartley," the hybrid that in the election became a term of abuse.

Actually the measure is by no means so restrictive as the Democratic campaigners alleged, nor so horrendous as was made out in the "boiler plate" from CIO and AFL headquarters that bombarded the locals, and served in lieu of examination and reflection. It is, to be sure, bad in spots. But Congress left a watchdog committee to report on deficiencies with the view of improving the measure in the Eighty-first Congress.

What the country as a whole wants is impartial legislation that will protect the interests of the

three parties: labor, management, and the public. No guide is yet available from the AFL and the CIO. Flushed with victory, and acting as if Mr. Truman were a labor President, they made only negative contributions at their conventions.

The next step for civil rights

Standing high on the list of Presidential "musts" is the civil rights program, the cause of the Dixiecrat defection. The protest vote having been registered, the dissident Southerners would like to be taken back into camp, or at least to bargain their way back. But Mr. Truman happens to have firm ideas about civil rights which have only been strengthened by the split. He recalls having seen, as a boy, the Ku Klux Klan and its fiery cross in his own neighborhood at Independence, Missouri. The sight of the hooded men remains with him as testimony to a constant threat to civil rights. If, he is wont to say, civil rights are endangered in time of prosperity, what will happen in time of depression?

The South by no means opposes *all* the President's civil rights measures. Indeed, the only one that gets general criticism below Mason and Dixon's line is the Fair Employment Practices Bill — the measure that would set up a court of appeal against job discrimination on racial grounds.

Racial tension in Washington

A sharp spur to the race question will be provided by President Truman's recommendations. The ground was prepared by the President's Committee on Civil Rights under General Electric's Charles E. Wilson. Another committee's report provides even more ugly reading than this. It is the product of a research committee of the National Committee on Segregation in the nation's Capital.

For the first time the increasing growth and depth of the color line in Washington has been made clear. It appears that until at least 1889 an equal rights statute was in operation in the Capital for hotels, restaurants, barbershops, bathhouses, and "ice-cream saloons." That is difficult to imagine in view of present-day practice.

The only legitimate theater in Washington has been turned into a movie house because the management refused to admit Negroes. One is likely to run into trouble in any restaurant patronized by white Washington if one brings in a dark-skinned guest of any one of half a dozen nationalities.

Housing, also, is mainly on a segregated basis. Race covenants, under which no tenant is allowed to rent or sell to the colored people, have now been made illegal by the Supreme Court. But there are ways and means of getting around prohibitions when prejudices and equities are involved.

Home rule for the Capital

So far as the Capital is concerned, the problem is complicated by the absence of home rule. An oligarchy of three commissioners appointed by the President and responsible only to Congress runs Washington. The result is apathy and indifference on the part of most of the population. Not only have they no say over their local affairs; they do not participate in the election of their President or Congress.

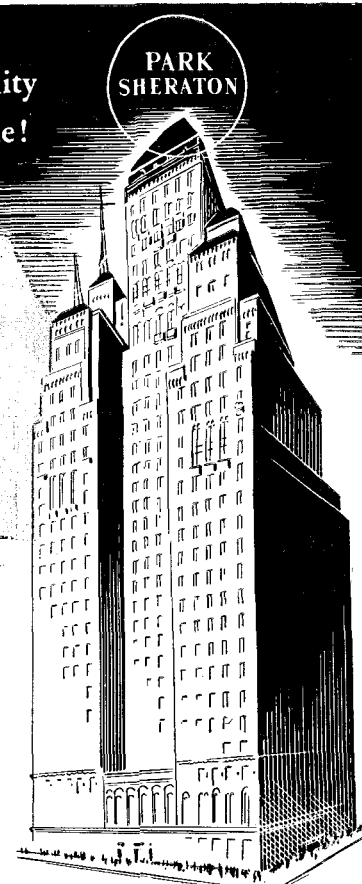
Where public opinion is active, the outlet is through lobbies and the press, but the oligarchs are practically impervious to such pressure. The President puts such rule for Washington among the civil rights measures deserving of enactment.

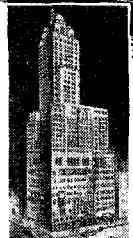
Needed: a chain of command

To what extent our sprawling government organization — the greatest business in the world — will be modified as a result of the Hoover Commission's recommendations is problematical. The question of salaries is fundamental: as the Hoover Commission showed, a while ago fifty-five government positions paying \$10,000 or more were going begging.

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



simply not "ticking." The President has to deal with each Cabinet member separately — a process that leads to conflicting policies, with one department often working at cross purposes with another. President Roosevelt thought he had solved the difficulty through a new system of executive assistants "with a passion for anonymity."

But executive assistants were resented by Cabinet officers and, since Cabinet officers have direct access to the White House, increased rather than decreased the burden of Presidential decision-making. The good Commander-in-Chief traditionally limits the men who report to him to half a dozen. Some such limitation is the purpose of the reorganization of the Executive arm recommended by the Hoover Commission through a new system of interdepartmental committees.

The State Department's competitors

The Hoover Commission threw out many ideas of its task forces as trial balloons. One was the severance of the Voice of America from the State Department. The idea was to remit the broadcasts to a semi-public institution and the educational exchange program to the Office of Education. Much the same proposal used to be made by former Assistant Secretary of State William Benton. At that time Mr. Benton got some support, but the farming out of foreign broadcasts to private networks, upon which Congress had insisted, led to unhappy results. What was said was embarrassing to the State Department, yet Congress held the Department responsible.

We are coming to realize more and more that the cold war with Russia is a war of ideas which must be undertaken frankly by the State Department as part of foreign policy. As for libraries and cultural exchanges abroad, these are under control of the embassies, and any switch of final authority to a department other than the State Department would consequently be irregular.

The Hoover group's recommendation derived, no doubt, from opposition to the State Department's evolution into a sort of general store. But this development is testimony not to bad organization but to the new complexity in foreign relations.

It was because of the opposition to such unlimited growth that ECA was kept out of the State Department. But there were disadvantages as well as advantages in this decision. If ECA had been in the State Department, there would doubtless have been a lack of the tough talking that ECA officials

have indulged in with Perón's Argentina, which has behaved badly to American business and has been charging a hungry world all that the traffic would bear. On the other side, duality in diplomacy abroad leads to conflict between the regular diplomats and ECA officials.

This was an unhappy aspect of wartime government. The United States was represented abroad by a proliferation of war agencies, all of them more or less laws unto themselves, and the result was duplication and waste and lack of cohesion. At times there was so much division of representation that many governments were at a loss to know what American policy was.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is now settling down to a realization that Mr. Truman and not Mr. Dewey is President. Reorganization of the Legislative branch is the talk of Capitol Hill. The Eightieth Congress got a black eye at the November election. Some of its delinquencies were due to the strangle hold on procedure exercised by the insiders — the Rules Committee and the committee chairmen. On January 3 the new House of Representatives passed a bill which provides that if the Rules Committee refuses to bring up a measure, the chairman of the committee of original jurisdiction can move, after twenty-one calendar days, that the bill go to the floor for action.

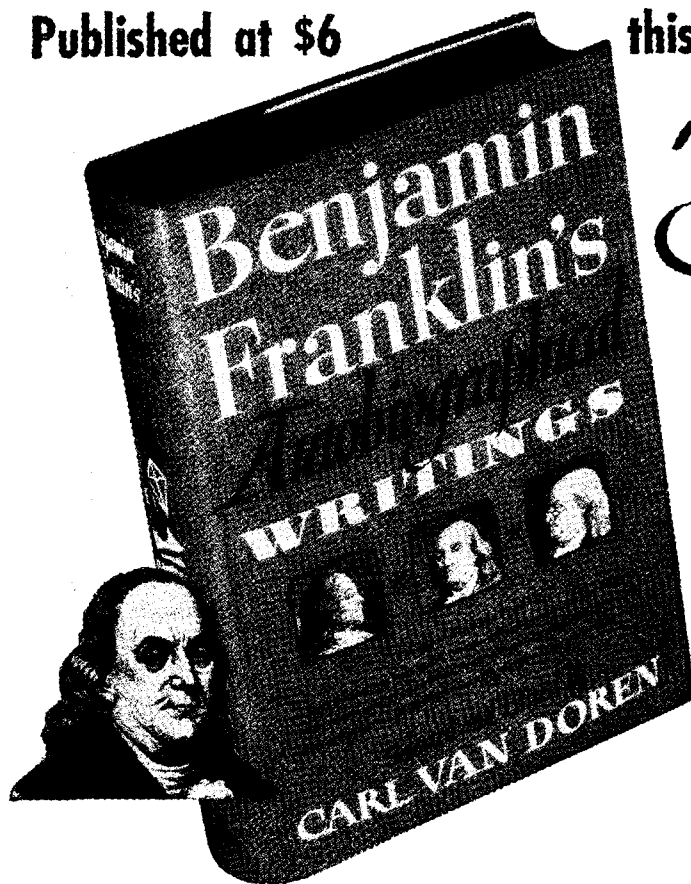
The seniority system prevailing in the committee chairmanships is less easy to deal with. A vested interest is involved, which will make the situation even worse in the Democratic Eighty-first than it was in the Republican Eightieth. Some committee heads are positively doddering, but will neither give up their privileges nor resign, in spite of the new pension emoluments.

Since the election, too, another old tradition has been pilloried — the electoral college. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., has suggested a constitutional amendment which would make the minority voters count in the electoral votes. This would be done by dividing the electoral votes of a state among the candidates, instead of giving all the electoral votes to the man with only a majority of the popular votes.

The reform, it is felt, would help to bring out the vote. Perhaps an even more important result would be to relieve the President from having to play Presidential politics with minority groups and pressure blocs in the big-population states.

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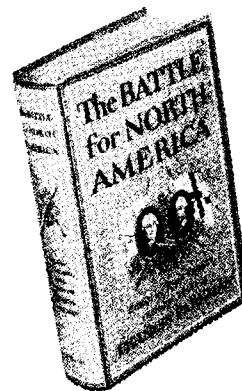
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*



Italy

THERE has been a deep change in the political complexion of Italy in this past year. Half a million Catholic youths of both sexes, in green and rust-colored berets, foregathered from all over Italy in September and paraded through the streets of Rome, with posters and banners, led by 50,000 priests and about as many nuns. In Europe this was a momentous revival.

Last spring, the ceremonies of dedication of the city of Rome to Our Lady had brought back for one day the pomp of the seventeenth century, with all the baroque pageant of the Counter-Reformation — a Bernini or Piranesi motif restored to life. In the September torchlight processions, culminating in a vast midnight Mass in St. Peter's Square, there was a new political aspect not to be underrated. The marching, the shouting and the slogans, the songs in which the devotional alternated oddly with the national tunes (which had sprung up a century ago in the fight against the Church), all **showed** that another mass party had been brought into action.

The reasons for this sizable initiative of the Catholic Action forces were not far to seek. The workers' reaction to the attempt on Togliatti's life, on July 14, had suddenly shaken the complacency of the ruling parties. The assassin's affiliations have never been established; Pallante was a 25-year-old law student from a small town in Sicily, one of an embittered group of local Fascist sympathizers.

Whatever his motive, he certainly pulled the trigger of a revealing event. "The Leftist forces had been discouraged and apathetic ever since their defeat at the polls last April. But half an hour after the shots rang out in front of the Parliament building, Rome was in the throes of reaction on the part of the masses, regardless of party affiliations. Before union orders could go out, shutters had rumbled down, transportation had stopped, life was at a standstill. Grizzled engineers climbed down from the cabs of their locomotives and went downtown brandishing their wrenches and shouting, "They'll not get away with another Matteotti!" Barricades sprang up, and well-aimed paving blocks kept the police jeeps in check.

The Communists hoped to improve on the protest strike by announcing that it would continue until De Gasperi resigned. This pressure was resented inside the unions; much wrangling was going on, when suddenly the radio announced the electrifying news that Bartali had won the Tour de France. Bicycle racing is the pride and passion of the Italian people, and this time they had beaten the French on their home grounds. In no time the streets were filled with cheering crowds, workers were hugging policemen, the strike was forgotten. The winner, "Pious" Gino Bartali, was congratulated by the Pope, and modestly promised to lay off profanity.

But the Left still felt its oats: they came up with a new jeer, "All right, we have shown you our eight million, can you show us your twelve?" The Vatican's answer was to step in with its Catholic Action staff under Monsignor Pizzardo to create a mass organization, which was displayed to the people for the first time in the great September parades.

Catholic Action in politics

The cadres of the organization are largely laymen; its administrative chief is a Luigi Gedda, who had his early training in mass techniques as a Fascist official. Its party machinery consists mainly of "Civic Committees," and it can rely on an embattled priesthood.

All this new "hoop-la" is intended to bolster the political power of the Christian Democratic Party. Party leaders realize that the 12 million people who voted for the Christian Democrats do not make up a solid majority, but are rather a concurrence of many diverse elements stampeded into the fold by fear of Russia.

On the part of the Vatican there is a growing tendency to disassociate its responsibility from that of the party, and to ensure a stable control of Italian life through the solid apparatus of Catholic Action, which is more directly Vatican-controlled in Italy than it is, say, in France or Belgium. That once done, it is discreetly suggested, parliamentary government might come back on a broader basis, and even participation of the Communists might be



The Atlantic Report *on Italy*



possible. Meantime the Christian Democratic Party never splits on any issue, and it uses its massive majority to push through what measures it pleases.

Production but no sale

The needs are pressing. It is true that water power yields 50 per cent more electricity than in 1938, that iron and steel production has increased 36 per cent since 1947. These are encouraging achievements but stocks of coal, cotton, and copper brought in under the Marshall Plan are cluttering up the yards and sidings, tank terminals are bursting with oil, while demand is shrinking. Part of this picture is due to inadequate measures for international exchange of goods; but another part is a specific trouble of Italian economy which has come to its crisis.

Industrial export prices are today almost double those of foreign competition, owing to the artificially stabilized exchange rate, the padded payrolls, and the freezing of workers on the job. Take the Fiat automobile plant. They are working at 60 per cent capacity, instead of a previous 95 per cent, with 15 per cent more employees than before the war, and the price of sheet steel in Italy is double the French price. It is easy to see why Fiat cannot compete with Citroën, Morris, or even Renault on the foreign markets.

Domestic buying capacity has decreased, and production can go on only thanks to an unceasing flow of government subsidies to the industries, which, added to the subsidy on food prices, bring the budget deficit to 800 billion lire (1.45 billion dollars) on a total budget of 2000 billion.

No one could blame the government if they fail to provide a total solution, especially in the face of a tenacious and flexible Communist antagonism. An impoverished country, deprived of outlets, devoid of natural resources, whose population goes on increasing 450,000 a year; a country without capital to provide employment and housing even for those already on the spot, is bound to find itself in the throes of a domestic crisis.

Naturally there is unemployment: 2 million unemployed, about half of the total force of skilled labor. Since industrial jobs require an investment of \$4000 per worker, Italy would need about 8 billion dollars to solve this problem in the orthodox way. This amount is obviously not to be found in the capital market. Hence the orthodox alternative would be to open the emigration sluices and create vast resettlement areas in other continents, which

would look safer to foreign capital. Such a program to drain off the "coiled" or increasing populations of Europe would be a major task.

The Italians remember only too well that their real period of economic progress was when they *could* send half a million of their people overseas every year. Failing emigration, it will take drastic measures to readjust the economy.

Reforms come slowly

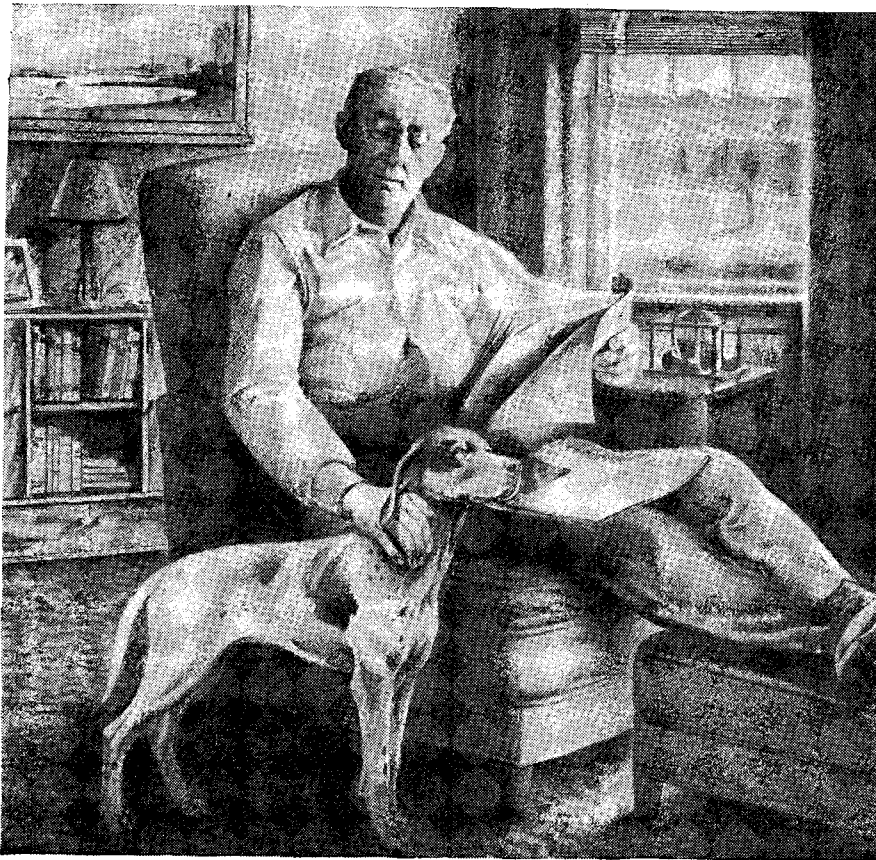
Mr. Zellerbach, the Marshall Plan administrator for Italy, has outlined some of these drastic steps. They involve cutting down bureaucracy, firing two workers out of five in industry, lopping off dead branches in production, and going after taxes in the higher brackets. A very firm helmsman would be needed to steer the bark through the rapids of such a readjustment, and the Christian Democrats do not even pretend that they are going to try.

Their idea is best represented by what one of their ministers told — or rather tried to tell — an American representative: "We saved Italy for you in the April elections by promises to the electorate which entail a 400 billion lire deficit in the budget. It is the Americans' business to fill up that hole, and that is what we understand the Marshall Plan to be about." He was vividly told that this was not at all the idea, but it is only very gradually that the statesmen are beginning to understand.

Once they have understood that the ERP is not a relief project, what then? Their main thought is certainly not modernization. Too many vested interests, too many prejudices and privileges, especially in the south, would have to be overcome before a real economic reform could be effected, and their ancient experience tells them that maybe there are other ways out, that something or somebody will always turn up to foot the bill.

Meanwhile, under a great show of coöperation, they are patiently and deviously endeavoring to get more consumer goods from us which they can sell for lire against their immediate needs, and less re-equipment goods. The American administrators, in their turn, are patiently working at pulling them back into line.

A winter employment program has been worked out under their supervision which will absorb about 200,000 dismissed industrial workers in land reclamation projects. This is only a stopgap measure. The whole of the Marshall Plan allotments, even supposing an increased trade with the East, would

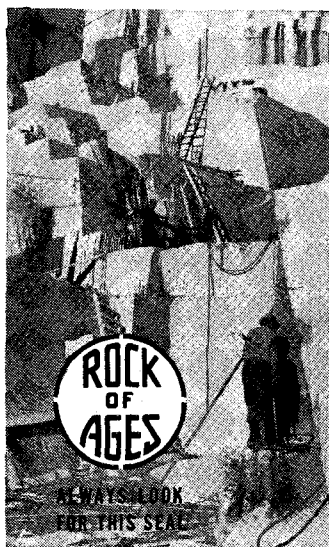


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mean little more than a million jobs over four years.

The land reform which the Christian Democrats had explicitly promised both to their people and to our own authorities has been quietly shelved. What next? To leave productive economy to a free readjustment under the Iron Law would also mean iron repression against the unemployed masses, or deep structural reforms and vast re-employment plans. They do not have either the strength or the will to do one or the other.

To cut down the swollen bureaucracy (which has increased 700,000 since the war) to efficient proportions would really mean beggaring two or three million helpless people from the middle classes and creating a very dangerous political situation. Far from being able to retrench on that score, the Cabinet find themselves beset with the pitiful and by now threatening clamor of state employees who cannot live on salaries as low as \$20 per month.

Stirrings in Italy

Some easing of the Italian plight may come from a general improvement in Western Europe. The Marshall Plan should soon be implemented by measures favoring international exchanges and by some kind of international currency. There is also some reasonable hope of increased trade with Eastern Europe, thanks to the ingenious efforts of the UN Economic Commission for Europe in Geneva, where Italy has some excellent experts.

But the main difficulties of Italy are not economic, grievous as these are; they are political, and so long as the present setup continues in force, economic planning will not go beyond a multiplying of *ERPivores*, as they are familiarly called in Rome.

There is a good chance, however, that the pressure of protest may ultimately break the frozen single-party rule which is keeping Parliament out of business. The liberal wing of the Christian Democrats, led by Giovanni Gronchi, has shown increasing restiveness of late. It may gather enough decision to break the deadlock and vote with the opposition on certain economic issues, and we shall have Italian democracy again.



Poland

THERE is a vitality in Poland which is hard to define, probably because it is an expression of qualities which the Polish people possess in great variety and abundance. It has preserved them for a thousand years; it has brought them, stunned but unbeaten, through the recent war.

The German occupation of Poland was an example of oppression, degradation, massacre, and starvation more terrible than a nightmare devised by a host of devils. A dog or a rat had a better right to life than a Pole. The list of crimes has filled many books; suffice it to say that the Germans were responsible for the disappearance of six million people in Poland; that in Warsaw during the Insurrection in 1944, in eight weeks 200,000 citizens were buried under their houses or hunted, shot, and hanged in the streets; that then the Germans systematically, block by block, looted and blew up the greater part of the city.

The evil of those years has left its mark on each man, woman, and child; the ash heap of the Warsaw ghetto and the deserted extermination camps spread round the country bear them silent witness. Remember, then, that the Poles hate and fear Germany.

Russia, too, fears Germany, and it is Poland's misfortune that her geographical position is of such vital importance to the Soviet Union. Ideologically, Russia is imperialistic, and because she does not trust any country in which those in power do not share her brand of social organization, she must begin by controlling those nearest to her borders. To these countries she can say that their only hope of security against invasion from the West (and to a Pole "the West" can only mean Germany) lies in a reliance on her to defend them. It is a two-edged weapon. How far Russia succeeds depends on the resilience of each country.

By tradition and by character, Poland is an independent nation and will not submit easily to interference from another power. The Poles are an energetic and fiercely patriotic people. The current of life which runs in them is swift, as swift and dangerous as the tides of the Vistula. Their strong-

est instinct is to survive in a hostile environment. They are a Slav people with a Western culture and, above all, a Western Church; and their culture and their Church are at odds with their Slav heredity.

An unfettered alliance with Russia could be a natural outcome of Poland's geographical position. But Russia regards Poland as the most important of her satellites, and her interference in Polish affairs has aroused a deep resentment and a growing antagonism in all but a small percentage of the people. She places her nominees in high positions in the government. If they are to keep their jobs, they must play the Kremlin game. Many are Jews.

The Jews suffered ghastly persecution in Eastern Europe and now look to Russian Communism as a safeguard for their future; without it they might scatter and perish under renewed persecution. For the purposes of Russian Communism the Jew may become a useful scapegoat.

In Poland, as in other Eastern European countries, the Jews are not liked. Before the war there were three million of them, and their influence on the whole economic and commercial life of the country is still resented. Now there are 100,000, and among them men who are dominant in the government and who have been trained by Moscow. Though few Poles will admit it, some of them are capable and honest men who regard Poland as their home and are working for her betterment.

One party in power

The recent merger of the two main parties in Poland — the Socialist (PPS) and the Communist (PPR) — means, in effect, the eclipse of the Socialists and the emergence of an all-powerful United Workers' Party pledged to support Russian Communism or, to use an old-fashioned term, Bolshevism. In the words of Lenin, when he spoke of the All-Soviet Communist Party, this new party will become the wisdom and conscience of the new stage of the Polish nation's history.

The Poles exchanged a hated German occupation for an administration which brought them stability, prosperity, a will to work, and — to those who



The Atlantic Report on Poland



blend a belief in Communism with a love of their country — a realization of their potential position as a buffer state between Communist Russia and the democratic West. Since the defection of Marshal Tito, however, the administration, backed by the secret police, has become increasingly ruthless in its control of all phases of Polish life.

Open opposition to the government has disappeared. Fear of the secret police, who in many cases need to go no further than calling the offender up for “questioning,” is enough to produce a passive attitude, a wish to live quietly and inconspicuously. A passivity which leads to resignation can be of benefit only to the government, but fortunately the Poles are not a passive people. They are working hard for their recovery, so they look beyond the present into a future when their strength may yet overcome the impositions of a foreign domination. It is very important that the United States and Great Britain should not let the Poles feel that they are being left to stew in Russian juice.

Apart from the character of the Poles themselves, there is another powerful factor of strength and hope in Poland. The Catholic Church in Catholic Poland exerts a great influence, particularly on the peasants, who form the greater part of the population. All over the country, the churches are full, and until the death of the Primate of Poland, Cardinal Hlond, in October of last year, religion was left comparatively free. Since his death the government has shown its teeth; many Catholic schools have been closed and members of religious orders have been turned out of their houses.

Curbing the people

During the occupation, one of the many tenuous features of Polish resistance was the passion for learning which, despite German decrees excluding the Poles from any but elementary education, sent young people to underground schools and universities. Now, once more, the fountain of learning runs but the water is not what it was. Education centers are being formed which will gradually envelop all teaching in the theories of Marx and Lenin. At present they can only take care of the Party member, the man or woman disciple. Children's schools are still fairly free from ideological penetration but this will change as the supply of teachers increases. The rewritten history of Poland will make strange reading for those who remember.

The whole status of the law is being revised. The official view is that “in the present day a law-

yer's impartiality means that he continues to hold reactionary views.” The law will become an instrument of government; no longer will the people have an independent body to protect them.

There has been plenty of money in circulation, particularly among the poorer and peasant classes. But there are signs that the government will intensify its vigilance against what it calls “speculation.” First to suffer will be any persons who have managed to make a little money through their own initiative. Already pressure on them is becoming harder; their accounts and transactions are investigated, they are questioned, they are taxed. The government maintains that there is a place for private enterprise, but the government controls it.

In Poland as in the other satellite countries, “economic sabotage” is now a punishable offense. The list of crimes ranges from high-level trading to spending too much money on a meal or throwing away a half-smoked cigarette.

New Six-Year Plan

Just as the members in the government have been purged for the sake of Party purity, so, in industry, a similar shake-up is going on. Many trained managers and executives are being replaced by untrained Party men. The effect on the Polish economy cannot yet be assessed. It has made a prosperous progress in the last three years — so much so that the Three-Year Plan which was due to end in December, 1949, is ahead of schedule and will soon be replaced by a Six-Year Plan.

This Plan, which covers the most mature of the satellites, should be an interesting guide for the future of them all. It will certainly provide for a large-scale movement of workers from agriculture to industry, which necessarily involves collectivization of agriculture. Machines must do the work of men. This extremely unpopular process, known in Russia as kolkhoz, will not be easy. At present, state farms manage about 10 per cent of Poland's arable area.

The squeezing out of the kulak (or rich peasant) has begun and there is merciless propaganda against him. It is doubtful whether this will succeed, because in Poland there are no class distinctions among the peasants. Life is based on the village and there has been no great shift of population in the past. Families have intermarried for five hundred years and there is consequently no animosity between them: a brother, cousin, father-in-law can be a kulak.

It is a moot point whether there are many people in the government who think that rapid collectivization is smart. It will need large quantities of agricultural machinery, which the Poles have not got, large-scale financial assistance from capital, and, in the words of a government spokesman, "a radical change in the psychology of the individual farmer." This last will prove the most difficult to achieve.

In industry Poland has made rapid strides, but her greatest bargaining counter, coal, is beginning to reach its peak of production. In 1947, 59 million tons were produced; and in 1948, 60 million tons. Much of this was set aside for export, but as Great Britain and Germany produce more, their import needs will grow less.

Food and jobs

From coal, the government is turning its attention to its next great asset — food. Before the war the Poles were among the best-fed people in Europe. Under German domination food production was forcibly stepped up; and by the policy of massacre, the overpopulation of the country was removed. There is plenty of food to buy now, though owing to a low standard of wages, the purse is the ration book. There are periodical shortages and lines outside foodshops. The Poles do not like it; they will wait patiently for buses, streetcars, trains — they are used to that — but not for food. The Communists who rule Poland will do so more successfully if they do not interrupt her increasing material prosperity by too quick a dose of Communist methods.

The Polish people work extremely hard, many of them fitting two or three different jobs into the day because their wages are low. Wages will be increased as the standard of living gets higher, but at present the majority of the people are poor.

Needless to say, living accommodations are very scarce, but if the rate at which the Poles are rebuilding their shattered houses is any indication, this shortage will not continue.

In many ways women are the strength of the nation and their power is evident. They get equal pay for equal work and there are some in high positions in the government. A woman formerly a domestic servant

is in charge of the "recovered" province of Poznan.

What hope for the future?

One of the pitiful results of war in Poland is the small number of children between four and nine years of age. Another is the tragically high incidence of tuberculosis among children and adults; doctors and hospital staffs are hard put to it to stretch their meager resources to the needs of the population. There are three doctors to each 10,000 persons, and fewer in the country districts. Hope for the future is to be found in the steadily rising birth rate.

The Poles love flowers. The first shops to open up in Warsaw after the war were the flower shops. There are many window boxes perched up and down and along the walls of buildings. The Poles are keen window-shoppers, and though the standard of the goods at which they gaze is not high, remembering the immediate past it is remarkable that there is any standard.

Taken by and large, the people who crowd the streets and market places, who stand patiently in lines for transport, who, on Sundays, in their best clothes, go to worship, look well and reasonably happy. They don't smile much, but they have little reason to do so. There is a drab monotony in their daily life, filled as it is with a constant stream of abjuration and regulation which takes from them their few pleasures and denies them their hard-won liberty.

For the United States and Great Britain the Poles have a warm and lively regard, which their government will do its best to break by distortion and by re-education. It is imperative that the great powers of the West should use every means to support these people. The channels of East-West trade are open, with reservations on both sides, and the Polish government does business with fourteen of the Marshall Aid countries. This will continue so long as it suits them. In the cultural and educational field there are good opportunities for exchange and no effort should be spared to increase them.

The immediate problems of Poland are the immediate problems of the world. It will take more than the hardships of the present to destroy her faith in her future.

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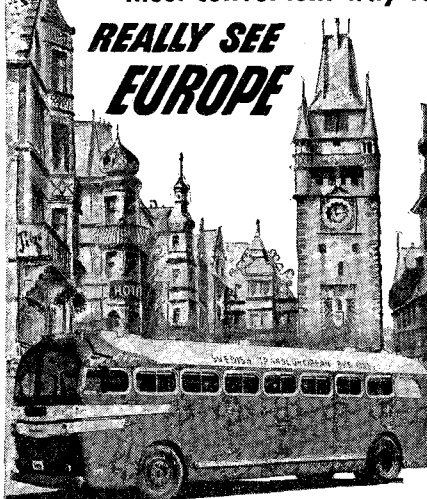
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Latin America

THE tensions behind the present disturbances in Latin America are tensions of frustration, insecurity, disappointment, and hopelessness. During the years of the war and an active Good Neighbor Policy the Latin American nations pinned their faith on a consistent improvement in their economic conditions, and the improvement has not been forthcoming. They were encouraged to industrialize, only to find today that the prices of new machinery and of imported materials are often prohibitive. They were urged to pile up relatively huge dollar balances in payment for their war supplies. But with rare exceptions, no effective steps were taken to prevent the dollars from being spent on luxury items at post-war inflation prices.

The republics were led to believe that consistent aid, in the way of economic partnership and mutually profitable financial support, would be provided by the United States as a "good neighbor." Instead, most of the economic operations of the Good Neighbor Policy were liquidated in Washington within a few months, when the war ended.

Loans for economic improvement were cut down to a dribble, so far as government financial agencies like the Export-Import Bank were concerned. Private finance was asked to carry on the job of promoting Latin American economic development. But except in certain lucky projects, this was an impossible assignment — if only because of the exchange obstacles to dollar payments even on highly profitable investments.

Within the republics, these factors have rolled up an ever increasing storm of internal economic discontent and disturbance. Currencies have depreciated. Inflation has injured merchants and industrialists, infuriated labor whether organized or unorganized, and terrified Latin American families in all walks of life.

Peru's new deal fails

The Venezuelan and Peruvian military coups were curiously identical both in causes and tactics. The Peruvian and Venezuelan democratic regimes came into being in 1945 — Peru's through the choice of Dr. José Luis Bustamante as president in

the first fair and free election of the country's history; Venezuela's through a violent revolution of a nation-wide popular party called *Acción Democrática*, aided by a faction of ostensibly progressive young army officers.

Both regimes staked their future on hopeful economic programs. The Peruvians proposed a series of agrarian and educational reforms aimed at bringing the Indian mountain peons into full partnership in the economic life of the country. The Venezuelans aimed at balancing their economy so that the dirt-poor peasants and small farmers of the rural hinterland could share in the upper classes' immense oil wealth. Each was recognized to be a generation-long job. But there was no reason why, under halfway favorable conditions, a single presidential administration should not make headway.

Headway could hardly be made, however, with the Hemisphere's economy in the doldrums. Peru needed dollar exchange, industrial progress, and loans and investments, merely to launch its program concretely. Not being able to draw on assistance, or even sympathy, the Bustamante administration got nowhere. So in default of a program, the Peruvian Congress, by no means the most competent democratic political body in the world, developed a loggerhead situation between the Apra Party, which favored the reforms, and the Conservatives, who opposed them. As a result, legislation was deadlocked after Bustamante's first year in office.

No reform for Venezuela

Venezuela, with its oil wealth and its debtless solvency, needed loans less. But its problems of establishing a domestic revenue system which would supply the funds to build roads into the farming regions, improve farm practices, and assure the peasants of transportation to their markets were hardly less complicated than trying to sell the Good Neighbor Policy in Washington again.

Meanwhile, the government had to be reorganized. *Acción Democrática* accordingly drafted and adopted a new constitution, providing for universal suffrage and election of the president by popular vote. Under the new constitution Dr. Rómulo



The Atlantic Report *on Latin America*



Gallegos, outstanding educator and internationally known novelist, was elected president by an 80 per cent majority, and inaugurated in February, 1948.

But much time had been lost, and attempts to balance the economy were seemingly frustrated, just as Peru's program for agrarian reforms was frustrated by lack of means and political deadlock. And when the Gallegos regime attacked its revenue problem by proposing a heavy increase in oil taxes, it appeared to be a blow at the new Venezuelan middle classes in cities like Caracas and Maracaibo, who live largely off the country's oil prosperity.

Both in Peru and in Venezuela, large numbers of middle-class people made it plain, in the kind of conversations which shrewd power-politicians hear, that they would welcome at the head of their governments "strong men" who would protect them in their newly privileged status. Now that they had something at stake, the middle-class groups tended to revert to the classical pattern of Latin American politics beloved of the old-time landed aristocracies. They welcomed dictators who would hold the shaky economic line for them.

The "strong men" act

As usual, the "strong men" were ready. President Bustamante in Lima and President Gallegos in Caracas were first confronted with demands that they take enough military officers into their cabinets to make them virtually prisoners of the army. When they refused, they were deposed and sent into exile. Both coups were quick "inside jobs" in the presidential palaces, and so bloodless.

The rest was routine — the same routine in both republics. General Odria set himself up as provisional president in Lima; Lieutenant Colonel Carlos Delgado Chalbaud, outstanding military leader of Acción Democrática's 1945 revolution, as provisional president in Caracas. Both chose military juntas for their cabinets. Both dissolved the national Congress, suspended the constitution, and began governing by decree laws.

Each outlawed his country's strongest political party — Apra in Peru, Acción Democrática in Venezuela — as a dangerously subversive "minority." Both dictators noisily proclaimed that they had saved their republics from "Communist" domination, although the Apristas have been sworn foes of Peru's small Communist Party for more than twenty years, and Venezuela's Communists, in the 1945 revolution, put up the last bloodletting resistance to Acción Democrática.

These farcical explanations were not offered to explain the overthrow of two promising experiments in Latin American democracy, but to make stage thunder in Latin America's coup politics. And ex-President Gallegos's charges that American oil companies and American military intrigues brought about his ouster make no better sense. The democratic experiments died on the vine because of economic and financial undernourishment.

Probably there can be no buffer against disasters of this sort in Hemisphere relations until some statesman of the competence and protocol standing of Sumner Welles is brought into the State Department to reactivate the Good Neighbor Policy.

Opportunity for private investment

Here and there are a few encouraging signs. In the country's trade and investment centers, for instance, there has been increasing concern, since the war, over inter-American economic relations. One proposal that has come out of discussions of dollar balances and trade stoppages has to do with a larger investment of United States capital on a partnership basis, in consumers' industries and more efficient merchandising establishments, employing chain-store methods, within the economically more developed republics.

It already has reached an advanced blueprint stage, and the blueprints may be a tip on a new type of Latin American investments. In theory, of course, such a project is a close relative of the Good Neighbor Policy itself. More and cheaper consumers' goods, so the idea runs, spread employment around, raise living standards, freshen internal trade activity — and may help to overcome lack of purchasing power and dollar shortages.

Again, a new lift in prosperity may be offered to Mexico in the shape of a deal permitting, under ironclad royalty agreements and strict government control, some private exploitation of Mexico's still vast oil resources. The Army and Navy, who want "defensible oil" in large quantities available near home for emergency purposes, are hot for it and are pressing the Washington government to throw its full weight into negotiations.

Such programs, however, need a firm and consistent Good Neighbor Policy of a strong government behind them. Without this, plans for consumer-goods industries and distribution, or for settling the touchy question of Mexican oil exploitation, can die as easily as Latin American experiments in democratic government.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Modern Art

SIR:

Francis Henry Taylor's penetrating analysis of art and its meaning ("Modern Art and the Dignity of Man," December *Atlantic*) is a superb example of concise, interpretive style in criticism. Why not more essays of this sort?

P. L. BAILEY, JR.
Tenafly, N.J.

SIR:

In regard to Mr. Taylor's remarks about Picasso, may I suggest that a great artist has always had imitators, but contemporary painting has its creators as well. If the imitators get more recognition than they deserve and the creators less, that is because the museum directors, galleries, and public lack the insight to distinguish between those who imitate Picasso and those who learn from him.

ELINOR GOODRIDGE
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Two articles in the December *Atlantic* might well be considered a "must" for students in the field of design: "Fashion Is My Business," by Stanley Marcus, and Francis Henry Taylor's "Modern Art and the Dignity of Man."

MORTIMER C. RITTER, *Director*
Fashion Institute of Technology and Design
New York City

SIR:

Francis Henry Taylor has clearly stated what many people have obscurely felt. It is to be hoped that artists will read and weigh his words.

F. W. BRADLEY
Columbia, S.C.

On seeing

FRANCIS H. TAYLOR'S PORTRAIT
in color, on the cover of the
December Atlantic

Gone is his usual air, both saturnine and frisky —

Here's new-found elegance, well-groomed, severe.

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LEE SIMONSON
New York City

"Go South, Young Man!"

SIR:

We welcome the article in your November issue by able Louis Bromfield, "Go South, Young Man!" And we applaud this sentiment. We protest bitterly, however, his exclusion of Florida from his definition of the South.

He says, "It cannot be said, I think, that Florida, with its resort attractions and the general Coney Island atmosphere, could be called the South."

This is just as unfair and untrue as to say that the great State of New York has a general "Coney Island atmosphere" because it has a few acres of honky-tonk on that island. Furthermore, what is wrong with resort attractions?

AUGUST BURGHARD
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

SIR:

Having heard favorable comment on Louis Bromfield's article, I was doubly disappointed to find in it: —

"One could do away with the Bilbos and the Rankins but the

chances are that men like them would bob up again, for the simple reason that under the representative form of government, they represent Mississippi."

Bilbo is dead. Senator Stennis, Bilbo's successor, is well up to the average of the United States Senate in character and ability. The present governor of Mississippi is in character and ability far superior to the average left-wing authoritarian politician in this country.

As for Rankin, he ran for Bilbo's seat and was defeated. If he is representative of Mississippi, then so is Curley "representative" of Boston. And so is Marcantonio "representative" of New York City.

BEAUFORT B. COPELAND
Laurens, S.C.

SIR:

In treating of Southern agriculture, Mr. Bromfield says the poor soil makes poor people. There is reason to believe that the line of causation runs in the opposite direction, or did so originally.

Studies by the U.S. Department of Agriculture relating to the economic status of immigrant communities in the South indicate that European immigrants have done well on the poorest soils by employing the soil-management methods brought with them from the old country. The stupidity of the true-blue Americans has ruined the soils through their own malpractices.

We need a study of the ethnic basis of the Southern population of today. There is evidence that the ne'er-do-wells often appearing among the immigrants from some parts of Europe

in colonial times did not prosper after their arrival on this side, and tended to drift southward to a region where climate made existence more tolerable for the shiftless and ignorant. Their descendants are still there.

These degenerative tendencies have been enhanced by certain endemic diseases — hookworm, pellagra, malaria — and by destructive social habits which have excluded a large productive element in the population from coöperation for the common good. Actually the two most useful Southerners from the standpoint of agricultural amelioration are two Negroes — Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver — but the lowest classes among the whites have profited little by their instruction.

L. A. CHASE
Hayward, Calif.

SIR:

I am interested in Louis Bromfield's statement that "Missouri, despite the pretensions of some sentimental inhabitants, never was and is not today the real South."

It is certainly true that there are sections of Missouri and segments of its population that are not Southern. But those conditions hold for Tennessee, which Mr. Bromfield includes within his enumeration of the Southern states. It is also true that recent population movement into the state has not to any considerable extent been from the South. But there are many "carpetbaggers" even in East Texas.

Missouri was originally settled by Southerners, by people with almost identically the same origins as those who settled Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Texas. Probably the greatest single block of these original settlers came from Virginia and North Carolina, and brought with them the culture and institutions of that region. The things which are most distinctly Missourian derive from the pattern which they set.

Much of the idiom in daily use in Missouri (and by people both unsentimental and without historical sense) is Southern. Moreover, much of the economy is Southern in character, since cotton and tobacco are important cash crops.

Regrettably, Missouri is even Southern in matters of race. Twice the refusal of the state university to admit Negroes has been tested in the courts and has been reviewed by the United States Supreme Court.

Throughout the public school system of the state segregation is rigidly enforced.

Missouri is far ahead of the rest of the South economically, and to that extent Mr. Bromfield was justified in excluding it from the purview of his article. Its agriculture has been diversified and its industry has grown progressively more important. Yet Missouri is most certainly a Southern state. It *was* Southern, and it *is* today.

WILLIAM WINTER
Willow Run Village, Mich.

Corrections

SIR:

"Race for *Algiers*" must be an error for "race for *Tunis*." (Edward Mead Earle's article, "The Man Who Might Have Been President," December *Atlantic*, page 90, line 3.)

UPTON SINCLAIR
Monrovia, Calif.

SIR:

I should like to report a glaring error in the December *Atlantic*. In Stanley Marcus's article, "Fashion Is My Business," he states: "Josephine, pregnant at the time, ordered the ladies of the court to follow the lines of her maternity dresses." Shade of dear Josephine! She was never pregnant after she married Napoleon. That very circumstance cost her the throne of France, and her crown.

MRS. ALICE M. STOKES
New York City

SIR:

You and Osbert Lancaster have let me down. You have been swindled, too, unless you are an accomplice.

Recognizing (as I thought) "The Saracen's Head" (November *Atlantic*) as authentic history, the more so because the sketches seemed to be drawn after contemporary paintings, I read contentedly as far as page 84, when the several references to cactus let the Master's cat out of the ditty bag.

All cacti are exclusively American! They did not reach the Mediterranean area until transported by the Spaniards in 1502. Yet your correspondent on the Levantine front is ostensibly sending dispatches from the twelfth century.

Crime does not pay. I recommend that you cancel his contract.

ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY, Sc.D.
Chairman, Department of Birds
American Museum of Natural History
New York City

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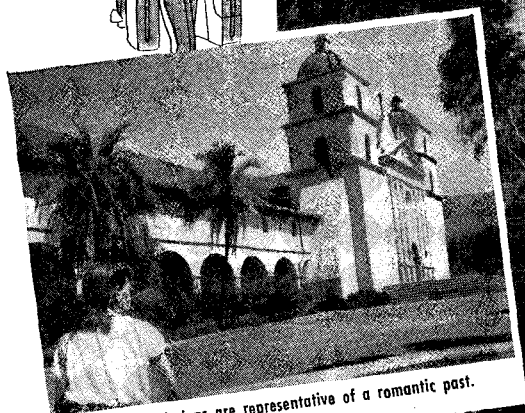
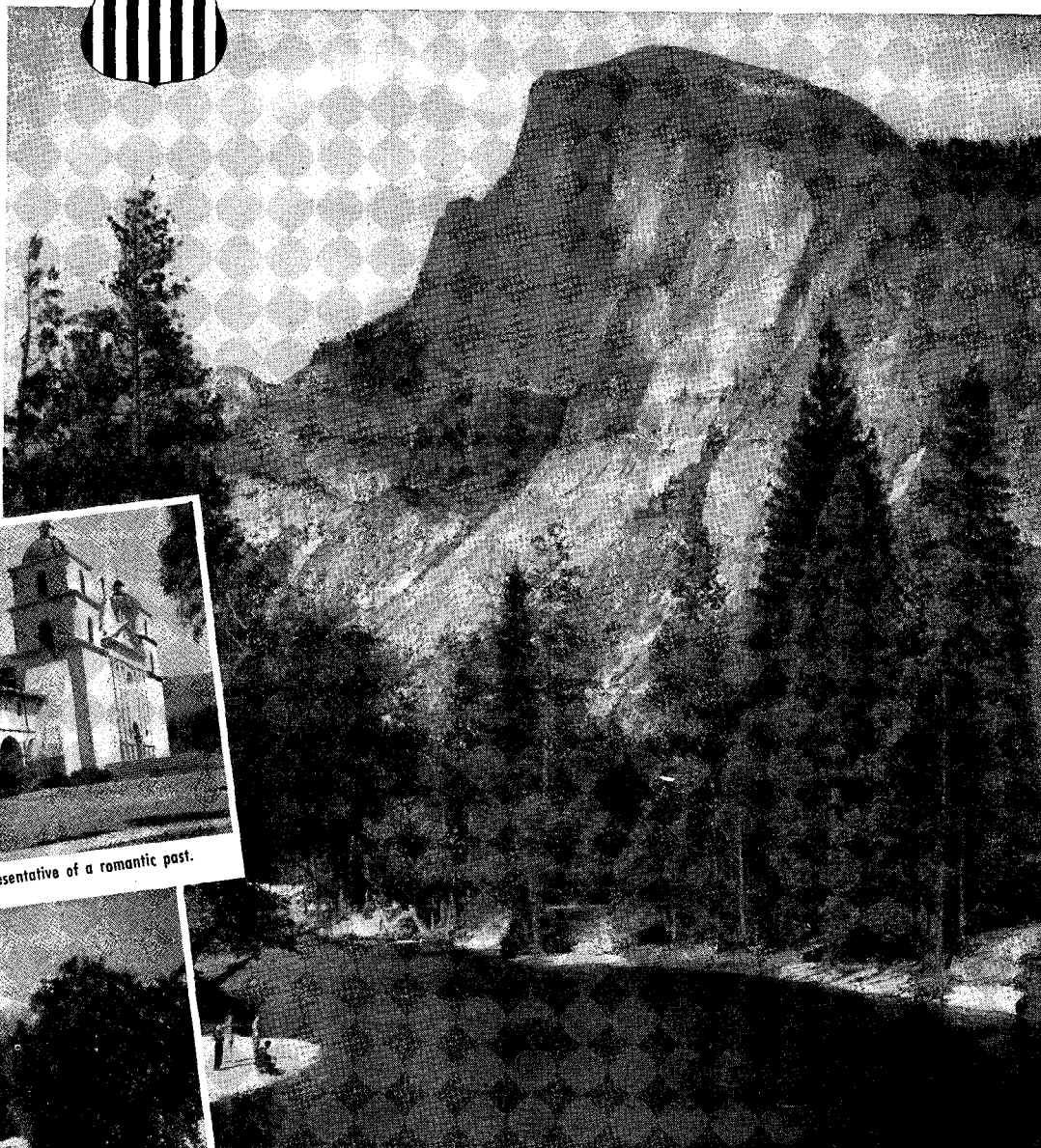
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*Assistant Editor of the London Economist, a Governor of the BBC, and a Governor also of the Old Vic, BARBARA WARD is one of the very ablest spokesmen for post-war Britain. Her new book, *The West at Bay*, has been widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. Now looking beyond the year 1952, which has been set as the goal for the Marshall Plan, Miss Ward asks of the democracies a determination to enlarge their interests and to work out currency, production, and defense problems on a lasting rather than a temporary basis.*

DECIDE OR DRIFT

by BARBARA WARD

FOR over a year the Western powers have been engaged in the experiment of the Marshall Plan. Organs of economic coöperation have come into being in Paris and Washington. Five billion dollars' worth of raw materials and equipment has been transferred from the United States to the sixteen participating nations. Subsidiary political organisms such as the Western Union Defense Pact have taken shape. In a troubled and divided world, this experiment represents the only field of diplomatic action in which the Western powers unequivocally possess the initiative. Elsewhere, their attitude is rather to find out what the Communists are doing, and endeavor to think up some countermeasure. In Western Europe, it is the Communists who have had to spend the year in a desperate and sometimes violent search for methods of effective opposition — the waves of French strikes, the Czech *coup d'état*, the blockade of Berlin.

But if people ask themselves the question: "How will this Grand Alliance in the West look in 1955?" they will be astonished to find that nothing precise can be said, except perhaps a vague reference to "continuing coöperation within the framework of the United Nations," an ostrich phrase which statesmen often use as a substitute for thought. The great experiment in which the West is engaged drops into the mist in a few years' time. Economically, everything is to be tidy by 1952, all

the gears of world trade are to be oiled and functioning smoothly.

Politically, the time limit is more vague. The proposed Atlantic Pact will last — how long? Until the end of Russian aggressiveness? But that is not an easy date to define. Until the peace treaty with Germany is concluded? The conclusion of such a treaty might indeed be the proof that Russia's restlessness has come to an end, but since the restlessness is Messianic and springs from a crusading view of what world order ought to be, can the signing of a single settlement really be the signal of returning peace? So perhaps the Western powers need and are considering an indefinite alliance. If so, they are doing little to lay more lasting psychological foundations for it — in spite of the fact that alliances anchored in nothing more than "common funk" — the Holy Alliance, for instance — have a way of disintegrating without any statesmen being perfectly clear why or how it has happened.

The diplomacy which consists in having no diplomacy can be practiced only in times of great stability and invulnerability. If the Marshall experiment is simply an *ad hoc* arrangement, it will fail, for the late forties of the twentieth century are neither invulnerable nor stable. To keep an initiative they have achieved — with considerable difficulty — in Western Europe, the Western powers will have to stop thinking of 1952 as the *annus mirabilis* in which normalcy at last returns.

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Should any proof be needed of the danger of committing the fortune of the Marshall Plan to a policy of drift, it lies in the strong evidences of underlying isolationism which have become apparent even in the first year of its life. They are not confined to any one country or to any particular political group. They crop up in the most unlikely places. It is almost as though deep in the recesses of every national mind, there were a desire to be left alone, untroubled by bothersome neighbors, and that this desire rose like a mood or a neurosis to color all kinds of policies which superficially have nothing to do with isolationism at all.

2

ISOLATIONISM in the obvious, open, avowed sense has hardly recovered from the discredit of 1940 and 1941. It is the various veiled forms it now assumes that are significant. Take first of all the support given by some groups in the United States to the conception of European federation. The desire that Marshall Aid should be used to "push, prod, and encourage" the participating nations into a close Western Union was in many cases a generous desire to see other nations adopt a political structure which had proved so perfectly adapted to the needs of the United States. But in other cases, the underlying motive could perhaps be summed up thus: "A strong Western Europe or even United Europe would be politically, militarily, and economically quite strong enough to deal with all transatlantic problems, particularly with the Russian and German problems. If such a union can be brought into being, America will be rid of the present tiresome role of world leadership and can return to cultivating its own particularly inviting back garden."

A rather more straightforward type of isolationism has appeared in Britain. It takes the form not of hastening a Western Union or a federated Europe but of trying to keep Britain out of such a union at all costs. The feeling is particularly strong among those Conservatives to whom belief in the British Empire is practically the only conscious principle in international affairs. Day by day, readers of the Beaverbrook press can hear its owner's lamentations over the sacrifice of the Empire to doubtful experiments in Europe.

If we turn to France, isolationism appears in a curious guise in the somber bosom of General de Gaulle. The General regards "the Anglo-Saxons" on the one hand and the Russians on the other as alien to Europe. He wants a united Europe — and a united Western Europe as a starting point — but he wants it under his own leadership. Therefore he must isolate the Continent from its neighboring giants and reconcile his country to alliance with Germany, upon which the new "Europe for the Europeans" will be based. It is this underlying isolationism that has led General de Gaulle into

such statements as: "France has lived hundreds of years without the Marshall Plan and could do so now" or "Europe can only be defended from France. It is inconceivable to base the defense of Europe upon London" — a statement which in the shortness of its memory and the arrogance of its claim bodes ill for the coöperativeness of a Gaullist France.

Another form of isolationism is connected not so much with any particular nation as with particular political points of view. As such it can be found in both Europe and Britain. One school of supporters base their thinking on the need for neutrality. Europe, they argue, cannot survive an atomic war. It must therefore unite itself as a great neutral bloc between America and Russia.

This desire for a Europe cut free from the influence of either great neighbor is also to be found in moderate Left-wing opinion. This group has suffered a species of intellectual and ideological martyrdom in the last three years. Immediately after the war, Russia had the double halo of having the world's first planned economy and of having won a tremendous military victory. The tendency of moderate Socialists was to look to Russia and regard America — an America in which all controls were swept away and the Republicans returned to office — as the citadel of unrepentant capitalism.

Since 1945, this ideological picture has been torn to pieces and with it the hearts of many honest men who have had to watch their Soviet idol sink to lower and lower levels of national and international behavior and the distrusted Americans rise to a height of disinterested generosity unique in the annals of history. Fact and ideology have struggled in their breasts and the only compromise they find emotionally satisfying is to join the great body of people who all over the world in every class and country have been trying to act as "bridges" — bridges between East and West, between capitalism and socialism, between planning and *laissez faire*.

The "bridge" concept demands that a united Europe shall belong neither to the East nor to the West. It shall support neither Russia nor America but attempt to create a third bloc, a third alternative between the rival powers. Its policies shall combine planning and freedom. In domestic politics it shall stand between the extremes of Right and Left. In international affairs it shall seek, by dissociating itself from its present close ties with the United States and by making its independence of Russia clear, to act as an independent buffer state — or group of states — between the two. The most persuasive and vocal spokesmen of this view are probably to be found among the British Members of Parliament who last year were grouped round Mr. Richard Crossman and published a pamphlet entitled "Keep Left." But the mood is also apparent among the Continental parties of the Left, especially those which, like the Socialists of

France and Italy, feel themselves in danger of being ground away between the upper and nether millstones of domestic extremism.

These various trends are quoted not because they are important in themselves but because they show the way in which a policy of drift would be likely to lead the Western powers. It would disintegrate their alliance. It would encourage every centrifugal force, every affirmation of national selfishness and particularism. Europe would float loose from the Atlantic Pact. Britain would seek to pull away into a supposedly isolated Commonwealth. France and Germany would be abandoned to their old contest. Instead of a free world in reasonable control of its own destiny, there would be once again — as there was before the last war and as there threatened to be in 1945 and 1946 — a medley of nations, great and small, agreed on nothing and each canceling out the others' best intentions and most careful plans.

3

THERE are three main reasons why the collapse of the present alliance between the Western powers — the United States, Britain and the British Commonwealth, and the participating countries in Western Europe — would spell ruin for the West. The first has become so obvious that it need not be described in any detail. It is that Russia has upset all the old calculations of power in the world, and Western isolationism, which belongs to a nostalgic past, is not equipped to deal with the new pattern of power. Whatever the dreams of supporters of an international "Third Force" in the shape of an independent Europe, such a force cannot come into existence for the simple reason that it cannot become a force. The Russian weight lies so heavily on Europe — for the time being it has bulged to the Elbe — that there is only one way in which Europe standing alone could offer a reasonable counterweight, and that is by throwing all its resources and all its energy behind a militarily restored Germany. Such a solution is unthinkable.

The counterweight must therefore be provided by America's close association with Europe. To say so is not necessarily to convict Russia of further ambitions in Europe: it is merely to state the obvious — that powerful states with Messianic urges will always spill over into a political power-vacuum if such a one exists on their frontiers. War is avoided by seeing that such a vacuum does not exist; it is made certain by a retreat which simply creates others.

So much for Europe; but the problem of new patterns of power is not confined to Europe. All the Western powers have vital interests in the Far East and Southeast Asia, and here in the last six months a reversal of old relations has taken place which is as revolutionary as the absorption of Eastern Eu-

rope into the Soviet sphere and which may, in the long vistas of history, have even profounder repercussions. Communist control has swallowed a large part of China, and whatever allowances — wishful allowances — one may make for the development of Chinese "Titoism," the policy of the Chinese Communists, for the time being, will certainly be closer to Moscow's than to any other power's. This reversal of a whole strategic position has not so far elicited from the Western powers even the essential preliminary of joint consultation. In fact, they are behaving in the Far East in the separate, uncoordinated fashion they would still be using in Europe, had it not been for Mr. Marshall's initiative. But the results only underline the need for a closer and more inclusive alliance.

The second reason why the alliance of the West is a permanent need is economic. In the first place, Europe standing alone — and with all the more emphasis Western Europe — cannot satisfy its own economic needs. The Sixteen Nations are on the whole exporters of manufactured goods and importers of food and raw materials. Their prosperity turns on their ability to sell these goods and to secure primary products in return at reasonable prices. One great source of raw materials — the New World, and the United States in particular — will remain, on all present estimates, limited since it will be impossible for Western Europe to sell its manufactured exports there in sufficient quantities to buy all that it might wish in return. It is therefore vital to stimulate alternative sources of supply — to increase the acreage under food in Australasia and Africa, to develop the mineral riches of Central Africa, to expand timber and grain production in Eastern Europe.

But both the scale of trade with the United States and the amount of investment available for developing non-dollar resources depend in the first place upon American policy. The scale of American purchases and investment abroad is the first yardstick of an expanding world market. The Western powers are without exception debtor nations, hard hit by the war. The contribution they can make to the capital development of new areas — a cardinal factor in an expanding economy — must be judged in the light of the likely contribution to be made by the tremendous American economic machine. Like an ocean-going liner, the United States economy can draw along in its vast wake the smaller economies of its war-torn allies. But the momentum must come in the first place from the United States. And since this is the case, it is folly to imagine that the profound interrelationships between the American and European economies will come to an end in 1952. Rightly conceived, the Marshall Plan by 1952 will simply have restored Europe to a position in which it can throw the weight of its regained prosperity behind America's in the fight to expand the prosperity and productivity of the whole world.

At this point we touch on the third reason why it would be disastrous for the West's Grand Alliance to peter out in the restoration of parochial isolationism. It is quite simply that in the world of ideas, the challenge presented by Communism stops at no frontiers, recognizes no Monroe Doctrines, is as challenging in Harlem as in Chinatown, in Sierra Leone as in Peru. The Communist ideology claims that peace can be secured ultimately only in a Communist world; the peaceful association of non-Communist peoples and nations is thus an essential and permanent counter to the claim. It affirms that the only relationship between non-Communist states of differing power and development is either competition and enmity or exploitation and imperialist absorption; the evolution of a free federation of nations coöperating on a basis of equality thrusts the lie back and, incidentally, throws Russia's inability to swallow up Yugoslavia into greater relief.

Communism's claims to be the sole force able to overcome "irrational obstacles" of race and nationality can be disproved only by the development of equal rights and common citizenship among the democracies. Communism's prophecy of the inevitable instability of all save Communist economies and the total inability of any save Communist planning to create an expanding world can be disproved only by long hard years during which, steadily and without the violent vacillation of boom and slump, the free world builds up the prosperity and expands the horizons of the free world.

In short, the Western powers are faced not only by a rival principle of political and economic organization but by a secular religion which offers a new prophetic vision of a peaceful, fraternal, and rational world. Unless the faith they pit against it has wider loyalties than their own state, wider interests than national prosperity, and higher hopes than local self-preservation, they will finally lose their battle because they will have failed to mobilize the deepest resources of man's spirit. Communism may be a crooked and finally a destructive ideology but it is not afraid to demand faith and sacrifice. So far the Western world appears to have fixed 1952 as the closing day for both. There is no more certain way of writing "finis" to the West.

4

WHAT, then, should the Western powers do?

The first step is to be clear about their fundamental aims. They face a power whose ambition is to create a world order from which Western values, Western traditions, and Western institutions will have been very largely wiped out. The supreme achievement of classical and Christian civilization — the emergence of man as a free and responsible agent apart from the collective unit of tribe or city

— will have given way to the new collectivism in which man once again sinks back to become a unit, an instrument, an industrious ant. The Western powers cannot therefore aim at less than a world order in which the Western experiment of freedom can continue to unfold. Theirs is a triple struggle — first, to hold the present frontiers with Communism; secondly, to destroy in their own society the evil or irrational forces which make a mockery of their claim to freedom; and thirdly, to penetrate and permeate the Communist world by example and propaganda until Moscow itself feels as menaced as do the nations of the West today.

In the Middle East, in the Indian Ocean, in the Pacific, the Western powers must be linked in common systems of regional defense, with joint chiefs of staff, standardized weapons, and small but highly mechanized and mobile police units ready for immediate action. Police work may well be all that these armies are called on to perform, for the Russians, unlike the Germans, have shown in the past a capacity to respect the fact of opposition, provided it is made sufficiently plain. It is the open doors all round the world that lead them on. Doors firmly closed and bolted will not be burst open.

But defense work is no more than the first foundation. The ideological floods which threaten the world will not be checked simply by building higher dams. The chief test of the effectiveness of the democracies lies in their capacity to canalize the rising waters of social change, to drain the swamps of economic frustration and destitution, to organize fully the energies which science and industrialism have liberated in mankind. Their enormous capacity for expansion and experiment, which was proved to the ultimate degree in the test of war, is challenged no less by the cold war of Communism.

The Second World War was won when the initiative was at last snatched from the Nazis' hands. In the cold war of today, initiative is once more everything. Let the initiative therefore be framed on a scale fit for an age that flies faster than sound and has released the fundamental energy of the world in the atom. In the political field, the United States, the British Commonwealth, and the states of Western Europe — grouping between them the great part of the wealth, skill, and culture of the world — should enter into a solemn compact, an act of union which establishes common citizenship and minimum organs of common government.

The United States has already proposed international control of what will be the chief source of power and productivity in the future — atomic energy. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to ask that the experiment of internationalized atomic energy should begin at once with those nations that are prepared for it. The Russian veto need not become the last bulwark of national atomic control.

The chief economic functions could be confined to two. The first is to create the preconditions of a

common currency by vigorous action to balance the various active areas in world trade. If by 1952, for instance, the sterling area had come to a working degree of convertibility with the currencies of Western Europe, a comparatively stable relationship could be established between dollar and sterling. At that point, it would not be beyond the wit of a central monetary authority to guarantee the convertibility of sterling in terms of dollars and, with sensible safeguards, to make the dollar the common currency of the free world.

The chief obstacle to such a policy is the fact that the monetary claims of the non-dollar nations still greatly exceed their capacity to produce wealth. Simply to guarantee convertibility of other currencies into dollars would place so great a strain on American production that the result would be the slipping of its economy into catastrophic inflation. The central authority would have therefore to establish conditions of eligibility for membership of the dollar currency union of which the first would be a balanced budget and internal financial stability. But once in the union, each nation would automatically extend the world's free trade area and therefore the world's capacity to produce and exchange wealth.

The other principal function of the central economic authorities would be to ensure stability in the currency union by safeguarding, stimulating, and controlling the flow of fresh capital investment. In setting up a World Bank and an International Monetary Fund, the powers have already admitted that economic stability and expansion must be pursued by international means but so far they have not made full use of these instruments. A World Bank working as the central authority for investment for the Western powers could be charged with expanding the production of foodstuffs and primary products, developing mineral resources in new areas, initiating land reclamation, drainage, and hydroelectric schemes from Ceylon to Puerto Rico, from Alaska to the Celebes. In this way, it would both secure the more developed economies freedom from the alternations of the trade cycle — which high and sustained capital investment alone can check — and it would restore a balance between the production of industrialized countries and the output of the primary producers.

These functions of a possible central authority are given in the merest outline. The fewer its functions the more likely its establishment, for — in spite of all talk of world government — the plunge from national sovereignty to international authority is the highest and the coldest the human race has had to make — or rather the coldest which its politicians have had to make. The proposals made here for a central government are purposely reduced to the very minimum. For the rest, the best method of association is to free nations as far as possible from the restrictions of national eco-

nomie barriers and by freer investment, freer movements of people, and freer trade to encourage them in the simple process which Mr. Churchill once described as "getting mixed up together."

Yet however simple the proposals for a union of the free world, let us admit at once that, written down in cold blood, they ring with as Utopian a note as the latest draft for a world federal constitution. Can a move be made which demands such an upheaval in men's normal political habits? Is it not darkening counsel to propose that such mountains should be moved and such crooked ways made straight? Why not adopt the more honest course and admit that the Western world will do very well if it does not completely fall apart after 1952 — that friendly but aloof national relationships are the best for which one can reasonably plan?

To this — the approach of the eminently sensible citizen — two things must be said. The first is that this is neither a reasonable nor a sensible age. It is an age of whirlwinds, of political cataclysms; an apocalyptic age in which towns disappear at the touch of a switch and clouds of lethal gas rise in clouds of fantastic beauty thirty thousand feet above the suddenly dead; an age in which six million human beings have been asphyxiated in special camps because of their race and millions more live and die in forced labor for their political beliefs.

It is a terrifying, insane, and infinitely dangerous age in which survival cannot be purchased cheaply or national existence guaranteed by lazy or indifferent or old-fashioned methods.

In fact, the first test of an effective policy in such a world should be: "Does it take the breath away?" And incidentally, the only recent Western policy which qualifies under this test — the giving away in free gifts in one year of some five billion dollars by one nation to other nations — is also the only one that has had any real effect on the world balance of power.

The second point is that nothing could have looked more utterly outrageous and improbable than Lenin's statement in 1917: "We will now proceed to build the Socialist State," when it is put against the background of that plan — Russia in ruins, millions of ignorant soldiers and peasants streaming to their homes, all the world against Bolshevism, the deepest human instincts — the instinct of property, of patriotism, of family life — to be overcome. Yet that state was built, nonetheless. Today, Communist leaders think, even if they do not say, "We will now proceed to build the Communist world," and it can be declared with the utmost certainty that unless they meet a faith and a vision greater than their own, they will in the end succeed. The world is made and remade perpetually by the force of ideas and by the beliefs in the minds of men. The Western world must either believe in its own principles and its own destiny or succumb to the greater faith.

Olympics

Author, traveler, and sportsman, ARNOLD LUNN began skiing in Switzerland fifty years ago this winter. He was the founder and president of the Oxford University Mountaineering Club, a pioneer of ski mountaineering, and the inventor of the popular Slalom race. Chairman of the Downhill Ski Racing Committee of the International Ski Federation, he refereed the Slalom at the Olympics of 1948, and firmly believes that international politics have no place in international sport.

DOWNHILL RACING

by ARNOLD LUNN

1

SHORTLY before Christmas, 1898, the villagers of Chamonix were intrigued by the antics of half a dozen English visitors who were attempting to master the new sport of skiing on the nursery slopes. Among these visitors was the present writer, a small boy of ten who had been given a pair of children's skis by his father as a Christmas present. It has been my good fortune to see skiing sweep through Central Europe and evolve, in half a century, from the specialty of a few eccentrics into one of the world's most popular sports.

Skiing in the days of my youth meant ski touring and exploration. Every run was a new discovery. At the beginning of the century Hahnenmoos Pass and Faulhorn were as undisturbed in winter as the remoter glaciers half a century before. In summer the Alps had been forced to submit to the indignity of human invasion, but when the autumn snows had dusted the green cattle Alps with silver, and the last of the cows had jangled her way down to the valley, the mountains resumed their interrupted sovereignty and the skier who invaded these solitudes felt as though he were entering a country illegally.

In those days the climb was not regarded as a tedious prelude to a downhill run. The austere spell of the remote and lonely snows meant as much to us as the actual run. Skiing was a branch of exploration. A new chapter in the history of mountaineering was beginning. Little or nothing was known of the ever changing moods of winter snow. Summer routes, we knew, were sometimes dangerous even on the ascent, and useless to the skier planning his descent. We had to solve our own problems, with little help from guidebooks or guides, who knew no more than we did and with whom I usually dispensed.

The first serious raid into the High Alps on ski was the Oberland traverse by Paulke in 1897, and the first end-to-end traverse of the Oberland was carried out by me in January, 1908 (Kandersteg, Petersgrat, Lötschenlücke, Finsteraarhorn, Oberaarjoch, Meiringen). I was the only member of the

party who possessed sealskins. On our first day we climbed fourteen hours to the Petersgrat and on our third day twelve hours to the Lötschenlücke. Today the skier leaves the Scheidegg after breakfast, takes the train to the Jungfrauoch station (11,400 feet above the sea), skis down over the Lötschenlücke, and returns to the Scheidegg the same night.

In those days there was no Jungfrau railway, and we knew that if any of us should break a leg near the Concordia (half an hour below the Jungfrauoch railway station today), the best part of twenty-four hours would pass before a guide dispatched for help would return with a stretcher.

Skiing as practiced by ski mountaineers is immeasurably different from skiing as it is understood by the overwhelming majority of modern skiers. In the early decades of this century a man was regarded as a good skier if he could find his way about the mountains in winter and in spring, if he knew enough about snowcraft to keep clear of avalanches and to plan a tour so as to get the maximum value out of the snow, and if he was both reasonably fast and steady while descending over unknown ground irrespective of the different varieties of snow which he might encounter. A modern skier can easily make an international reputation without knowing enough about mountaineering to lead an easy expedition and without being able to run with speed and safety on any snow but the hard-beaten standard courses.

A few months after crossing the Oberland glaciers I came away with loose rock and fell a hundred feet in three bounds. My right leg was not merely broken but shattered; this and various other injuries made me feel that the charms of solitary climbing had been overrated. It was eighteen months before I could climb again, and even then I did not enjoy the experience, for my right leg was short and misshapen and my nerve was impaired. Ten years passed before the last fragment of splintered bone emerged from an open wound, and though I continued to climb in summer, I soon realized the ad-

vantage of skiing, in which most of the work could be done by my uninjured leg, over foot slogging, in which the injured leg had to do its fair share.

I also found that by postponing my expeditions till April or May I could climb all the ordinary peaks and ski most of the way down to the valley into the bargain. It was this injured leg which made me one of the pioneers of late spring skiing on the glaciers.

The Alps are never lovelier than in the late spring. I remember looking down on Grindelwald from the crest of the Eiger in May, the cherry blossoms showing as threads of silver, the buttercups adding a shimmer of gold. It is a wonderful experience to begin the day linking one's Christiansias down the perfect spring snow of some glacier pass, to remove one's ski at the frontier between winter and spring, and to end the day strolling down through the scented pines past fields in all the polychrome glory of Alpine flowers to the valley echoing with the overture of spring.

2

SKI mountaineering was my first love but it would be ungracious of me to give the impression of wishing to belittle ski racing. All that I urge is that the ski racer, when his racing days are done, should launch out into ski mountaineering. A thing does not cease to be good because other things are better, and ski racing is undoubtedly one of the finest of sports, certainly one of the most exacting as a test of courage and skill. Races have been won at an *average* speed of 60 miles per hour; and no racer can approach the international class unless he can hold uneven ground at speeds approximating 60 miles per hour. Inevitably in practice he will fall at such speeds and take punishment as severe as that of the boxing ring.

Skiing was introduced into the Alps by the Norwegians. Most of the skiing country in Scandinavia is gentle and undulating. There are, of course, steep mountains, particularly in Norway, but a typical day's skiing for a Norwegian consists of a long hike over country where an occasional short climb is followed by an equally short descent. The traditional Scandinavian competition consists of a combined event — a long-distance race of about 12 miles and a jumping competition.

The Alpine peoples blindly copied the Scandinavian precedent and, instead of setting courses down from mountains, painfully flagged out long-distance courses around their valley floors. I was the first person to suggest in print that a downhill race was a better test of downhill skiing as practiced in the Alps than a long-distance race.

My first task was to convert my own countrymen, who, like the Swiss, were so overawed by the prestige of Norwegian skiing that they considered it impious to depart from Scandinavian precedents.

The British were the first to award a championship on downhill racing, or rather on the combined result of a downhill race and a slalom race. The modern slalom is an invention of my own, and I am always sorry that I used the old Norwegian word *slalom* for a form of competition which has nothing in common with the Norwegian slalom. The German word *Torlauf* (gate race) is a far better word for a competition which consists in racing down a course defined by pairs of flags through which the racer must pass and which are so arranged as to test every variety of turn — short and abrupt, long and sweeping.

The Kandahar Ski Club was founded at Mürren in 1924 to promote downhill racing, and in 1928 the Ski Club of Great Britain sent a memorandum to all the Ski Associations urging that downhill and slalom racing should take the place of the long-distance race as the appropriate test of Alpine skiing. There was so little interest in our proposals that we did not receive a single reply to this memorandum.

Our first convert on the Continent was the Swiss University Ski Club, and the Anglo-Swiss University Race is the oldest team race in downhill racing. In the United States the first group of skiers to adopt our rules were the skiers of Dartmouth College. Professor Proctor was a member of the Ski Club of Great Britain and he did a great work in propagating downhill racing.

In 1930 I attended the International Ski Congress in Oslo and succeeded in obtaining international recognition of the British rules for downhill and slalom racing. I had great opposition to overcome, for the Norwegians regarded the slalom as a kind of gymkhana event "suitable for ladies and untrained Englishmen." "It is beneath our dignity," a leading Norwegian skier had remarked, "even to discuss the slalom." Any apostle of these heresies would, in any event, have met with a cool reception in Oslo, but my offense was aggravated by the fact that I had been rash enough to remark, in the Year-Book of the Ski Club of Great Britain, that "*the average standard of downhill skiing among visitors at Norwegian skiing centres was deplorably low.*" The words which I have italicized were omitted in quotation and I was generally believed to have asserted that the average standard of skiing among the Norwegians was deplorably low! No wonder I was unpopular. In 1930 a Norwegian was considered a good skier if he could cover long distances on undulating country in a short time and jump his 30 or 40 meters in good style. And judged by this type of skiing Norway led the world.

Eric Horn, who was assigned the task of looking after me during the Holmenkollen meeting, was a very fine straight runner, and having failed to impress me by the comparatively gentle downhill sections of the Holmenkollen race, dived down one of the few steep slopes in the Holmenkollen woods

and just failed to stop without falling before a clump of bushes. I avoided a fall by a few cautious S turns. This was the first time, Horn told me when we met again in 1946, that he had seen four continuous downhill turns. "Your father," he explained to my son Peter, "did some slalom turns which were more economical" — that is, economical of falls, a delightful phrase which I must remember now that I have reached the "economical" phase of an aging skier's career. This demonstration of "economy" and some copies of the Year-Book of the Ski Club of Great Britain transformed Eric Horn into an ardent pioneer of Alpine skiing.

Of course, directly the Norwegians got down to the job of mastering downhill racing, they had no difficulty in becoming experts. In fact the Norwegians won the Men's and Ladies' Downhill Races at the Olympic Games of 1936, but they have not yet produced any Norwegian who has finished in the first three places in a World Championship in downhill racing.

The great sports, like the great cultures, have their prescribed cycles, and the springtime of a sport has the same charm as the first phase of a culture cycle. There was a spontaneity about Gothic skiing which one recalls with nostalgic regret. Indeed there could be no greater contrast than that between the first race for the Roberts of Kandahar Challenge Cup, which is now the world's senior challenge cup for downhill racing, and the races at the Winter Olympics of 1948.

On a January day in 1911 some twenty competitors left Montana and climbed for eight hours to the Wildstrubel Hut on the Plaine Morte glacier. (Today every racer expects to be conveyed to the start in a ski lift.) After spending the night in the Hut, the competitors lined up and started when the oldest competitor gave the word to go. (Modern competitors start at minute intervals, a fact which robs the finish of dramatic interest.) The Kandahar competitors raced across the glacier and down 4000 vertical feet of snow shaped by sun, frost, and wind. (The modern competitors race down a course which has been transformed either by skiers or by workmen into the regulation hard-beaten surface of a standard course. In an important race scores of workmen will be mobilized to stamp the course in the event of a disastrous fall of natural snow on the eve of the race.)

The overwhelming majority of these Kandahar competitors had never been over the course, and the race was therefore a fine test of picking the best line over unknown country. (No modern racer would start unless he had been over the course again and again.) The only flags on the Wildstrubel course were the finishing flags. (A modern race course is defined by direction and control flags.) The organization costs of the Roberts of Kandahar were nil, but the cost of preparing a modern race course, particularly the Slalom, for an Olympic

event may, if there are heavy snowfalls, approach \$5000. Every yard of a Slalom has to be stamped by foot day after day in order to ensure the brick-like surface which will remain virtually unaltered from the beginning to the end of the Slalom. Special "snow cement" is used still further to harden the snow.

I confess that as I refereed the Olympic Slalom with its elaborate system of artificial timing to permit more than one competitor being on the course at once and its large clock, the moving second hand of which kept the public informed as to the time which had elapsed since a competitor had started, my mind traveled back nostalgically to the primitive Slaloms at Mürren where the timekeeper watched for the drop of the starter's flag and timed the competitor on an ordinary wrist watch.

3

SPORT, like other human activities, reflects the dominant philosophy of the age. The dogma "Sport has nothing to do with politics" is a survival of the age of laissez-faire Liberalism.

But it is essential for a dictator to prove that the prestige of the country is due to the regime, and sport must therefore contribute to ideological propaganda. The young Nazis were encouraged to believe that a ski race was a competition in which Germans raced to prove, not that they were better skiers than other people, but that Nazism was better than democracy. The thing that mattered, and the only thing that mattered, was victory, and all means which led to this end were justifiable. At the Olympic Games in Garmisch the course was closed to all competitors on the day before the race. The Nazis, we subsequently learned, practiced down the course at dawn.

When a German lost the so-called World Championship held during the war at Cortina, the Nazis protested against the marks for style awarded by the Swiss judge and sent the Acting President of the International Ski Federation (FIS) photographs of the German jumper, jumping in excellent style. Two photographs were submitted of the two jumps for the championship. Unfortunately he was wearing different-colored socks in each photograph. The photographs were not taken during the Championship but during practice on different days, and the best from the point of view of style were selected from a series.

Before the Nazis came into power German skiers were decent friendly people who contributed their share to the building of a real freemasonry transcending national frontiers. But the Nazi ski teams were mobilized like ski troops. German competitors were not allowed to accept invitations as individuals. If the team was not invited the individual could not accept. The technique of making protests was developed as a fine art. If the Nazi flag was not

displayed with sufficient prominence, a protest was promptly lodged. Any decision which could be challenged was challenged.

I am proud of the fact that the British have yet to lodge their first protest in international skiing; though on many occasions a protest would have been more than justified. As to the Union Jack, it is almost invariably upside down, chiefly because not one European in a thousand knows that there is a right and a wrong way to hang the Union Jack.

4

V-J DAY succeeded V-E Day and once again skiers began to race each other down the Alpine snows. The war had done nothing to diminish the exaggerated nationalism which had spoiled international skiing. Nations which had been humiliated sought compensation for injured pride in the victories of sport. Our difficulties were aggravated by the commercial rivalries. The Alpine countries were competing fiercely for skiing tourists, and this competition was reflected in exaggerated claims for the virtues of the national ski schools. Now the dynamics of ski movements is a branch of science, and though the Russians may repudiate "bourgeois" science, we of the West are still reactionary enough to believe that science recognizes no frontiers whether of class or of nation. To me, at least, it seems as absurd to talk of French or Swiss ski schools as to talk of French or Swiss science. It is impossible to patent innovations in technique. Any new discovery spreads rapidly from one end of the skiing world to the other.

Unfortunately there are thousands of foolish people who deduce from the fact that a French skier has beaten a Swiss skier by a fraction of a second the conclusion that the French school is better than the Swiss. Consequently the tourist industries are commercially interested in Olympic and other victories. The resultant tensions aggravate the difficulties of those who believe that an International Race meeting should be a party rather than a battle, a reunion of the ski family rather than a rehearsal of the next great war.

The dreary pattern of totalitarian sport is repeating itself in the modern world. The Yugoslavs refused to start at Chamonix in 1947 until their government had given them permission to ignore the insult to their flag — which, as I remember, had been accidentally hung too near the Italian flag. At St. Moritz all the teams from the Eastern states were housed together to avoid contamination with the plutocratic West. Their hotel, the Stahlbad, was christened Stalinbad by the Swiss.

Certainly the opening of the 1948 Winter Olym-

pics was not auspicious. First there was the ice-hockey controversy, in which Mr. Avery Brundage was ethically in the right and legally in the wrong. Then there was the legacy of the war in the shape of a protest against an Austrian skier who had been conscripted to drive the car of a Gestapo chief. It was my job to deal with such protests and I constituted myself into a miniature Nuremberg court, and read through police dossiers which seemed to me to tell wholly in favor of the accused. Anyhow I could not be expected to override the decision of the competent authorities in Austria who had cleared this young skier of any voluntary support of or active sympathy for the Nazi organizations.

My dismissal of the case produced loud protests from the representatives of the Satellites, who sobered down, however, when I pointed out that I was less interested in extinct terror organizations than in those which were still active in their respective countries. Tiger shooting is great fun, but there is not much to be said for shooting tigers that are both dead and skinned.

In spite of this inauspicious beginning the Olympic Games were a success. I was delighted with Gretchen Fraser's victory in the Slalom, for Gretchen is a product of American skiing, a daughter of Sun Valley, where I had seen her ski and had predicted in our Ski Year-Book that she would one day win a World Championship. There were, of course, unpleasant incidents and unsporting grumbles by defeated stars, but there was much to be said on the credit side of the account. The Italians, for instance, came to St. Moritz with justifiable hopes of success. Celina Seghi is certainly the best woman skier competing today, but one Silver Medal was all that the Italians won at St. Moritz. In spite of their disappointment they remained imperturbably good-humored and uncritical of the courses and officials.

And I remember with gratitude the sportsmanship of a French crowd at Chamonix who enthusiastically applauded the Italians who finished first and second in the A-K Slalom, and the stoic courtesy with which Steve Knowlton of the U.S.A. accepted disqualification in the Downhill Race. He might well have finished among the first three in the combined but for an error for which an official was partly responsible. His only reaction was to go out of his way to thank one of the hard-working officials, a politeness which is all but unique in my experience of racing.

It is memories such as these which encourage me to hope that the brotherhood of skiing is not an empty phrase and that skiing chauvinists will fail in the future, as they failed in the past, to ruin a noble sport.



Teacher, physicist, and administrator, J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER was Director of the Manhattan Project at Los Alamos from March, 1943, to October, 1945. During those years he directed a force of nearly 6000 scientific and military employees under conditions which were seldom free from intense mental strain. Certainly he knows as much about the potential of atomic energy as any living American, and his urge for peace, his belief that we must be governed by open-mindedness in our international responsibility for the atomic bomb, are characteristic of what Secretary Stimson termed his "genius and leadership."

THE OPEN MIND

by J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

1

A FEW weeks ago the president of a college in the prairie states came to see me. Clearly, when he tried to look into the future, he did not like what he saw: the grim prospects for the maintenance of peace, for the preservation of freedom, for the flourishing and growth of the humane values of our civilization. He seemed to have in mind that it might be well for people, even in his small college, to try to take some part in turning these prospects to a happier end; but what he said came as rather a shock.

He said, "I wonder if you can help me. I have a very peculiar problem. You see, out there most of the students, and the teachers too, come from the farm. They are used to planting seed, and then waiting for it to grow, and then harvesting it. They believe in time and in nature. It is rather hard to get them to take things into their own hands."

Perhaps, as much as anything, my theme has to do with enlisting time and nature in the conduct of our international affairs: in the quest for peace and a freer world. This is not meant mystically, for the nature which we must enlist is that of man; and if there is hope in it, that lies not least in man's reason.

What elements are there in the conduct of foreign affairs which may be conducive to the exercise of that reason, which may provide a climate for the growth of new experience, new insight, and new understanding? How can we recognize such growth, and be sensitive to its hopeful meaning, while there is yet time, through action based on understanding, to direct the outcome?

Such difficult questions one treats only modestly and incompletely. If there are indeed answers to be found, they will be found through many diverse avenues of approach — in the European Recovery Program, in our direct relations with the Soviet

states, in the very mechanisms by which our policies are developed and determined.

Yet it will not seem inappropriate to consider one relatively isolated, yet not atypical, area of foreign affairs — atomic energy. It is an area in which the primary intent of our policy has been totally frustrated. It is an area in which it is commonly recognized that the prospects for success with regard to this primary intent are both dim and remote. It is an area in which it is equally recognized that this failure will force upon us a course of action in some important respects inconsistent with our original purposes. It is an area in which the excellence of our proposals, and a record in which we may and do take pride, have nevertheless not managed quite to quiet the uneasy conscience or to close the mind to further trouble.

Our policy and our efforts toward international atomic control are public; far more important, they have from the first aroused widespread interest, criticism, and understanding, and have been the subject of debates in the Congress and the press, and among our people. There may even be some notion of how, if we had the last years to live over again, we might alter our course in the light of what we have learned, and some rough agreement as to the limits within which alternative courses of action, if adopted at a time when they were still open to us, could have altered the outcome. The past is in one respect a misleading guide to the future: it is far less perplexing.

Certainly there was little to inspire, and nothing to justify, a troubled conscience in the proposals that our government made to the United Nations, as to the form which the international control of atomic energy should take. The essential elements of these proposals were: (1) the internationalization of the key activities in the field of atomic energy, (2)

the complete abolition of secrecy, (3) the prohibition of national or private activities in fields menacing to the common security, (4) the intensification of coöperation between nations in research, development, and exploitation, and (5) the abrogation of the right of veto, both in the management of the affairs of the international development authority, and in the determination of transgression against the covenant.

These proposals, and some detailed means for implementing them, were explored and criticized, elaborated, and recommended for adoption by fourteen of the seventeen member nations that served on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. They were rejected as wholly unacceptable, even as a basis for further discussion, by the three Soviet states, whose contributions to policy and to debate have throughout constituted for us a debasingly low standard of comparison.

This September, the Commission made its third, and what it thought its final, report to the General Assembly, meeting in Paris. It recommended to the Assembly that the general outlines of the proposed form of international control be endorsed, that the inadequacy of the Soviet counterproposals be noted, and that the Commission itself be permitted to discontinue its work pending either a satisfactory prior negotiation between the permanent members of the Security Council and Canada, or the finding by the General Assembly that the general political conditions which had in the past obstructed progress had been so far altered that agreement now appeared possible.

The Assembly did in fact accept all the recommendations but one. It asked the Commission to continue meeting. In its instructions to the Commission, however, the Assembly failed to provide affirmative indications of what the Commission was to do, or to express any confidence in the success of its further efforts. In fact, one might dismiss this action as no more than an indication of unwillingness on the part of the Assembly to accept as permanent the obvious past failures of the Commission to fulfill its mandate.

2

YET we recognize that in this action more is involved, which we will come to understand in the measure in which the nature and purposes of our own preoccupation with the problem become clearer. In part, at least, the Assembly asked that this problem of the atom not be let lapse because it touches in a most intimate, if sometimes symbolic, way on the profoundest questions of international affairs, and because the Assembly wished to reaffirm that these problems could not be dismissed, that these issues could not be lost, whatever the immediate frustrations and however obscure the prospects. The Assembly was in fact asking that we let

time and nature, and human reason and good example as a part of that nature, play some part in fulfilling the age-old aspirations of man for preserving the peace.

In any political action, and surely in one as complex and delicate as the international act and commitment made by the United States with regard to atomic energy, far more is always involved than can or should be isolated in a brief analysis. Despite all hysteria, there is some truth in the view that the steps which we took with regard to atomic energy could be understood in terms of the terror of atomic warfare. We have sought to avert this. We have further sought to avert the probable adverse consequences of atomic armament for our own institutions and our freedom.

Yet more basic and more general issues are involved, which, though symbolized and rendered critical by the development of atomic energy, are in their nature not confined to it; they pervade almost all the key problems of foreign policy. If we are to seek a clue to the misgivings with which we tend to look at ourselves, we may, I think, find it just in the manner in which we have dealt, in their wider contexts, with these basic themes.

The first has to do with the role of coercion in human affairs; the second with the role of openness. The atomic bomb, born of science, a way of life, fostered throughout the centuries, in which the role of coercion was perhaps reduced more completely than in any other human activity, and which owed its whole success and its very existence to the possibility of open discussion and free inquiry, paradoxically appeared at once a secret and an unparalleled instrument of coercion.

These two interdependent ideals, the minimization of coercion and the minimization of secrecy, are, of course, in the nature of things, not absolute. Any attempt to erect them as absolute will induce in us that vertigo which warns us that we are near the limits of intelligible definition. But they are very deep in our ethical as well as our political traditions, and are recorded in earnest, eloquent simplicity in the words of those who founded this nation. They are in fact inseparable from the idea of the dignity of man to which our country, in its beginnings, was dedicated, and which has proved the monitor of our vigor and of our health.

These two ideals are closely related, the one pointing toward persuasion as the key to political action, the other to free discussion and knowledge as the essential instrument of persuasion. They are so deep within us that we seldom find it necessary, and perhaps seldom possible, to talk of them. When they are challenged by tyranny abroad or by malpractice at home, we come back to them as the wardens of our public life — and for many of us they are as well wardens of our private lives.

In foreign affairs, we are not unfamiliar with either the use or the need of power. Yet we are stub-

bornly distrustful of it. We seem to know, and seem to come back again and again to this knowledge, that the purposes of this country in the field of foreign policy cannot in any real or enduring way be achieved by coercion.

We have a natural sympathy for extending to foreign affairs what we have come to learn so well in our political life at home: that an indispensable, perhaps in some ways *the* indispensable, element in giving meaning to the dignity of man, and in making possible the taking of decision on the basis of honest conviction, is the openness of men's minds and the openness of whatever media there are for communion between men, free of restraint, free of repression, and free even of that most pervasive of all restraints, that of status and of hierarchy.

In the days of the founding of this republic, in all of the eighteenth century which was formative for the growth and the explicit formulation of our political ideals, politics and science were of a piece. The hope that this might in some sense again be so was stirred to new life by the development of atomic energy. In this it has throughout been decisive that openness — openness in the first instance with regard to technical problems and to the actual undertakings under way in various parts of the world — was the one single essential precondition for a measure of security in the atomic age. Here we met in uniquely comprehensible form the alternative of common understanding or the practices of secrecy and of force.

In all this I pretend to be saying nothing new, nothing that has not been known to all thoughtful men since Hiroshima; yet it has seldom come to expression. It has been overlaid with other preoccupations, perhaps equally necessary to the elaboration of an effective international control, but far less decisive in determining whether such a control could exist. It is just because it has not been possible to obtain assent, even in principle, even as an honest statement of intent or purpose, to these basic theses that the deadlock in attempting to establish control has appeared so serious, so refractory, and so enduring.

These words have an intent quite contrary to the creation of a sense of panic or of doom. We need to start with the admission that we see no clear course before us that would persuade the governments of the world to join with us in creating a more and more open world, and thus in establishing the foundation on which persuasion might so largely replace coercion in determining human affairs.

We ourselves have acknowledged this grim prospect and have responded by adopting some of the very measures that we had hoped might be universally renounced. With misgivings — and there ought to be misgivings — we are rearming, arming atomically, as in other fields. With deep misgivings, we are keeping secret not only those elements of our military plans, but those elements of our tech-

nical information and policy, a knowledge of which would render us more subject to enemy coercion and less effective in exercising our own.

There are not many men who see an acceptable alternative to this course, although there apparently are some who would regard it as a proof of the shallowness and insincerity of our earlier renunciation of these ways. But whether, among our own people or among our friends abroad or even among those who are not our friends, these measures which we are taking appear excessive, or on the whole insufficient, they must have at least one effect. Inevitably they must appear to commit us to a future of secrecy and to an immanent threat of war.

It is true that one may hear arguments that the mere existence of our power, quite apart from its exercise, may turn the world to the ways of openness and of peace. But we have today no clear, no formulated, no in some measure credible account of how this may come about. We have chosen to read, and perhaps we have correctly read, our past as a lesson that a policy of weakness has failed us. But we have not read the future as an intelligible lesson that a policy of strength can save us.

When the time is run, and that future has become history, it will be clear how little of it we today foresaw or could foresee. How then can we preserve the hope and sensitiveness which could enable us to take advantage of all that it has in store? Our problem is not only to face the somber and the grim elements of the future, but to keep them from obscuring it.

3

OUR recent election has seemed to touch this deep sense of the imponderable in the history of the future, this understanding that we must not preclude the cultivation of any unexpected, hopeful turnings. Immediately after the election people seemed stirred even less by the outcome itself than by the element of wonder. They tended to say things like: "Well, after this perhaps we need not be so sure that there will be a war." This sense that the future is richer and more complex than our prediction of it, and that wisdom lies in sensitiveness to what is new and hopeful, is perhaps a sign of maturity in politics.

The problem of doing justice to the implicit, the imponderable, and the unknown is of course not unique to politics. It is always with us in science, it is with us in the most trivial of personal affairs, and it is one of the great problems of writing and of all forms of art. The means by which it is solved is sometimes called style.

It is style which complements affirmation with limitation and with humility. It is style which makes it possible to act effectively, not absolutely. It is style which, in the domain of foreign policy, enables us to find a harmony between the pursuit of

ends essential to us, and the regard for the views, the sensibilities, the aspirations of those to whom the problem may appear in another light. It is style which is the deference that action pays to uncertainty. It is above all style through which power defers to reason.

We need to remember that we are a powerful nation. We need to remember that when the future that we can now foresee deviates so markedly from all that we hope and all that we value, we can, by our example, and by the mode and the style with which we conduct our affairs, let it be apparent that we have not abandoned those hopes or forsaken those values; we need to do this even while concrete steps to which we resort to avert more immediate disaster seem to negate them.

Our past is rich in example. In that other agony, that civil war where the foundations of our government were proved and reaffirmed, it was Lincoln who again and again struck true the balance between power and reason. By 1863, the war and the blockade had deepened the attrition of the South. They had also stopped the supplies of cotton to the English mills. Early that year Lincoln wrote a letter to the workingmen of Manchester. He wrote: —

“It is not always in the power of governments to enlarge or restrict the scope of moral results which follow the policies that they may deem it necessary for the public safety from time to time to adopt.

“I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people; but I have at the same time been aware that favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging or prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has served to authorize a belief that the past actions and influences of the United States were generally regarded as having been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. . . .”

Fifteen months later, a year before Lincoln's death, the battle had turned. He could say: —

“When the war began, three years ago, neither party, nor any man, expected it would last till now.

Each looked for the end in some way, long ere today. Neither did any anticipate that domestic slavery would be much affected by the war. But here we are; the war has not ended, and slavery has been much affected — how much needs not now to be recounted. . . .

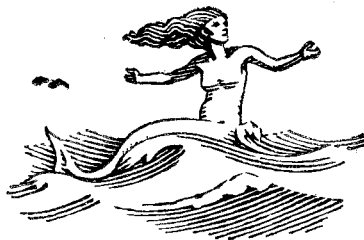
“But we can see the past, though we may not claim to have directed it; and seeing it, in this case, we feel more hopeful and confident for the future. . . .”

In such magnanimity even Grant, at Appomattox a year later, looking beyond the bitter slaughter, looking to nature and to time, could say to Lee that his troops were to keep their horses; they would need them for the spring plowing.

Each of us, recalling our actions in these last critical years, will be able to find more than one instance where, in the formulation or implementation of policy, we have been worthy of this past. Each of us will mourn the opportunities that may seem to him lost, the doors once open and now closed. Not even in critical times can the sense of style, the open mind, be fostered by issuing directives; nor can they rest wholly on soliciting great actions not yet taken, great words not yet spoken. If they were wholly a matter for one man, all could well rest on his wisdom and his sensitiveness. They neither are, nor can, nor should be.

The spirit in which our foreign affairs are conducted will in the large reflect the understanding and the desires of our people; and their concrete, detailed administration will necessarily rest in the hands of countless men and women, officials of the government, who constitute the branches of our foreign service, of our State Department, and of the many agencies which now supplement the State Department, at home and abroad. The style, the perceptiveness, the imagination, and the open-mindedness with which we need to conduct our affairs can only pervade such a complex of organizations, consisting inevitably of men of varied talent, taste, and character, if they are a reflection of a deep and widespread public understanding.

It is in our hands to see that the hope of the future is not lost because we were too sure that we knew the answers, too sure that there was no hope.





A graduate of the New York public schools and of Barnard College, AGNES E. MEYER is today an outspoken crusader for a revitalized curriculum in our system of public education. A trenchant speaker and writer whose war studies of twenty-eight major industrial centers were published in book form under the title Journey Through Chaos, Mrs. Meyer was invited by the United Parents Associations of New York City to address their annual meeting, and on that occasion she issued this ringing challenge to our educators.

ARE OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS DOING THEIR JOB?

by AGNES E. MEYER

I

I OWED to the New York City public school system four years of the most thorough formal and formative education. I went to Morris High School when it was first opened. And a more brilliant group of teachers I have never encountered anywhere. Dr. Denbigh gave me a love of mathematics which it took three whole years of college teaching to weaken. Miss Davis taught Latin so well that I passed my Freshman exams with a minimum of effort. Miss Bates and Dr. Tildsley, our teachers of ancient history, and Mr. Pyne, our Greek teacher, made of the classic world the liveliest possible discipline. And in all of these studies we were so well prepared that we public school graduates acquired a fine contempt for the less severe training of the private schools.

Ours was, to be sure, a strictly academic program. Our alert young minds absorbed it much as a blotter absorbs ink. And not until we had been out of college several years did we realize that it was not the best of all preparations for life in a troubled world.

As a trustee of Barnard, my own college, I now have another link with the educational world of New York City. This responsibility makes me very conscious of the fact that right under the northern windows of Barnard College, of Teachers College, of Columbia University, of Union Theological Seminary, there exist the most horrible living conditions to be found in any of our American cities.

While Columbia's scientists contribute to the world's knowledge in their laboratories; while the sociologists lecture on racial tensions and the economists tell their classes how the world should be run; while the leading educational experts of our country encourage their pupils to write doctors' theses on pedagogy — which nobody ever reads — and our most liberal theologians expound the doctrines of Christianity, a swarming mass of neglected, illiterate, undernourished American citi-

zens, as well as many cultured families who are cooped in this black ghetto because of the color of their skin, have made of that great university something like a besieged bastion of professionalism, intellectuality, and learning.

I cannot give a more dramatic picture than this of the truth that education has fallen behind in one of the central problems with which our democracy must cope: namely, the split that exists in our civilization between science and society, between our accumulation of expert techniques and our spontaneity in applying those techniques to the problems of everyday living.

To be sure, not many situations present in such glaring extremes the gap that exists in our country between the promise of education and its achievements. But that gap between the school and the local environment is always present in some degree, and the school curriculum should be concerned primarily with narrowing it.

What, after all, are we trying to accomplish today in the broad field of social endeavor, in which public education is our greatest single resource? We are in a life-and-death struggle for survival with competing ideologies, competing systems of government, and competing systems of economic organization. Furthermore, the fear is widespread lest a third world war annihilate our civilization. Therefore our prime need is undoubtedly international stability and peace.

But our international position depends largely upon our strength, both physical and moral, here at home. The central problem of our nation is the stabilization of family and community life in an orderly society so that the individual will feel firm ground under his feet. Then and only then will the fears that breed hatred, rivalry, crime, and fanaticism be assuaged by a profound sense of security. And the only nation-wide instrument for

establishing the unity, order, and security that are the moral imperatives of the day is undoubtedly our public school system. We must agree with President Conant when he says: "The chances of a non-revolutionary development of our nation in the next fifty years will be determined by our educational system."

Thus, the specific problem of the public school and its curriculum is to bridge this gap between our immense resources of knowledge and the social maladjustment that stares us in the face whether in our great cities or in our rural areas.

The obvious necessity of adapting the school curriculum to community needs, in order that we may build a better world, is already felt in the modern trends of curriculum-making. What are they?

1. Educational methods in the lower reaches are becoming less formal in ways of learning and in human classroom relationships.
2. The teachers are aware that the curriculum must be centered on the problems of the environment.
3. The curriculum is aimed at making the school a greater power for good in the life of the community.

Because of these existing trends in the school curriculum, many of our schools claim that they do reach the community. But they don't. In New York and other large cities the problem is particularly difficult because the community is not always clearly defined, and even when it is, the teachers do not live there. Under the most favorable circumstances, in the average American city or village, the function of the school in its relationships with the community has not yet been clearly defined. And that affects not only the curriculum but the methods of imparting it and the role of the teacher in our society.

The first difficulty we must face is that our teachers are hampered by theories of education that have no meaning in this revolutionary era. A great many of our teachers would do a far better job if they were free to do so. Theories about education are useless unless they are taken over into experience.

The great mistake which our school administrators make is that they are too much concerned with verbalizing the school objectives instead of relying upon the teacher to formulate them. Many administrators also feel it their duty to implement their abstract programs. But they can't possibly do this. The implementors are the teachers, and the program can go no further than the teacher can go and is free to go. In other words, the top echelons of the educational world exaggerate their function and are tempted to become dictators. After all, what is the curriculum? It is never better than the teachers; and the schools that think they can live on inflated manifestoes and rigid administration are fooling themselves.

What is method? John Dewey has given us the

best definition. "Method is the adjustment of subject matter to the nurture of thought." If you want to have modern methods, you have to begin with a modern teacher. If you want a curriculum that is flexible and nurtures thought, you have to have teachers who are flexible and who are free to think. Teachers, therefore, should be chosen for their intellectual spontaneity rather than for ability to memorize things they have read. And flexible teachers having been found, they must be part of a school system that not only allows them to remain flexible but encourages them to grow more so. To the extent that administration is concentrated on developing the teacher, her personality, spontaneity, and growth, it is exercising its most important function.

But at present too many administrators try to show teachers with long experience that what they are attempting to do is wrong and hopelessly out of date. This effort to transform an entire group along theoretical lines is doomed to failure. The average teacher — and the average teacher has no greater share of talent than the average member of any other profession — if left to devise her own means of handling the new social, psychological, and moral problems of community relations, will find more constructive solutions than if her personality is thwarted by the imposition of new methods, however good, from above. Just average experienced teachers growing in awareness and insight can do the jobs that now confront them, in and out of the schoolroom, if they are encouraged by their superiors.

We must face the fact, however, that the present school staff, which is already overburdened with large classes, cannot take on all the new functions that we expect of them. It is sheer folly to think that our overworked teachers with oversized classes can carry in addition family and community contacts; adult education; health, recreation, and guidance programs. It just can't be done. The concept of the number of teachers we need in our schools, if they are to function successfully as the bulwark of our society, must be radically changed. To be sure, that will be expensive, but revitalized schools will more than justify their cost by strengthening our whole social structure at a period when we are in a life-and-death struggle for survival.

2

ALL that I have said presupposes a very different status for our teachers from that which they now enjoy. It implies that our educators are real leaders of community life and entitled by virtue of their high responsibility to confidence, respect, and a good salary. Because of our long preoccupation with purely material objectives, our industrialized population has forgotten that the teacher is the school and the school is the heartbeat of our organic

society. As a result the role of the public school teacher in our society has been minimized. Too long have teachers the country over been oppressed by members of Boards of Education and school administrators, who have looked upon them as mere employees.

This contemptuous attitude is a by-product of the businessman's uncivilized belief that respect is due only to those who "have met a payroll." Well, these businessmen must now learn that there are several roles in life far more important to our nation than a payroll, and the role of the public school teacher is one of them. They must realize that, thanks largely to strong state organizations and labor union membership, the days when educators were content to be symbols of underpaid virtue are gone forever. Let's have no more "Good-bye, Mr. Chips!" sentimentalism about the meek, self-effacing teacher. Let's kiss Mr. Chips good-bye forever. Why should academic freedom be reserved for college professors? Let us emphasize that our schools can be no better than our teachers, and that our teachers can carry out their high function only in an atmosphere of freedom, dignity, and an appreciation that expresses itself in good salaries as well as social consideration.

Then and only then will the teachers be able to do the honest job of individual guidance for their pupils which is now essential. This counseling cannot be entrusted wholly to the so-called experts. It is a matter of applied common sense which every experienced teacher possesses. But if guidance is to be effective, the teacher must be free to tell the truth about the shortcomings of our defective society. Our schools, for example, are expected to inculcate American ideals, uphold our system of democracy and free enterprise, and teach more American history. Nothing but skepticism, aggression, and delinquency is aroused in pupils if what they hear in the classroom has no relationship to what they see all around them. You cannot inculcate ideals in the school if they are brutally contradicted by the actual life of which the child is a part.

Whatever the curriculum of the school may be, whether the subject is history, civics, geography, or just plain reading and writing, it must be related to the social climate in the most frank and honest manner. Teachers should no longer hesitate to criticize our local economic, social, and moral shortcomings in the light of our American ideals, especially when the environment is a glaring illustration of these shortcomings. Our traditional aspirations for freedom, justice, and equality cannot be given a fortifying reality unless the teacher is free to point out that in spite of obvious failures in many directions, there are honest and valiant forces in our country that are laboring toward the rectification of the injustices created by our rapid industrial expansion. Then the child, instead of being discouraged and even outraged by our so-called ideals,

will develop a determination to join the forces that are trying to shape our future society nearer to the heart's desire.

Above all, the child, however impoverished his environment may be, must be made to feel that the public school is the open door to equal economic and social opportunity and the greatest influence to prevent the stratification of our society; that it is not only the key to a rich and fruitful life but the means by which our nation preserves and buttresses and expands the possibilities for individual freedom. Then the overworked word "democracy" will again become a vital reality for our children; they will become more discerning of propaganda that tries to break down their faith in our free enterprise system; they will understand the social and biological importance of the family; their devotion to democracy will find outlets for community service; and they will believe that all minority groups and all the disinherited can and must share in the privileges and the responsibilities of democratic living.

3

IN the development of its community relations, the public school must severely reject every responsibility which it cannot and should not attempt to carry. The trend in the last decades has been to dump every social problem upon the school. The schools have been blamed for crime, delinquency, sexual immorality, poor citizenship, and what not. They should never have permitted these accusations to go unanswered. One of the prime functions of the school, today, is to put these problems back upon the community as a whole, where they belong. It must educate the adults of the community to realize that these social problems are community problems, and that the school can merely help to devise ways and means of meeting them.

Child health, for example, is a critical problem before the child ever comes to school. Patterns of juvenile delinquency are often set at an early age. The school cannot decrease the divorce rate or mend broken homes. In fact, the more parents abdicate their responsibilities toward their children and surrender them to the public school, the more the home will be undermined. The children's families must be drawn into the school orbit, in coöperative endeavors to solve these problems, so that the school and the parents will not be working at cross purposes, and so that the parents will come to understand more readily what the school can do for their boys and girls, and what only the parents can do for them.

Another major function of the school is to pull together the total resources of the community — its health, welfare, and numerous other facilities — into a unified pattern of childhood protection instead of the present segmented welfare approach which confuses both the child and the family. Our

clutter of community services, in spite of attempts at better coördination, still wastes incredible sums of money and energy while human misery remains unalleviated. We must learn to defeat this growing complexity of community life and reduce it to a new simplicity. The public school is the only institution we possess that can bring this beneficent, unifying, simplifying, humanizing influence to bear upon the everyday life of the child. Only if we think of the community-centered school in such practical terms can we work out a constructive modern curriculum. And not until the school clarifies the thinking of the community can we make the salutary, even though limited, role of our public schools understandable as the harmonizing focus of all the conflicting elements of our democratic structure.

Since the public school has this primary mission to strengthen community solidarity, to stabilize family life and give all children a sense of brotherhood, it should refuse categorically to become the battleground of sectarian religious beliefs. It should flatly reject even the slightest responsibility for the sectarian religious training of the child. Just as it is disastrous to family life if parents abdicate their responsibilities to the school, so it is disastrous to the Churches to abdicate their responsibilities in however small a degree to the schools. The religious training of the child is the dual responsibility of the Church and the home. The attempt to make it a triple responsibility will only confuse the child's religious life.

Those of us who grew up in the secular public school and loved it attained concurrently and independently of it a fundamental, systematic religious training all the more profound and lasting in influence because it emerged from close and reassuring ties between the Church or the Synagogue and our homes. Therefore those of us who date back to this benign and truly American era in which Church and State were rigidly separated, while remaining friendly, allied forces, deplore with nostalgic regrets the passions that have been inflamed by the entrance of sectarian groups into the peaceful, democratic cohesion of the public school atmosphere.

We cannot help feeling to the very depths of heart and soul that regardless of court decisions, the present conflicts between religious groups and between the Churches and the Supreme Court would never have threatened the nation's peace of mind had the firmly established independence of Church and school never been shattered. But having discovered through bitter experience why our Founding Fathers wrote the First Amendment, and suffering as we do from the animosities which the released-time program has inflicted upon our communities and our nation, how can anyone who is concerned about the welfare of our country still be for it?

What we now seek in this nation and what we must find is a common ground of humanitarian values and principles valid for all people and applicable

throughout the world. We must achieve a social order that will harmonize all sectional, economic, and sectarian interests, or civilization will continue to crumble. The desire for unity and stability is the moral imperative of the day. Without the unity of a stable society in which variety can freely function, our various economic and religious forces will destroy each other in perpetual combat. And if this unity is not achieved, peacefully, through democratic coöperative endeavor, it will come through force simply because human beings will weary of their fears, their uncertainties, and their horror of conflict and disorder.

We have no time to lose in vain recriminations. The fate of Western civilization rests in our hands. No nation has ever faced so heavy a responsibility. It has no parallel in history. If we are not to fail in this sacred mission, we must first of all establish peace and good will here at home. That is the prime reason why we must make our public schools what they once were and should always remain: the strongest agency we possess for mutual love, tolerance, and forgiveness between all races, classes, and creeds.

This cannot come about until the released-time programs, of whatever nature, are abolished. Then, and only then, can we re-establish for our boys and girls that all-embracing spiritual unity which has always been the saving grace of democracy, that profound sense of brotherhood which nourished, fortified, and enriched our own childhood, and which will always be the real defense of this country against totalitarianism and all other forces that are hostile to human liberty.

4

I MUST come back to the gap I pictured between science and society. This was created to a great extent by the separation of what is allegedly vocational from what is allegedly cultural education. This cleavage has been responsible for some of the major shortcomings of our civilization. We failed to accompany vocational or scientific training with an appreciation of its function in society and its responsibility to society — in short, with that insight into human values which helps the individual to develop perspective, judgment, and discrimination in the formation of intelligent purposes.

If our scientists and other professional experts forget *why* they do things and place their whole emphasis on techniques or *how* to do things; if they think too much about *means* and too little about *ends*, it is because their education in school and in later years failed to emphasize the connection of their skills with the larger purposes of life. If we have lost control over historical events, it is due largely to this split between science and the wisdom that is the fruit of a balanced development.

But the answer is not, as many people now think,

in a flight from science to the classics or to metaphysics. To be sure, we need the classics. But we need as well far more vocational, professional, and scientific training that will produce vast numbers of experts who are educated and humane persons in the fullest sense of those words, and who will therefore keep their expert knowledge responsive to social needs.

To achieve a sufficient number of these humanistic or socialized experts of the high quality we now need, the public schools must give more attention and support to talented children. Our educational methods, like our health and welfare programs, are overconcentrated upon the physically handicapped, the mentally retarded, and the average child. Of course we must help the weak, but we must put more of our endeavor into helping the strong if our nation is ever going to develop its fullest human, civic, and ethico-political capacities. Our schools now have the problem of mass education on their hands, but if we are not going to debase our democratic culture to the lowest common denominator, our liberty must be the means of creating and promoting the superior individual.

Once our children begin to feel that they can get ahead in the public schools as fast as their abilities expand, it should also be possible to inspire them all with a renewed love of hard work. If our schools can be accused of laxness, it is because they do not demand enough effort and application from our boys and girls. We are bringing them up in an overprotected and coddled atmosphere. The parents insist that everybody should be promoted regardless of achievement and then they expect their children to become happy, well-adjusted citizens in a highly competitive economic world. As a result of this equalitarianism in our schools, work is beginning to be looked upon as an evil in our society which everybody should avoid as much as possible.

It is high time the public schools deliberately counteracted this debilitating trend in our national psychology. Our children must be made to understand that just as there is no *royal* road, so there is no *democratic* road to learning. They must be made to feel the joy of work, of ambition, of continuous application and self-development, and learn that this joy can be earned only by the sweat of their brows.

Our nation is at a low moral ebb as a result of two world wars and the panic fear of a third. Certainly one way back to moral principles, self-discipline, and fortitude is to call into action from earliest childhood the resources of human energy for which the American spirit has always been noted. Our children would then realize that the moral force to be derived from strenuous individual and coöperative endeavor results in a sense of freedom, security,

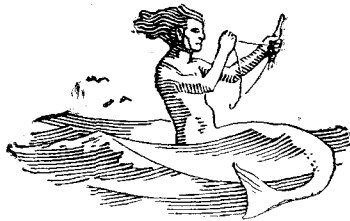
and power that no government can confer upon them and no government can take away.

To achieve the social orientation of our public schools and develop the new curriculum and methods which will emerge as a by-product, our public schools need the sympathy and active support of the local businessmen, industrialists, bankers, and other civic leaders. All local community leadership must now rally around our public schools as the one best hope we have for the preservation and growth of a democratic society and the maintenance of a free economy. The interest of laymen has always been a determining factor in good schools. But it was never more needed than now.

Moreover, if we are to live up to our ideal of equality of opportunity for all our children, we must take a state and nation-wide interest in education. We would not now have the serious racial and social problems in the overcrowded areas north of Columbia University if we had had the foresight and the humanity to help the South increase and improve its schools. The rich city of New York is appealing for funds from the Federal government to build more schools. It must also support Federal aid to education for all states, if only to protect itself from further floods of in-migration from our less productive areas. Communities in the State of New York spend as much as \$6000 per classroom, whereas many a Southern school has as little as \$100, an unbalance of sixty to one. A free society which permits such brutal inequalities is headed toward disaster, for freedom cannot be preserved where such injustice is allowed to continue.

Clearly the new orientation of our schools is a national problem and not merely a concern of the professional educator. It is indeed our number one problem, for upon its solution depends our intellectual, moral, and military defense throughout the "cold war" with a powerful and hostile nation which we shall have to endure for many years to come. Let us not play into the hands of Communism by confining ourselves to a defensive pattern of thought and action. We can take for granted the superiority of our free democratic life. What we dare not take for granted is the realization of our ideals. We need to extend our civil liberties to all alike, and to strengthen the institutions, especially our public schools, which are the foundation of those civil liberties.

The public schools have a long way to go before they can realize our ideals of equality, solidarity, and universal justice. But we can readily transform the quality and quantity of our public education if we use the invincible human forces engendered by coöperative living and prove that our democratic processes are more than equal to all the dynamic problems of the day.



An Atlantic Story



One of Britain's most able career diplomats, ARCHIBALD CLARK KERR, Lord Inverchapel, who was a familiar figure at the Big Three Conferences at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam, entered the British diplomatic service in 1906. With time out for his enlistment in the Scots Guards in the First World War, he served with increasing distinction for the next four decades. He was successively Ambassador in Baghdad, '35-'38, in China, '38-'42, in Moscow, '42-'45, and in Washington, '46-'48. Now he has retired to his native heath in Scotland to farm.

THE WALL

by LORD INVERCHAPEL

IT WAS as long ago as 1921 that we perceived the first signs of anxiety in Christina Macnab. She tended to desert her pantry and to hover about us as we worked, peering down at us from the terrace, shaking her brindled head and mumbling to herself in the Gaelic. All three of us, old Dougald the expert, Wattie, and Himself, had enough of that now-dying language to understand that, whilst she did not object to a dry stane dyke — a wall built without mortar — in principle, she had grave misgivings about the spot upon which ours was rising from the ground. She would not tell us why. All she would say was that the wall would never stand up there. Yet it was there that it had to be built. Otherwise the cobbled terrace in front of the house, where we liked to sun ourselves on balmy summer evenings, would have slid into Loch Eck.

Amongst ourselves we affected to scoff at Christina's forebodings, saying that she was fey, like all the Macnabs. Nevertheless, when unobserved, even old Dougald, the expert dry stane dyker, tucked here and there a surreptitious trowelful of cement into the chinks between the silvery whinstones, thus sinning against all the traditions that shaped the high art of dry stane dyking. Stealthy we were and shamefaced. But we assured ourselves that where we lapsed from honest tradition there we got more strength and that, in any case, no one would notice. But Christina did and there was scorn in her voice when she cried at us: "Ye're daft tae build you wa' there. It'll come doon on ye.

Bide a wee an' see." There was something about her earnestness and persistence that was disturbing and left us slightly hangdog, but defiant.

And so the wall went up, seven feet of it from its base to the level of the cobbled terrace. And above that, one and a half more, with a broad flat top, just the right height to sit upon with ease and security. It swept boldly along the whole forty yards of the terrace until, at the south end, it turned at right angles and plunged into the hillside. And the wall, with its massiveness, its stony, silvery grace and dignity and, as the time went on, its usefulness, became important in our quiet Highland life, more particularly the strip in front of the house. These sixteen yards were soon a sort of gathering place in fair weather. A place in which to debate problems, to receive guests and exchange gossip, to arrange flowers. And there, now and then, kilted but, as ever, without a shirt, Himself was to be seen, decanting his fragrant claret and holding up the glittering cut glass to the westering sun, with a look of happy expectance in his eye.

"Let us leave it there until dinnertime," he would say. "It looks so nice and the sun will take the chill off it."

The years rattled by and it was clear that the wall was there to stay. It had become, as it were, symbolic of the stability of the place. Christina had long since fallen into silence. And every time he came home from exile Himself seemed able to arrange the season so that he sat on the wall with his claret and let the sun warm his back.

And now full twenty years and more had passed when there came to him in Moscow a telegram. It was from Christina. "Come home at once," it said, "the wee witch is in the wall." So that was what had lain behind her warnings, now two decades old — warnings that we had laughed off and long forgotten. Himself was impressed by her use of the definite article. She called it *the* witch (why not *a* witch?), implying that the existence of this devil's votary was not unknown to him; whereas in fact Christina's antennae alone had been sensitive enough to feel her presence and her malevolence.

The call home, this cry from Christina's good heart, was strong. But it had to be resisted. The gnawing at the vitals of his curiosity and of his patience had to be borne. Himself had certain duties whose call was stronger still. The Russians were at their lowest ebb. The Germans were clawing at the defenses of Moscow from no more than sixty miles away. The wee witch must go hang until the ebb was spent and the tide was flowing surely towards victory. Thus, for more than a year, she was left to weave her evil magic undisturbed.

2

IT WAS not until deep into '43 that Himself could snatch a couple of days at home. The witch had won a handsome battle. It had cost her twenty years of scheming, pushing, and heaving to get the wall to stir, but once she had it on the move she must have been gratified at the speed and completeness of the havoc she wrought. Twenty good yards of it lay heaped in a silvery mass amongst the boles of the limes — or lindens — below it. The rest of it bulged and toppled drunkenly towards the end of the terrace. Gone were those kindly flat and useful whinstones upon which Himself had been wont to sit, to sun his spine and to play the cellarman. A tragic spectacle!

As he pondered this sorry mess he felt beside him the quiet presence of Christina, now old Christina and unsure of her feet on the cobblestones. She behaved with all discretion and dignity. There was none of the direct and triumphant "I told you so" about what she said. She merely observed that she had always felt it to be imprudent in us to put the wall just where we had put it.

"Ye thoct it was only ma blether," she went on, "but I kenna a' along that the dyke was richt i' the road o' the wee witch. Course she pu'ed it doon. It fashed her."

"What do you mean, Christina, right in the road of the wee witch?"

"The road she taks from the march," and she waved a hand towards the south boundary.

"Which way does she go — north or south?"

"Witches always gae north," she said with an emphasis and a tone of sharp reproach, as though Himself ought to have had the learning to know,

as he surely should have, that witches always went north.

She felt that she had said enough, for she turned away and hobbled towards the house. Himself's curiosity was pricked and he followed her with further questions, but more he could not wring from her. She broke again into the Gaelic, into which he could not pursue her, for she took refuge in words that were beyond his slender vocabulary. As she disappeared into the house she shot a glance at him, touched indeed with pity for him in his distress, but holding too, it seemed to him, a gleam of something like *Schadenfreude*. After all, had she not waited for twenty years to see her dark presage proven?

Himself did not make another escape until last year, when he got home again to find the whinstones still piled amongst the lime tree trunks. No longer silvery, but weathered over with a fine green moss. Undaunted and feeling cussed but incontinent, he set about building the wall again. Honor, pride, or what you will demanded it. He had been through too many battles easily to accept defeat. Old Dougald the expert was dead. Wattie was away with the forestry, but Gavin and wee Archie, his sons, and Effgenii the Muscovite were enrolled in a new team. By common consent Effgenii soon became the master dyker. Pick and spade speedily showed that the foundation of 1921 had tipped over, cocking itself up against the slope, away from the terrace and towards the lime trees below. We gazed at the mole-like burrowing of the wee witch with wonderment and some sneaking admiration. We determined that she must be a creature of uncommon parts, a very daughter of Gogmagog. The respect we felt reflected itself in the rich quantities of cement that went into the new foundation.

In two weeks twelve yards of new wall had risen to take the place of the old when Himself was called back to duty and the work had to stop. If you had been there and had looked at the stretch of it in front of the house, patted it with your hands, sat upon it and appraised it, you would have declared with us all that it was there for good, witch or no witch. All the more so because, to make assurance double sure, Himself had set up, in a neat little niche, a small image of the Madonna in Nevers pottery of the eighteenth century, one of several that, as an already acquisitive boy, he had filched for a few francs from farmhouse chimney pieces in the Garden of France.

Then too you would have taken part in the solemn ceremony of inauguration and exorcism. No bell, book, and candle, it is true, nor any beatings with a "hazell wand cut upon a Sabbath daie before sunrising," but all else that promised to make the exorcising appropriate and effective. And before the ceremony you would certainly have joined Himself in his search through his large and

higgledy-piggledy library for a folio of the sixteenth century — *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, by one Reginald Scot; and you would have rejoiced with him on finding in it something like a formula by Ovid, designed “to spoile a theefe, a witch or any other enemie,” as Scot has it — *Terque senem flamma, ter aqua, ter sulphur lustrat*.¹ This gave Himself a line and he did not think that much more could be done to rid the place of the witch, unless he could lay hands on her and pitch her into the loch. The verb “to pitch” was uncommon in his everyday idiom and it seemed to us that, since he had begun to shape in his mind an invocation for the ceremony of exorcism, his tongue had tended to run upon words that rhymed with “witch.” There is only a handful. You try for yourself.

3

IT WAS on a warm August evening that we gathered before the new wall. There was quite a big band of us — Wattie, Gavin and wee Archie, Effgenii the Muscovite, Hamish Campbell and his housekeeper from the farm, Hughie the shepherd, Hector MacNair from over the loch, and Angus the bus driver, who had paused on his last journey up the road to see the fun, and had brought with him four or five of his passengers as gate-crashers, because neither he nor they saw why they should miss it either. Wattie had draped the house with bunting. Not, as might have been thought, to add to the solemnity of the exorcism, but in honor of another event. Himself had had quite a busy day. He had been by road to Edinburgh, a hundred miles away, to get married; and as he greeted the crowd with his bride, a little cheer rippled through it, gaining in volume when it was perceived that her fair face was no new one.

The sun had slipped behind the hill across the loch but was still washing with gold the tall alp that leapt skyward on the other side of the house. A glance satisfied Himself that, in his chance absence in Edinburgh, his orders had been faithfully carried out. Three piles of nameless powder topped the large flat stone over the Madonna's niche; three water vessels were at hand; a platoon of champagne bottles (Ayala 1919, flattish now, but all the house could bring forth) and glasses gave the wall a look of unaccustomed brightness. A slip of paper was to be seen in Himself's hand.

The air was warm and still. Multitudes of ephemerae, called midges for short, began to stab the guests and the guests began to scratch. Was this the last shaft from the wee witch's poisonous

quiver? The hour had struck. A sizzling match was put to the piles of powder. They flared noisily with a bright yellow flame. Everyone said “Aaah!” Three cupfuls of water splashed onto the wall. Himself coughed, glanced at his slip of paper, and shaped his mouth to pronounce the invocation. But here was Christina jostling her way to the front.

“A’ that’s nae guid,” she cried, “witches dinna mind yellow flame. It’s got tae be blue.”

All eyes turned on Himself in the expectation that he would be pushed off his balance. But no. He beckoned to Effgenii and whispered a word or two in Russian which sent the Muscovite darting into the house. He was back in a twinkling with three wineglasses and a bottle of noisome crème de menthe. But during the twinkling Himself determined with a smile that, although he had forgotten to tell the village chemist who made up the powder to be sure to put into it the blue-burning sulphur that Ovid had prescribed, he would beat the wee witch yet. The three wineglasses were filled to the brim. He set a match to them, and after a sputter or two, gemlike blue flames licked their rims. He stooped and put one on either side of the Madonna in the niche and one at her feet. With one accord the guests again said “Aah,” and for a moment seemed to check their scratching. It was now Christina's turn to be taken aback. She stared at the calm blue flames and after a moment said, “That’s nae bad, that’s nae bad.”

Then came the invocation in which Himself exhorted the wee witch to be gone and to take another road. We marveled at the number of rhyming words he had plucked from the English language and we waited anxiously for the first that must have come to his mind. He held on to it until the last line and then out it came with a plump. A boisterous clamor of assent and approbation burst from the crowd. Then came the old but still sparkling champagne and “a good time was had by all.”

As the guests scattered in the gathering dusk Himself found old Christina at his side again with an empty glass in her hand. She had shared their good time with the others and was in quite happy mood. She asked who was “the wee lady with the bairn” in the niche. His answer impressed her.

“Well, Christina, don’t you think we have settled that old witch now?”

“Weel, weel, mabbe we hae,” she said, but doubts were clearly still lingering in her mind, for she suggested in a whisper that it might nevertheless be as well to put out an extra drink for the witch. Himself protested that the day of the week was Wednesday. Yesterday and tomorrow were the days the fairies got their evening saucers of milk. Witches’ turn did not come until Friday. Christina knew this as well as he, but she urged upon him so persistently the wisdom of an extra drink

¹ She purifies with fier thrise
old horie headed Eason,

With water thrise and sulphur thrise
as she thought meet in reason.

Englished by Abraham Fleming, a contemporary of Reginald Scot.

on an occasion such as this that he was minded to let her have her way; sadly, it is true, because he shrank from being a party to Christina's policy of appeasement. Perceiving that he was weakening, Christina pressed her case, saying with a chuckle that everyone else had had a drink out of turn and that the milk would surely be more to the liking of the witch if it were quickened with a touch of gin. And thus Himself's resistance was beaten down and Christina went back to her quarters with an ample portion of that clear spirit in her glass.

When the house settled down for the night, curiosity or perhaps something deeper drove Himself out into the darkness. At the back door he found a bowl of milk. It was untouched. A sip told him that, at any rate, there were traces of gin in it. He made sure that Christina's cat was safely in its basket in the kitchen and he left her drink to the witch. Long before the house began to stir in the morning he was out at the back door again. The bowl was dry. There were of course wild cats on the hill, but they were rare. The keeper saw to that. But you never could tell.

As Himself was setting out to go back to his work Christina came to him with the suggestion that it would be a wise precaution to pursue what he had called the policy of appeasement; and after something of an argument he surrendered to her a bottle of gin to be used sparingly in the Friday night's bowl of milk.

It was not until June of this year that he got home again. This time for good. Some weeks before he left the United States a letter came from Christina expressing pleasure at the prospect of his settling down at last on the edge of the loch and confessing that, in her lonelier moments, she had liked to sit upon the wall close to the "wee lady with the bairn" in her niche and that she had

found the two of them congenial company. In a postscript, as an afterthought, she remarked that the gin was getting very low in its bottle.

As he drove up the road one Sunday evening a couple of months later, a familiar sight met his startled eyes — the sheen of tumbled whinstones gleaming freshly in the penumbra under the lime trees. On Saturday, they told him, half of the new wall had gone the way of the old. But eight yards still stood fast. The Madonna was safe and snug in her niche under the big flat stone. Later Effgenii the Muscovite found him contemplating the ruins in sadness. The master dyker explained ruefully and somewhat apologetically that there had been an uncommon sluicing of rain on Saturday afternoon and that, a few moments before the wall had gone, Christina had seen the witch nipping over it.

That was an important statement, which called for careful handling. So far the witch had remained severely invisible. It was intolerable that she now dared to reveal herself in the flesh — if indeed witches such as she had flesh. Christina tended to be silent and aloof, and it was not until some days later that Himself found her in a receptive mood and ventured to ask what the witch had looked like.

"Ach," she said, spotting the source of his information, "that's only Russian blether." But he noticed that her eyes eluded his. Then she added that the gin had run out about a week before his return and she reminded him that Friday was the witches' night and that the wall had gone on Saturday.

And that is how we stand today. Himself is wondering whether anyone can suggest a new mode of approach to the solution of the problem. In these times he inclines to think that gin is too costly.





A Missouri boy who took his architectural degree magna cum laude at the University of Illinois in 1931, CHARLES LUCKMAN became President of Lever Brothers at the age of thirty-seven. One of the youngest and most outspoken of our business executives, he spent last autumn in Europe. In the course of his busy days, many of which were given to studying problems of associate companies on the Continent, he began taking note of how America with its new promise and its sense of responsibility looks to those on the other side of the big ditch.

HOW AMERICA LOOKS FROM EUROPE

by CHARLES LUCKMAN

ONE of the principal values of a journey to Europe at this critical juncture in history is that it provides such a splendid view — of America. I know, because I have recently spent several months looking at the United States from that revealing vantage point. Outwardly, I was studying the facts of life in countries from Britain to Bizonia. Inwardly, I was assessing the American facts, in terms of their impact upon the common cause of a free world.

At home the American businessman is so close to the picture, as seen from the angle of his own immediate problems and pressures, that he is likely to be obsessed by the surface cracks and blemishes. Europe provides the saving perspective. Viewed from afar — in a setting where millions of people have only their belief in America to sustain them — the truly noble contours of American civilization are more easily discerned and more impressive.

Most of us feel vaguely guilty about living on an island of abundance in the world ocean of ruin and want; about enjoying an oasis of personal liberties in the spreading desert of political oppressions. But in Europe today an American begins to shed that uneasy feeling. He realizes that the very existence of his country, its strength and vitality and freedom, serves as a tonic reassurance to mankind in distress.

But far from engendering smugness, this view of our country, to judge by my own reactions, evokes a sense of solemn responsibility. Somehow the hackneyed post-war rhetoric about America as the torchbearer of freedom and the last bastion of Western civilization begins to make earnest and urgent sense.

Nowhere, I discovered, is the preponderant weight of the United States in world affairs so little appreciated and so casually treated as in the United States. Here at home we know the physical fact of our new importance, of course. We hear it re-

peated by rote in editorials, radio comment, and banquet oratory. But knowing is one thing and feeling is another. Somehow we miss the living essence of the fact — the awareness that to millions of men and women on other continents the United States, its wealth, its opinions, its elections, its very moods, are the stuff of their own destinies.

What are our motives?

Few Americans realize, for instance, the magnitude and intensity of the debate under way clear around the globe as to our country's motives. Are we moved by a passion for justice and abhorrence of Communist tyranny, or by "imperialist" greeds for profits and power? The heat of the argument on both sides is a fair measure of America's decisive influence beyond its own frontiers. I felt, indeed, that the violent anti-American propaganda (and one feels it continually and everywhere) is itself a left-handed compliment. The Kremlin-inspired attack betrays in every offensive adjective, in every egregious lie, in every political strike, the Communist conviction that the fate of the world is in American hands.

In Europe the hopes of the majority and the fears of a loud minority are alike focused on our country. We need a more conscious and responsible recognition of this at home. It is a towering challenge to American unity and intelligence. We did not seek the role of leadership. It has been thrust upon us. The question is not whether we shall play that role — we have no option in the matter — but whether we shall play it wisely and courageously.

Europe looks forward, not backward

In the countries of Western Europe which I visited for the first time in two years, I found not only tangible economic progress but evidences of psychological rehabilitation. Both of these gains are

being credited in large measure to the European Recovery Program, the Marshall Plan. The very announcement of the Plan, I was told, had an electrifying effect. It was the token of American determination to halt the march of Communism. Faith in us helped revive people's faith in themselves and in our common heritage of civilized values.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII, who graciously received me in audience, was especially interested in discussing the Marshall Plan. Obviously he regarded it as a central element in the whole European equation. Among other things, he asked me whether the American people knew specifically what their Plan was accomplishing. The same question was put to me by other keen observers — businessmen, political leaders, ordinary folk.

The implications of that question are far-reaching. These men were suggesting that it is not enough for America to vote funds for their aid. We cannot buy absolution from responsibility. On the contrary, our involvement is heightened by the investment. It amounts to a moral commitment as big and as decisive as the one we made when we entered the war after Pearl Harbor. We must understand the nature of the new struggle, the immensity of its stakes, and above all, the need for continuity in our effort — to the point where the European economy and spirit become self-sustaining.

In pondering their question, I was obliged to reply in the negative. Americans by and large have not yet grasped the size and significance of the job on which they are launched. The improvements which I saw in Europe are real, but the forces of disruption are by no means under control. The gains can be lost, the floodgates to chaos will be reopened, if we in America waver in our determination, or if our capacity to help is cut down by domestic bickering and blundering.

Europe is still dependent on what the United States can send in the way of goods and food. We must provide more for Europe without providing less for our own children. The key to ultimate success in the conflict symbolized by the Marshall Plan is American productivity. Once again we represent the arsenal of democracy.

More productivity

I use the word *productivity*, which is something quite different from *production*, and a lot more exacting. Increased production is the sum total of larger plant, improved machinery, greater manpower, and other such factors. It is quantitative and calls for a lot of time. But productivity is a qualitative concept. It means more and better products with the plant and tools and labor already available.

In supplying the crucial margin of goods for Western Europe, time is of the essence. America's obligation today is consequently stepped-up pro-

ductivity — fuller use of available means — rather than enlarged capacity. To use a homely example, the problem is not to plant more fruit trees, but to make the existing trees yield more fruit. In the area of industry, that implies greater output per man-hour, a moratorium on wasteful industrial strife, a break with the habits of soldiering and feather-bedding.

Coming from a businessman, this may sound like a reproof to labor, but I do not intend it as such. Management must accept its full share of blame for practices that have tended to hobble American productivity. In the past, unhappily, emphasis on greater output has too often meant larger returns for the employer, but only speed-up and layoff for the worker, who naturally retaliated with techniques of calculated slowdown and restraint on production. The problem today is not to apportion blame, and not to bicker, but to place the magnificent American industrial potential fully at the disposal of mankind.

Increased productivity is the major need of the moment, if we are to maintain our accustomed living standards at home while nourishing reconstruction abroad. To obtain that productivity, the resultant wealth must be equitably divided in three ways: in the form of better wages to the worker, lower prices to the consumer, and increased profits to the company. The success of our intervention on the side of freedom abroad is thus closely linked with social justice at home.

Our stimulated economy does stimulate

While I was in Europe I saw some of the miracles of physical betterment and healthier morale worked by American aid. In dozens of plants of our own company, I found not merely greater output and better living conditions but a remarkable accretion of self-confidence. This is equally true of other industries — for instance, the automotive industry.

America has every reason for pride in those achievements. But as a nation we seem curiously diffident and even apologetic in dealing with the outside world. We cringe under the propaganda barrage which portrays our free economy and political democracy as selfish, reactionary, and doomed to early collapse. While few of us actually believe this caricature, too many of us behave as if there were some truth in it. We seem more conscious of our incidental faults than of our basic virtues. This strange deficiency of faith in our system of life is especially unfortunate now that we are facing the challenge of totalitarian expansion. We have thus far taken our cues more from fear of the ideology of others than confidence in our own. The temper of our world strategy has been largely negative — not pro-democratic or even pro-American, but simply anti-totalitarian.

This attitude is obviously inadequate. It offers no invigorating alternative to mankind. By accepting the great struggle between freedom and slavery on

terms chosen by the adversary, we surrender the initiative and the advantage. We should make it clear to ourselves first of all, and it will then become clear to the world, that we are not merely fighting *against* Communism, but *for* a set of cherished and inspiring values, among which the freedom and the dignity of the individual human being are central.

Events move so fast nowadays that the pre-war years already have a ring of antiquity. It takes an effort of the will to recall how many intelligent Americans detected a "wave of the future" in Hitler's Germany. They mistook bluster, violence, and insolent slogans for portents of a new genesis, bowing to the charge that personal freedom was outmoded and democracy an effete and spineless hang-over. When the showdown came, the myth of our degeneration was exploded, along with the rest of the delusions. America mustered the moral discipline and the material might for clear-cut victory in a vast global war. Despite defects imputed to our form of society, we proved that we possessed youthful vigor. We brought into play a strength and zest that do not come from hardened arteries.

It is well to recall this now that another "wave of the future" beats against the ramparts of our civilization. Once more the legend of our senility is being spread through the world — and once more we behave as if it might have some basis in truth. That a great many people in Europe, Asia, and Latin America believe in this legend is not to be wondered at. In their poverty and bewilderment they reach out for any propaganda mirage. What surpasses understanding is that we Americans, by our defensive attitude, seem to believe in this political fantasy.

Our faith should be bigger than our fear

We know in our hearts that our system of freedom is not only worth fighting for, but has the vitality to assure enduring victory. There is no need for statistics to prove that American life is incomparably superior to existence under any other dispensation. The facts are too big to be missed. Our material advantages are the most obvious. Not only is our aggregate wealth tremendous, but it is more widely distributed than in any other nation. By any test of human values — cultural facilities for the mass of people, equality before the law, opportunity for the individual to improve his personal lot — America stands first in the current world.

But we cannot hope to triumph unless we come thoroughly armed with confidence in the validity of our way of life. Fear, anger, and desperation are sorry substitutes for resolute faith. What we must offer to the rest of the world is not a defensive and apologetic anti-totalitarianism, but a positive, invigorating common cause. We must rally men and women everywhere to a vision of well-being in a framework of individual freedom — a vision that would command allegiance even if there were no Communist threat to underline its importance.

Let us not succumb to the hypnotism of totalitarian slogans. Their waves of the future are in truth only the backwash of the past. Glorification of the state, the sinking of the individual into some abstraction of nation or race or class, government by arbitrary edict — they are as old as Egypt and Sparta. An economic scheme which ties the peasant to the soil and the worker to the machine as the price of promised security is as old as feudalism and chattel slavery.

No matter how cynically these things are decked in the verbiage of progress and liberalism, they remain utterly *reactionary*. Modern history has been a process of ever greater assertion of the autonomy and dignity of the individual man and woman. The police state is therefore a throwback that cancels out centuries of progress. Its reliance on raw force and the raw lie, its derogation of the private conscience and spiritual values, are throwbacks to paganism.

No, we have no reason either in fact or in policy to concede any of the pretensions of other systems. After years of absolute authority and the sacrifice of millions of lives, they have failed to fulfill their promises of enriching human existence.

The only truly novel idea at work in the world today, as it has been for over one hundred and fifty years, is the idea of personal freedom. It is actually America that rides the crest of a wave. And measured by the yardstick of history the great American experiment in political and economic self-government is only in its infancy.

This crucial fact is somehow obscured by the very success of the endeavor. Power and plenty have been so often associated in people's minds with conservatism that we tend to forget the essentially liberal, forward-thrusting, ground-breaking nature of our American society. Pioneering, invention, progress, opportunity, have been key words in the vocabulary of our national character; they do not rhyme with anything static and reactionary.

Tom Paine wrote: "An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot; neither the ocean, the Channel, nor the Rhine can arrest its progress; it will march on the horizon of the world, and it will conquer." Time has justified his prophecy. In his own lifetime the "army of principles" that was mobilized in our Declaration of Independence and Constitution unseated autocracy in France and undermined its foundations elsewhere. It marched to the Pacific on our own continent, drove Spanish absolutism from this hemisphere, vanquished tyranny and economic feudalism in one region after another. There have been setbacks and local defeats, but the revolution we set in motion in men's minds and hearts has never subsided.

Security at the cost of liberty

The most mischievous fallacy spread in our generation is that liberty and security are incompatible —

that you can enlarge one only at the expense of the other. America stands as the living refutation of that assumption. Here we have attained unmatched standards of living and expanded the frontiers of personal liberty at the same time. Without surrendering an iota of the Bill of Rights, we have achieved social legislation as liberal as any in the world, witnessed the rapid growth of labor organization, attained a wide diffusion of education, and improved standards of living.

The totalitarian ideology promises material benefits in return for abject subservience to a police state. The American ideology holds out the prospect of both plenty and freedom. I submit that this is an unbeatable package in the mart where opposing systems of life bid for popular support. Should we fail, it will not be because the competing product is superior, but because we have allowed rival claimants to get away with shady devices and unfair trade practices.

We shall regain the initiative in the world duel between democracy and despotism in the measure that we restore confidence in the American ideal here at home. Along with the acceptance of the blessings we enjoy we must have an awareness of vast horizons for growth. The fact that we have reached the limit of our geographical frontiers has encouraged the fallacy that there are no more frontiers to be conquered. Actually, we confront exciting unknown continents of science, of invention, of popular education, of greater health, waiting to be conquered by American energy and ingenuity.

In facing the tumultuous world we have no excuse for self-reproach. Having won a smashing victory over the Axis, having emerged as the strongest nation in modern times, having acquired a monopoly of the deadliest weapon, did the United States demand territory or privilege? On the contrary, it tossed strategic advantages to one of its allies and hastened to dismantle its magnificent fighting machine; then it proceeded to pour out its wealth to relieve suffering and promote economic rehabilitation clear around the globe.

It seems to me, we fail to see the dramatic quality of our contribution to the rest of the world. It was not an American journal which called our European Recovery Program "an act without peer in history," but the London *Economist*. "In time of peace," it explained, "in order to aid nations geographically remote from the Americas, at a time of great internal shortage, the United States is ready to give away five billion dollars' worth of commodities as the first installment of a wider program, to give them for peaceful economic reconstruction and, save for minor exceptions, to give them without conditions of any kind."

Only Americans, aware of the isolationist tradition still deep-rooted in our psychology, can savor the absurdity of "imperialist" charges being hurled against us in malice. They know that if we had any

choice we would prefer even today to snuggle up between the two oceans and live to ourselves. We thought we had such a choice after World War I and did withdraw within our shell, with disastrous results for ourselves and for the world. Our first impulse after World War II, again, was to "go home" and stay home, as witnessed by our rapid demobilization.

But destiny has intervened

This time the familiar American retreat, the flight to a wishful-thinking "normalcy," has been blocked by events which have impelled us into the maelstrom of world affairs. We cannot renounce leadership without giving the right of way to an awesome threat to freedom which ultimately would menace our own country. Whether we like it or not, we must give direction and motive power to man's impulse to liberty everywhere. In the Truman Doctrine, which saved Greece and Turkey from being overrun by the Red tide; in the Marshall Plan, which has already put Communism in most of Western Europe on the defensive, we have made a beginning.

But while spearheading the drive for freedom abroad, we must apply ourselves to enlarging and fortifying democracy at home. Obviously we shall fail in our task of world leadership if we do not succeed in continually invigorating our own society. A determination to achieve reforms at home does not contradict our self-confidence; rather, it confirms it.

Our objectives

Our domestic objectives — token of the dynamic quality of American system of life — include the following: —

1. *Greater social peace.* — Contrary to the Marxist dogma of class struggle, all classes have prospered together in the United States. To a larger degree than in any other society, accretions of wealth and comforts have been spread to the entire population. Nowhere in the world, therefore, is the sense of "togetherness" that binds the 143 million members of the community more pervasive. It should be our conscious purpose to deepen that sense, by reducing the areas of friction between social and economic groups.

Collective bargaining in industry has been accepted in public opinion and guaranteed by law. The foundation for peace on the economic plane has thus been finally laid. The superstructure of techniques for curbing industrial strife is now in the process of building. Central to its success is a recognition by all concerned that the interests of the community cannot be sacrificed on the altar of group self-interest. A public-be-damned attitude is as reprehensible on the part of labor as on the part of business. Acceptance of social responsibility by capital and labor alike, a greater respect for the

public stake in all economic quarrels — these are goals to which we are committed by our whole history.

2. *Protection and extension of civil rights.* — The President's Committee on Civil Rights, of which I am a member, found much that is shocking. These lapses make us vulnerable to Communist propaganda. But the fact that we are shocked is all to the good, as a portent of change. Deep-rooted traditional attitudes cannot be legislated out of existence — certainly not overnight. Education must set the pace for law. Yet there are large areas where rights and opportunities for all, regardless of race, color, or creed, can and should be safeguarded by the Federal and state lawmakers. Basic in this connection is the right of every American to equality in making a living, obtaining an education, and participating in the democratic political process.

3. *Advancement of education.* — America has gone further than any other country in the conquest of ignorance, but it has not gone far enough. We are now spending only 1½ per cent of our national income for education. We can afford more — and make every dollar count for more. The teaching profession has been sadly neglected and underpaid. In thousands of communities, the educational plant — schools, equipment, and so forth — has not kept pace with progress in other departments of American life. A new emphasis on more education and better education for more Americans must be placed high in the agenda of our national life.

4. *Ever higher living standards.* — Though our levels of food, clothing, and shelter are the marvel of the world, they do not justify smugness. As long as there are large numbers of families living in want and squalor, we have no excuse for complacency. American productivity has been nearly doubled in a decade. Industry as a whole has recognized the wisdom of a narrow profit margin on large output rather than limited output of goods at prices inaccessible to the great mass of consumers. The material basis for ever higher living standards has thus been provided. Stepped-up man-hour productivity is the only genuine road to improved living conditions, whether in housing, food, clothes, or luxuries. All artificial barriers to greater availability of goods through unfair trade-union or business practices must be removed.

5. *Greater security for more of our people.* — The greatest scourge of our modern technological civilization is the feeling of economic insecurity. In more primitive societies the mass of people could live on the soil; today that sense of safety is gone. Our free society must therefore set aside an adequate portion of its immense income in good times to reduce the threat of insecurity in times of trouble. We have made a good beginning, but only a beginning, in lifting the load of fear from the aged, the helpless, the unemployed. Provided we muster the will to free an ever larger portion of our people from the dread of destitution, we possess the wealth to do so.

6. *Support and understanding of the Marshall Plan.* — Our investment in the European Recovery Program — which is at bottom an investment in peace and world normalization — requires the continuous, conscious, and enlightened backing of American public opinion. The mechanisms for bringing the living story to the people should therefore be developed. The magnitude of the financial help we are giving should be judged not in cold figures but in relation to the objectives in view — and by comparison with the costs of war. Only if America views the undertaking in this light will we preclude the danger of a disastrous reversal of the policy embodied in the Marshall Plan.

These, of course, do not exhaust the list of our objectives. They merely indicate the direction of constructive thinking. Dedication to such a program will justify the claim that America, far from being the decadent society of the totalitarian propaganda fables, is a living, growing, dynamic community. We regard every blessing today, whether in the economic or the political domain, as a pledge for tomorrow. That is the essence of the American wave of the future to which we seek to rally the allegiance of our own people and of all mankind.

This conception of America was defined and sharpened for me by viewing it in perspective — from a Europe struggling against dissolution. Because of the material sustenance and the spiritual support flowing from our country, the stricken continent has already thrown off its earlier mood of defeatism. We shall not fail those people unless we fail ourselves, unless we play false to our own history and our own amazing potential for expansion.



Artist and novelist with three books to his credit and a fourth soon to be published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, FREDERICK WIGHT is the Director of Education at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. The Institute is currently presenting an exhibition, *American Painting in Our Century*, comprising the work of fifty leading artists. Following its Boston presentation, it will be shown in Montreal, Cleveland, Colorado Springs, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. In connection with the exhibition, Mr. Wight has written *Milestones in American Painting* (Chanticleer Press), from which this article is drawn.

AMERICAN PAINTING IN OUR CENTURY

by FREDERICK WIGHT

IN nineteenth-century America, the appreciation of art came in through the library door; a hundred years ago the owners of libraries embellished them with copies of European painting and sculpture, undisturbed that these possessions were not originals: a copy of Raphael was as satisfactory as a copy of Shakespeare. Painting was subordinated to literature, and both arts were cast in a romantic mold. The end of the romantic period in Europe was approaching; but in America it was to persist. On the one hand the Americans lived out a social and political legend; on the other they were fascinated by their physical circumstances. These conditions set the pattern of romantic realism in American art, and they are still at work today.

Painting paralleled literary forms. It could be a biography if it were a portrait, or a drama, or a short story. But journalism was the form of writing closest to the scale and pace of America after the Civil War. Journalism expressed the American urge for impact, stridency, and freedom.

During the first ten years of this century there was a radical change in American painting, but it was primarily in subject-matter, a change not in attitude toward painting but in attitude toward life. It was a journalists' revolution coming out of Philadelphia. John Sloan, George Luks, William Glackens, and Everett Shinn were young illustrators on the *Philadelphia Press*, under the direction of the art editor Edward Davis, father of the abstract painter Stuart Davis. This group breathed the atmosphere of the city desk; they were at war with the waning decorum of the last century. On Thursday evenings they met at the studio of Robert Henri, a young teacher at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Henri had studied abroad — he had been to Paris. He encouraged the illustrators to become painters, and his energetic influence gave

them direction. The group pivoted on Henri's personality. In the next few years they all drifted over to the larger center of New York. There Henri taught at the Chase School, the others worked on the New York papers and magazines, and their associations still held them together.

These painters looked at the city of New York with a reporter's eye. Painting the waterfront, the slum, the saloon, the restless life of side street and alley, they found a style to correspond to their interests. It was not a new style, for it had its roots in French Impressionism and in Manet, but it served the purpose admirably. It was incisive, bold, and direct.

These painters made war on the academic and on the evasions of Victorianism, but their art was still related to a literary trend. The novels of Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* had administered a similar shock. Painters and writers alike were moved by a deepening human sympathy, and were becoming socially and politically conscious. Some of Sloan's best work was done for the old *Masses*, of which he was art editor. The new painters won a notoriety as radicals from a public apathetic to painting itself.

The group was giving expression to something astir in society as a whole. Nineteenth-century idealism had grown brittle with pretense, and the new century was creating new types, new ideals. It was the day of a self-expressionism such as Ibsen had heralded. There was little evaluation of what was expressed, if only it brought release. The battle with suffocating conventions was there to be waged.

In America this salutary defiance had taken a special turn. Here there was a glorification of burlesque, and the frontiersman was made to do double duty as the type of the common man. Theodore Roosevelt set the type and created a national hero

in the Rough Rider. Elbert Hubbard wrote *A Message to Garcia*, which swept the country as the legend of the self-reliant man. In paint, Luks and Bellows put the professional athlete on canvas; the tough guy was here — and here to stay.

Strongholds of convention were on the defensive and the National Academy was keeping its powder as dry as its tradition. It had suffered a revolt in 1877 when the Society of American Artists split away from it. But by 1906 the Society's blood had cooled, and it came home docilely to live with its parent. The next year, since the radicals had nowhere else to show, there were drastic rejections. Sloan, Luks, and Glackens were victims, and Henri withdrew his own entries from the Academy in protest.

William Macbeth, the art dealer, asked Henri to get together for exhibition the work of a number of painters of his choice. Henri chose the original Philadelphia group, adding the Impressionists Prendergast and Lawson and the Romanticist Arthur B. Davies. Those eight painters, including Henri himself, were shown in 1908 in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The Eight had great plans for survival as an organized movement, but they never exhibited together again. They lived in art history as insurgents, dubbed the "Black Gang" and the "Ashcan School." Sloan and Luks were the most important of the original eight; Henri was more significant as a teacher. George Bellows, pupil of Henri, was slightly younger but his powerful and dramatic art brought him quickly forward among the older men. He was a transitional figure who strove to assimilate the new influences from Europe. Like Bellows, Kenneth Hayes Miller also represented an early shift toward Modernism. He combined the subject-interest of the Eight with the new European conceptions of form. These were the frontiersmen of the new century in American art.

News from abroad

The early American realists and reporters who shocked New York were contemporary with the *Fauves*, the "wild beasts" who were shocking Paris. Both groups attacked the academic, outraged the proprieties, brutalized familiar subtleties. There the resemblance ceased. The Eight, except for Prendergast, Davies, and Glackens, were remote from European developments. They had observed with a fresh intensity, but they believed that reality was there before them to be caught on the wing, as though the painter were a good shot.

There is, however, another view of the artist's function based upon a less innocent philosophy. It is possible to think that we build up our reality through living, that we project concepts into our handiwork, and that this accretion of what was once thought is both the record and the thing recorded. This point of view has the disturbing power to endow material objects with qualities of spirit. A work

of art then simply displays itself as a description of reality. It offers its color, its pattern, its style, which somehow correspond to the artist's emotions and to the temper of an epoch. Such a view implies that men are continuously constructing their spiritual house.

Artists who hold this view are dedicated men, of two species or temperaments. Some are excited primarily by the form or structure of a painting; they have a kinship with architects and are moved by mathematics and geometry. Others are primarily concerned with the emotional content. They are intent on projecting imagery as directly as possible, and the structure seems to them a mere vehicle. Such artists usually distort and exaggerate, using color and form for their psychological impact. And, since they probe their own emotions, they often give us the deeper responses of the subconscious mind — that dark continent which awaited discovery in our time.

The development of form and the projection of deep emotion were to become the two major interests of the first half of our century, and they were already well established in Europe during the first ten years. The *Fauves* led off, with their venture in heightened emotionalism: Matisse, Derain, Braque, Vlaminck, and Rouault had put Impressionism behind them and created an art out of the free rhythms and bold expressive color they had learned from Van Gogh and Gauguin.

Cézanne had lived so long in retirement in the south of France that he was scarcely known in Paris, but now his work won converts. His feeling for architecture — for organization in space — appealed to the deepest instincts of French painters. His discipline offered new rewards; little as his audience realized it, he had rediscovered the classic tradition.

Cézanne had generalized forms in terms of geometry, and Picasso took up where Cézanne left off. Between the exploration of space and sheer invention he discovered, or created, Cubism. It was a ten-year quest. Cubism and its abstract ramifications provided the sinews of organization and philosophy for the modern painter, and for the modern architect as well.

All Europe, the German, Italian, and Russian painters — and eventually the whole world of art — responded to these changes. As always, there were Americans in Paris, and by now they were no longer there simply to learn to paint in France. They had come to share, and to add to their share, in an international undertaking. Maurice Prendergast knew Cézanne's painting as early as 1898, and he was the first to bring news of it to America. Alfred Maurer was in Paris by 1900; he became the first *Fauve* convert, although he was already an established conservative painter. Bernard Karfiol was in Paris in 1901; Max Weber was there by 1905. Charles Demuth, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, Charles

Sheeler, Thomas Benton, and as many others followed along. Most of them stayed until they felt that they had gained something which they wished to offer America; some lingered indefinitely; others felt themselves overwhelmed and fled. But a change had come over them all. They had acquired a new consciousness of their profession.

The Armory Show

The two streams of American art, the realistic reporters and the painters who had been influenced by Europe, came together in the Armory Show of 1913, where they poured down over the American public in a cataract. There were rapids and shoals ahead, but the Armory Show still marks the headwaters of navigation for modern American painting.

In the New York of 1910, apart from the small Madison Gallery and Alfred Stieglitz, there was hardly an outlet for the young advanced painters, and all about them was that easy collusion between the conservative painter and his subject which seemed as interminable as Nature herself. A group of painters exhibiting at the Madison Gallery became fretful with stagnation and organized in December, 1911, for the purpose of putting on a comprehensive show. Walt Kuhn, the leading spirit, went to see Arthur B. Davies, then one of the most influential figures in New York's world of art. Davies saw an opportunity to display not merely American painting but all the current achievements of Europe, which had reached the majority of American painters as rumor rather than experience. He stepped into the presidency of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, changed the intention behind the exhibition, and threw open the door to modern Europe. Kuhn meanwhile had solved the problem of a place for the show by engaging the 69th Armory on Lexington Avenue. There would be no limitation in scale.

In the summer of 1912, Davies sent Kuhn the catalogue of the Sonderbund Exhibition in Cologne, with the note: "I wish we could have a show like this." In response, Kuhn caught the next steamer and reached Germany as the exhibition was closing. He selected the works of artists whom he was seeing for the first time: Van Gogh, the Norwegian Munch, and the German sculptor Lehmbruck. He went on to The Hague, where he had his first view of the work of Odilon Redon and arranged to give him a whole gallery in the exhibition. Improvising with assurance, he visited Munich and Berlin. Finally he went to Paris, where Alfred Maurer introduced him to the dealer Vollard, Walter Pach lent his aid, and the sculptor Jo Davidson took a hand. As the plans grew in scope Kuhn cabled for Davies to come over; he did so and the sacking of Paris went on apace. They went to London on the way home to see Roger Fry's second Grafton Gallery Show. In Paris, Walter Pach was left to bale and ship the European segment of the exhibition.

On the American side, the Association's members numbered twenty-five, and there were many other American exhibitors.

The Armory Show opened on February 17, 1913. Its preparation had by then become something of a family affair among artists, critics, and collectors, all of whom were drawn together by their enthusiasm for doing something new. Divergencies of style and taste ceased to be barriers; they became no more than the partitions between the galleries.

The Pine Tree flag of the American Revolution was the exhibition's emblem, and all that was needed after that was the public. President Taft and the Governor and the Mayor of New York were invited to the opening and failed to appear; the public also stayed away for the first two weeks. Then the newspapers stumbled over the show, treating it as news rather than art, and the storm broke. Crowds arrived for their baptism of fire. The foreigners provided the shock: Cézanne and Van Gogh, Gauguin and Seurat, were as strange as Brancusi and Matisse. Duchamp's *Nude Descending the Staircase* stole the show as the climax of the bizarre. Picasso was less to the fore — he is listed as Paul Picasso in the catalogue.

Caruso arrived and made caricatures; Theodore Roosevelt came on March 4, the day that Woodrow Wilson was inaugurated, to see a world turned upside down, and recorded his impressions in the *Outlook*, providing the phrase "the lunatic fringe." The critics generally were aghast, with a few praiseworthy exceptions, notably Henry McBride. There were collectors who were wiser. Frank Crowninshield and Miss Lizzie P. Bliss came often and bought. John Quinn's purchases were the beginning of his important collection; as a friend of Kuhn's he had agreed to serve as legal adviser to the Association, and he acquired a taste for the new. Bryson Burroughs persuaded the Metropolitan Museum to acquire a Cézanne. The show piled notoriety on top of achievement and commanded the presence both of its friends and its enemies. The portrait-painter Chase, who had not been invited to exhibit, walked silk-hatted and solitary through the galleries. The dignity of the Academy was at a discount. At the close of the show the jubilant painters paraded, led by the Armory's fife and drum.

The exhibition moved on to Chicago, where it was housed by the Art Institute. There the attendance was greater than it had been in New York. The Art Institute — today ablaze with a great collection of modern painting — was ill at ease, and the faculty of the Institute's school shepherded the pupils through, with explanations that were warnings much in the spirit of "crime does not pay."

Finally the show came to Boston, where it was presented by the Copley Society. The response there was more subdued, although Walt Kuhn remembered that "local psychoanalysts were espe-

cially vehement in their disapproval." And with that the Armory Show was over. The public had been amazed and shocked, but only the American painters themselves and a few farsighted individuals were prepared to profit from their experience. American painters now lived in a larger world, and a difficult task of synthesis lay ahead.

Abstraction comes early

The older liberals of the Ash-can School, and the new painters who had responded to the European venture, had joined forces in the Armory Show to the discomfiture of academic art. But if these forces were joined they were not fused. The two trends remained distinct. They continued to represent two attitudes toward art: a literal over against a philosophic attitude; a native versus an international one. Something like a two-party system was established in American art, which, like American political parties, was based on geographical loyalties as well as an allegiance to ideas.

As with political parties, the two trends thereafter took turns in dominating art. The Armory Show was a revolutionary event; from that day on, the realists were no longer the vanguard, in spite of the fact that they still included such spectacular temperaments as Henri, Bellows, Luks, and Sloan.

The change was not at once apparent. The First World War broke out in the year after the Armory Show; civilized contact with the rest of the world was blocked, and the new artist lost what small share of public attention he had acquired. The academicians might have thought that the danger was past. But the artist has a sensibility and an instinct for the special quality of his epoch — it is his business to bring it to light. From 1913 to the middle of the next decade a large number of America's best painters were working in an abstract manner. It was the first period of American abstract art. Max Weber, Joseph Stella, Charles Demuth, Andrew Dasburg, Stuart Davis, Karl Knaths, Preston Dickenson, and Niles Spencer, to mention only outstanding names, were willing to learn from Cézanne and from Picasso, and they adapted Cubism to their requirements. Even the realistic Sheeler underwent the discipline of abstraction; and Georgia O'Keeffe painted a number of abstract canvases before she developed her decorative symbolical style.

But the American abstractionists never went to such logical lengths as the French Cubists; they compared to the Cubists as inventors compare to searchers in pure science. The pattern which they drew out of reality was not always geometric. The influence of Van Gogh and later German art invited a more emotional and personal expression, and a native romanticism never ceased to pulse through American painting.

The first period of American abstraction thus has a blurred pattern. It is a period which is too easily

forgotten, now that abstraction has returned as a more popular art. Most of the first generation of abstractionists were still in an early phase of their work, a phase primarily of importance for their future. Abstraction for them was a sort of discipline taken on for a purpose, rather than a way of life.

After a decade of this discipline, the best American painters had already resolved and absorbed their experience. They had matured and become simply individual painters about the time that a taste for the modern painting was becoming more general. The heyday of this interest in modern painting came in the twenties. Americans in mass had had a firsthand experience of Europe and our interest had been projected beyond the frontiers. Americans went abroad in peacetime armies. There was an entire American colony of painters and writers in Paris. European literature was making itself felt, along with European art. Proust and Joyce were the contemporary discoveries; a generation of American writers was impressed with the new depths plumbed in European writing.

Dos Passos and Hemingway, publishing in the twenties, had a new feeling for composing through association. Dos Passos, with his *Camera Eye*, was to create a mechanized stream of consciousness out of captions. Hemingway owed a debt to Gertrude Stein; T. S. Eliot, E. E. Cummings, Archibald MacLeish were using language in a new way. The very disillusionment of the period threw the writer back on style as an end in itself. Concentration, form, and subconscious imagery were now the preoccupation of writers as well as of painters. Post-war literature arrived as a powerful reinforcement for the artist.

But the writer had one great advantage over the painter. Since he wrote in English, European literature influenced him without competing for his audience. For the American artist, French painting was not only an influence, it was an active competitive commodity, and it was often pushed with a cool unconcern for real quality. American artists, when they organized the Armory Show and brought European art to America, were like the frogs in the fable. They had repudiated the dead log of the sovereign public, and they had brought in the stork which ate them up.

There was a reaction, and the painter was among the first to respond to a change of atmosphere. Naturalism in art, the regional, the homespun, began to gain allegiance. The grin of local pride supplanted the wrinkles of inquiry. The American painter felt that he had been tutored enough. And the change came quickly, before the businessman had any inkling of the depression ahead, before the politician knew that he was to gamble on isolation.

The American scene

The reporters and realists had not remained idle since the days of the Eight. A new impulse came

from Edward Hopper and Charles Burchfield, who gave an intense and specific accounting of the world they knew. Hopper described New York and New England; Burchfield reported on Ohio and upper New York; yet both of these painters foreshadowed a change. There was something more reflective, more inward in their vision. Burchfield is a painter of imagination, Hopper of mood. Finally, Marsden Hartley and John Marin, two major painters who loom large among the depictees of the American scene, are set apart from the literal by their early and persistent interest in the abstract.

Charles Sheeler was a reporter who clung to the exact visual world with his camera. He was absorbed in photography; yet what he gave us in his paintings of factories and industrial scenes and of Pennsylvania houses was not so much the object as an optical experience. Sheeler possessed a micrometer vision capable of taking the measure of an industrial age. Reginald Marsh continued the racy account of the life of New York City begun in the work of John Sloan. Marsh studied with Sloan, and he is closest in mood to the early reporters.

Then, in the early thirties, three Midwestern painters impinged on the national consciousness, producing paintings and offering personal histories that perfectly illustrated the republicized American theme. Thomas Benton, John Steuart Curry, and Grant Wood were dissimilar, but they were properly grouped in the public's imagination. All three had a feeling for scale, for drama, for working in a major key. All painted a legend and were able to identify themselves with it. It was part of this legend that they were humble men from the country who had gone to Europe to learn to paint and had escaped in time from the engulfing decadence to redeem themselves in the pure air of home. They did not report on the life of the Midwest as Sloan had once reported on the life of New York. They depicted a myth, built out of types or typical scenes which already existed in the popular imagination and merely had to be recognized. Such an art taps immediate sources of power, but it soon becomes sterile. All three painters began with emphatic statements that have an important place in the history of American art. All three sank on occasion to the level of book-jacket makers, while there was no lack of historians to write the blurb. All three painters set a style; the arabesques of Benton, the archaic precision of Wood, the romantic tableaux of Curry, provided a vocabulary that scores of other painters adopted with more or less success.

Social comment

By the thirties, even the most factual painters had achieved a more personal vision. The journalists of the first decade of the century had been reporters; the journalists of the thirties were editorialists; consciously or not, opinion, judgment,

and belief colored their work. Paintings were charged with pity or political faith; the same emotion turned the artist to satire when the subject was unsympathetic. It was a decade of liberal hope.

If there is to be ethical judgment — in other words a message — the painter must offer explicit subject-matter. He can hardly be abstract. On the other hand, he can and does force his comment by exaggeration, often falling into the tradition, wittingly or not, of the American political cartoon. But the influence on which the recent painter of propaganda has most frequently drawn is German Expressionism. Modern German art was steeped in moral indignation — or rather it was steeped in animosities which appeared as moral indignation, for one cannot hate without justification. Surrender to the negative motion of hatred is the great liability of propaganda art.

There is a further liability: the propagandist, in our doctrinaire days, tends to deal in principles and generalizations. He is thus led to substitute types for individuals — which is one of the weaknesses of our times.

The artists who have escaped these hazards have given us some of the best canvases painted in America. They have been able to create a personal language whose meaning is plain. At their best, they have known how to compress general concepts into concrete forms, how to personify passions, how to see all humanity in a single human being. They have used pity not to cloud vision but to sharpen it; they have refined the sense of tragedy, and made men pause and look where none paused before.

Ben Shahn and Jack Levine are the strongest of these painters. Looking at them, the pre-depression world is quite lost in time past. The symbol is explicit, exaggeration underlines intention, simplification serves the composition as well as the drama. In a different vein, but with the same intent, Peter Blume's brilliant and complex art combines social comment with the precise vision of a Sheeler. William Gropper, Aaron Bohrod, Raphael Soyer, Joseph Hirsch, George Grosz, Mitchell Siporin, Philip Evergood, and Robert Gwathmey have all added to the dignity and depth of American art. In a time of brutality, there is no need to apologize for compassion. A sense of the tragic, of human fate, does not produce art, but it tests art by its own seriousness.

Later abstractions

Perhaps it was the war which ran representation into the ground. With the coming of peace, the painters once more returned to making paintings which dealt with concepts and with states of mind. Abstraction revived — or more precisely, a second period of abstract painting now set in. Fluid, complex, and eclectic, it often made the earlier abstraction seem preliminary and unwieldy. It offered

variety, not only through eclecticism, but because so many painters were taking a hand in it — it was a popular movement. In the first abstract period Cubism was modified by Expressionism; in the second, Expressionism was generally replaced by an admixture of surrealist symbols. Free association took the place of exaggeration as a means of recording emotion.

A few painters, Feininger, Davis, and Knaths, bridge over from the first abstract period to the current one. Among these, Lyonel Feininger is the most imposing, with his atmospheric Cubism created out of controlled light. Stuart Davis paints abstract synopses of experience that are as uncompromising in color as billboards — they have a crisp American tang. Milton Avery — to stay with the older, more familiar names — is more abstract in his color than in his forms. Tamayo and Rattner are bolder; the former is more expressive than abstract, like all Mexicans; the latter has lived long in Paris, and draws on Picasso for his abstract forms, on Rouault for his human or moral interest.

The new abstraction took more from Europe than from the earlier American abstract period. In Europe there had been no major return to realism such as broke the trend in America. Instead, representation had been put at the service of inquiry, or had been used to illustrate subconscious imagery by the Surrealists. At the same time, abstraction had become mechanized in the painting of Ozenfant, Le Corbusier, and Leger, and it had reached its most architectural form in the compositions of the Dutch precisionist, Mondrian. In contrast to Mondrian's suppressed constructions, the brilliant amorphous designs of the Spanish painter Miro hover between abstraction and Surrealism, and evoke, or mock, organic forms. The range from Mondrian to Miro is very great; both have had enormous influence. Mondrian has probably had more impact on the decorative arts than on painting itself; whereas Miro has excited many younger painters, who skirt the dangers of fluid and facile decoration.

In the new American abstract period Adolph Gottlieb, Baziotes, Stamos, and Byron Browne, to mention a few among many, have a fluid, organic, non-architectural form of abstraction; they conceive a world of cells as seen in the eye of the microscope, of hieroglyphics and symbols. I. Rice Pereira, on the contrary, has a highly geometric and mechanized art. Loren MacIver can turn from one extreme to the other; so can Rico Librun, who moves from Surrealism to geometry, and who occasionally communicates in the clear, in strong realistic terms. Philip Guston has the same pliability. Morris Graves has evolved an Oriental mysticism, narrow in range, which is dependent entirely on symbols.

The interest in Surrealism and abstraction was brought to focus in a major exhibition held in 1947 by the Chicago Art Institute. The vast majority of American painters found themselves close enough to the abstract movement to take part. But that very fact points to a new versatility and the growing individuality of the American artist. He is no longer wedded to a school.

Romanticism and the individual

American painting has always had a substratum of romanticism; it becomes romantic automatically whenever it ceases to be something else. Henry Mattson and Franklin Watkins follow in the native romantic genealogy; they are related to Ryder. Milton Avery has a romantic mood which abstraction fails to disguise and the same could be said for even more abstract painters, such as Guston or MacIver. Karfiol's painting, which began with a silvery nostalgia and advanced to a colorful sensuality, is romantic at all times; Maurice Sterne is richly romantic, regardless of the style on the surface. Kuniyoshi has an urban sophisticated romanticism. However much they all differ among themselves, they also differ as a group from the Neo-Romantics who came out of France in the late twenties.

Of the Americans influenced by this group, Stuempfig appears to be the most significant for the future; he has been able to lift his moving nostalgia into a major key. The painting of Karl Zerbe is essentially romantic in mood; his skill and sophistication place him close to the Neo-Romantics, in spite of his deeper, more emotional subject-matter.

The painters of the American scene are romantics too; the "social comment" painters give us romantic scenes, even if they have a somber meaning, and even the abstract painters have an increasingly emotional bias. The basic romantic character of American painting comes through as the one changeless aspect of American art in the last fifty years.

The Modern movement then, has been an overlying experience, a discipline in structure and in ideas. Discipline is, or should be, a surrender of freedom in order to gain more freedom, an acceptance of classification in order to outgrow it and win through to individuality. Such a process appears to have been gradually taking place. The persistent romantic trend, the diverse eclecticism, suggest that painters are testing out new freedoms and have less allegiance to theory, and that the whole period is taking on historical perspective.

The development of individuality is the most significant factor at the present moment, a sign of maturity, and the best harbinger of the time to come.



As a soldier, war correspondent, biographer, Parliamentary, and statesman, the Right Honorable WINSTON CHURCHILL has hit the nail on the head with phrases which will echo in men's minds for a long time to come. In this and the preceding issue, the Atlantic has made a selection of characteristic excerpts from his speeches, correspondence, and early books — excerpts which were arranged by Colin Coote in collaboration with Denzil Batchelor and which are to be published by Houghton Mifflin in April under the title Maxims and Reflections.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

by the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL C.H., M.P.

ON WAR

We also were too late — thirteen years too late; and the lonely man who had looked for help had long since mouldered in a nameless grave. Is this always to be our method of war . . . blunders, follies, bloodshed, an ill-timed or ill-conceived expedition, useless heroism and withdrawal, and then years afterwards a great army striking an overwhelming blow?

The River War.

General Gordon, "the lonely man," perished when Khartoum fell to the Mahdi in 1885. Kitchener's reconquest of the Sudan was in 1898. The answer to the questions posed in the latter year was, up to 1939, "Yes."

The first year — nothing at all; the second year — very little; the third year — quite a lot; the fourth year — all you want.

On a modern munitions programme.

One lad of about nineteen was munching a biscuit. His right trouser leg was soaked with blood. I asked whether he was wounded. "No, sir; it's only blood from an officer's head," he answered, and went on eating his biscuit.

London to Ladysmith.

The scene is the disaster on Spion Kop.

Moral force is, unhappily, no substitute for armed force, but it is a very great reinforcement.

Speech in the House, December 21, 1937.

I cannot believe that, after armaments in all countries have reached a towering height, they will settle down and continue at a hideous level. . . . Europe is approaching a climax. I believe that climax will be reached in the lifetime of the present Parliament.

Speech in the House, April 23, 1936.

Might not a bomb no bigger than an orange be found to possess a secret power to destroy a whole block of buildings — nay, to concentrate the force of a thousand tons of cordite and blast a township at a stroke? Could not explosives even of the existing type be guided automatically in flying machines by wireless or other rays, without a human pilot, in ceaseless procession upon a hostile city, arsenal, camp, or dockyard?

Thoughts and Adventures, 1925.

We were so glutted with victory that in our folly we cast it away.

Speech in the House, June, 1940.

This epitaph on the war of 1914–18 was pronounced in the course of an ovation replete with courage when all was black after the fall of France.

ON MEN AND POLITICS

I am the oldest living champion of Insurance in the House of Commons. . . . In 1909 I obtained the power to spread a network of [labour] exchanges over the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. For that purpose we [the then Liberal Government] brought into the public service — Mr. Beveridge.

Broadcast, June 13, 1945.

The so-called "Beveridge plan" for comprehensive social insurances had created a furore when published during the war. Part of the Socialist case at the election of 1945 was that the Churchill Government did not genuinely mean to implement it. Mr. Churchill was here replying to this charge and pointing out that it was he who gave Sir William (now Lord) Beveridge his first chance.

It is very much better sometimes to have a panic feeling beforehand, and then be quite calm when things happen, than to be extremely calm beforehand and to get into a panic when things happen.

On being asked by Mr. Baldwin not to indulge in panic. Speech in the House, May 22, 1935.

When I first went into Parliament, now nearly forty years ago . . . the most insulting charge which could be made against a Minister . . . short of actual malfeasance, was that he had endangered the safety of the country . . . for electioneering considerations. Yet such are the surprising qualities of Mr. Baldwin that what all had been taught to shun has now been elevated into a canon of political virtue.

Letter, December 11, 1936.

Mr. Baldwin had explained that if he had told the people "Germany is rearming and we must rearm," his party would most likely have lost the General Election of 1935, in the then pacifist mood of the nation.

It is a fine thing to be honest, but it is also very important to be right.

Remark upon Mr. Baldwin, whose honesty was proverbial.

They [the Chamberlain Government] neither prevented Germany from rearming, nor did they rearm ourselves in time. They quarrelled with Italy without saving Ethiopia. They exploited and discredited the vast institution of the League of Nations. They neglected to make alliances and combinations which might have repaired previous errors; and thus they left us in the hour of trial without adequate national defence or effective international security.

Speech on the Munich Agreement, House of Commons, October 5, 1938.

A day would come when powerful nations, beginning to recover from the war, and to gather their power together again, would become the cause of rumours in this country. There would be rumours that in the heart of Germany or Russia there were great aerial developments of a very serious character, or of a character which might easily have a military complexion. Then you would have a war scare, and I have no doubt you would have a leading article in *The Times* on that subject. (*Interruptions.*)

Speech in the House, March 1, 1920.

By this time next year we shall know whether the policy of appeasement has appeased, or whether it has only stimulated a more ferocious appetite.

Letter, November 17, 1938.

We actually knew within ten months.

At four o'clock this morning Hitler attacked and invaded Russia. All his usual formalities of perfidy were observed with scrupulous technique.

Broadcast, June 22, 1941.

Mr. Churchill, despite his consistent condemnation of Communism, at once ranged this country on Russia's side when Hitler invaded her. He had also repeatedly warned Stalin that the invasion was impending.

Then Hitler made his second great blunder. He forgot about the winter. There is a winter, you know, in Russia. For a good many months the temperature is apt to fall very low. There is snow, there is frost, and all that. Hitler forgot about this Russian winter. He must have been very loosely educated. We all heard about it at school; but he forgot it. I have never made such a bad mistake as that.

Broadcast, May 10, 1942.

CONDUCT

Politicians rise by toil and struggles. They expect to fall; they hope to rise again.

Great Contemporaries.

I am sure that the mistakes of that time will not be repeated; we shall probably make another set of mistakes.

Speech in the House, June 8, 1944, on being asked to avoid the mistakes made after the war of 1914-18.

It is better to be frightened now than killed hereafter.

Speech in the House, February, 1934.

The context was a warning that the Germans already had a military air force.

Comfortable feather heads in their feather beds in New York, Paris, and London might give a passing thought to the tremendous drama and tragedy [of China].

Letter, November 3, 1938.

The dark ages may return — the Stone Age may return on the gleaming wings of science; and what might now shower immeasurable material blessings upon mankind may even bring about its total destruction. Beware I say! Time may be short.

Speech at Fulton, Missouri, March 5, 1946.

The reference is to the discovery of how to release atomic energy.

Some people say: "Put your trust in the League of Nations." Others say: "Put your trust in the British rearmament." I say we want both. I put my trust in both.

Speech in the House, October 24, 1935.

Life is a whole, and luck is a whole, and no part of them can be separated from the rest.

Remark prompted by his survival of the charge of the Lancers at Omdurman, whereas the officer commanding the troops which he had expected to be leading was killed.

It often happens that, when men are convinced that they have to die, a desire to bear themselves well and to leave life's stage with dignity conquers all other sensations.

Savrola, 1900.



A Southerner born in Jackson, Mississippi, and educated at the Mississippi State College for Women, the University of Wisconsin, and Columbia, EUDORA WELTY is one of the most versatile and talented of our short-story writers. The Atlantic takes pride in having published some of her best work: her Negro stories, "A Worn Path" and "Livvie Is Back" (winner of the O. Henry Award in 1942); "Powerhouse," her unforgettable picture of a jazz band; "Hello and Good-bye," with its melting butter account of a Southern beauty contest. Beginning writers will be sure to measure their experiences in the craft with those which she now recounts.

THE READING AND WRITING OF SHORT STORIES

by EUDORA WELTY

1

EXPERIENCE teaches us that when we are in the act of writing we are alone and on our own, in a kind of absolute state of Do Not Disturb. And experience tells us further that each story is a specific thing, never a general thing — never. The words in the story we are writing now might as well never have been used before. They all shine; they are never smudged. Stories are *new* things, stories make words new; that is one of their illusions and part of their beauty. And of course the great stories of the world are the ones that seem new to their readers on and on, always new because they keep their power of revealing something.

But although all stories in the throes of being written seem new and although good stories are new and persist, there will always be some characteristics and some functions about them as old as time, as human nature itself, to keep them more or less alike, at least of a family; and there may be other things, undiscovered yet, in the language, in technique, in the world's body of knowledge, to change them out of our present recognition. Critics, historians, and scholars deal with these affairs — and keep good track of them — while for us, the practitioners, the writing of stories seems to simmer down — between stories — into some generalities that are worth talking about.

Between stories — yes, that's when we can talk.

I think we write stories in the ultimate hope of communication, but so do we make jelly in that hope. Communication and hope of it are conditions of life itself. Let's take that for granted, and not get sidetracked by excitement. We hope somebody will taste our jelly and eat it with even more pleasure than it deserves and ask for another helping — no more can we hope for in writing a story. Always in the back of our heads and in our hearts are such hopes, and attendant fears that we may fail — we

do everything out of the energy of some form of love or desire to please. The writing of a story uses the *power* of this love or hope, of course, and not its simple, surface form such as comes out — rather nicely — in jelly-making.

During the writing of a story, all the energy we have is put to pressure and reaches a changed-over state — so as to act for the sole and concentrated purpose of making our work excellent and to the pattern of some preconceived idea we have of beauty. The diffusion of this energy will, in the long run, prevent our story from communicating, in the degree that it prevents it from being our own.

But the practical problems of the story at hand are, on the whole, minutiae. The little things that plague and absorb us in every story never let up. There, help is possible. And that they are little things explains, possibly, how it is that we can shed such problems so entirely once a story is done. Who remembers afterwards the nuisance of counting the children, or preparing the reader for the murder, or getting the moon in the right part of the sky? They aren't truly important problems, and patience is the answer — time and patience.

To get at general problems we have to go deeper — in fact, the deepest we can go — into the act of writing itself. The whole thing is subjective. All any of us can *know* about writing is what it seems like to us. It's not an imitative process.

Direct connection is all we have with short stories — reading and writing them. It is not ours to note influences, trace histories, and consider trends. We are in the thick of stories by being personally and directly concerned with them. It is from this close, unromantic, perhaps much less sure and much more passionate point of view, that we writers gaze at the art of the short story.

If we learn mostly little things from correction

— from critics — do we learn the big things by doing? I think it the only way, but not an infallible way. That is, there is nothing that will guarantee our writing a better story next time than the one we have just finished. Some first stories remain a writer's best work. We work by the story — by the piece. The next story will always be a different thing. There are no two days alike — time moves. There are no two stories alike — *our* time moves. We were in one story and now we are in another — two worlds — and there are many more, though the thought neither helps nor hinders us any in the one where we now struggle.

2

How do we write a story? Our own way. Beyond that, I think it is hard to assign a process to it.

The mind in writing a story is in the throes of imagination, and it is not in the calculations of analysis. There is a Great Divide in the workings of the mind, shedding its energy in two directions: it creates in imagination, and it tears down in analysis. The two ways of working have a great way of worrying the life out of each other. But why can't they both go their ways in peace?

Let's not, to begin with, deny the powers and achievements of good criticism. That would be smug, ignorant, and blind. Story criticism can seem blind itself, when it is ingrown and tedious; on the other hand, it can see things in large wholes and in subtle relationships we should be only stupid not to investigate. It can illuminate even though, in the face of all its achievements, its business is not: to tell *how*. There is the Great Divide.

I feel like saying as a friend, to beginning writers, Don't be unduly worried by the analyses of stories you may see in some textbooks or critical articles. They are brilliant, no doubt useful to their own ends, but should not be alarming, for in a practical sense they just do not bear in a practical way on writing. To use my own case, that being the only one I can rightly speak of, I have been baffled by analysis and criticism of some of my stories. When I see them analyzed — most usually, "reduced to elements" — sometimes I think, "This is none of me." Not that I am too proud to like being reduced, especially; but that I could not remember *starting* with those elements — with anything that I could so label. The fact that a story will reduce to elements, can be analyzed, does not necessarily mean it started with them — certainly not consciously. A story can start with a bird song.

Criticism, or more strictly, analysis, is an impossible way to learn how the story was written. Analysis is a one-way process, and is only good *after* the event. In the newsreel pictures when the dive is shown in reverse, a swimmer can come back out of the water; the splash is swallowed up, he rises in the air and is safe and dry back on the

diving board. But in truth you can't come by way of analysis back to the starting point of inspiration; that's against some law of the universe, it might almost seem. I myself lack a scientific upbringing; I hear the arrow of time exists, and I feel quite certain, by every instinct, so does the arrow of creation.

Readers of Sir Arthur Eddington — who may be enjoyed even by a reader ill-equipped in science if the reader loves good literature — will remember he explains the term "entropy" as *becoming*. Our physical world is ever in the act of becoming, and not its opposite. You can't undo a dive, you can't put Humpty Dumpty together again or restore unshot the arrow to the bow. Mr. Eddington does not bother with the writing of short stories and does not say, but you can't analyze a story back to its beginning and truly find thereby what the story started out to do, what then modified and determined it, and what eventually made it a superior story and not just a good story. A story is not the same thing when it ends that it was when it began. Something happens — the writing of it. It *becomes*. And as a story becomes, I believe we as readers understand by becoming too — by enjoying.

Let's look at some short stories as writers of stories ourselves and people who like them; let's see a little how they are disposed, watch them in their motions, and enjoy them.

Luckily, we shall have none of the problems of *not* enjoying them. Putting a story in its place — we shall escape that. Putting a story in its place when its place has become the important thing means absolutely not giving over to the story. It also means taking oneself with proper seriousness, keeping close watch not to make a fool of oneself, and watching limbs, lest one go out on a few. Enjoying them, we can go out on many a limb. Yet there is really a tougher requirement for enjoying: flexibility and openness of the mind — of the pores, possibly. For heaven forbid we should feel disgrace in seeking understanding by way of pleasure.

We would be sure of this, I believe, if we asked ourselves, How would we wish a story of our own to be understood? By way of delight — by its being purely read, for the first fresh impact and the wonder attached; isn't this the honest answer? It seems to me too that almost the first hope we ever had, when we gave someone a story all fresh and new, was that the story would *read new*. And that's how we should read.

What bliss! Think how often this is denied us. That's why we think of childhood books so lovingly. But hasn't every writer the rightful wish to have his story so read? And isn't this wish implicit in the story itself? By reading secondhandedly, or obediently as taught, or by approaching a story without an open mind, we wrong its very first attribute — its uniqueness, with its sister attribute of freshness. We are getting to be old, jaded readers

— instructed, advised readers, victims of summaries and textbooks; and if we write stories as victims of this attitude ourselves, what will happen to us? While we read and while we write, let's forget what we're being forever told and find the fresh world again — of enjoyment and pleasure and the story unspoiled, delighted in or hated for its own sake.

By enjoying, I don't mean to be *easy* on a story. Not all melted, the way William Saroyan at times requests readers to be. I mean only not to bother the story — not interrupt and interpret it on the side as if the conscience were at stake. To see it clear and itself, we must see it objectively.

After all, the constellations, patterns, we are used to seeing in the sky are purely subjective; it is because our combining things, our heroes, existed in the world almost as soon as we did that we were able long ago to see Perseus up there, and not a random scattering of little lights. Let's look at a particular story and see it solitary out in space, not part of some trend. It doesn't matter a bit for the moment who wrote it or when, or what magazine or book it appeared in or got rejected from, or how much or how little money the author got for it or whether he had an agent, or that he received letters in the mail when it was printed, saying, "It is found that your story does not reduce to the elements of a story." We're seeing this story as a little world in space, just as we can isolate one star in the sky by a concentrated vision.

3

THE first thing we notice about our story is that we can't really see the solid outlines of it — it seems bathed in something of its own. It is wrapped in an atmosphere. This is what makes it shine, perhaps, as well as what initially obscures its plain, real shape.

We are bearing in mind that the atmosphere in a story may be its chief glory — and for another thing, that it may be giving us an impression altogether contrary to what lies under it. The brightness may be the result of whizzing in a circle. Some action stories fling off the brightest clouds of obscuring and dazzling light, like ours here. Our penetrating look brings us the suspicion finally that this busy object is quite dark within, for all its clouds of speed, those primary colors of red and yellow and blue. It looks like one of Ernest Hemingway's stories, and it is.

Now a story behaves, it goes through motions — that's part of it. Some stories leave a train of light behind them, meteorlike, so that much later than they strike our eye we may see their meaning like an after-effect. These wildly careening stories are in many ways among the most interesting of all — the kind of story sometimes called apocalyptic. I think of Faulkner's stories as being not meteors but comets; in a way still beyond their extrava-

gance and unexpectedness and disregard of the steadier laws of time and space, Faulkner's stories are cometlike in that they do have a wonderful course of their own: they reappear, in their own time they reiterate their meaning, and by reiteration show a whole further story over and beyond their single significance.

If we have thought of Hemingway's stories, then, as being bare and solid as billiard balls, so scrupulously cleaned of adjectives, of every unneeded word as they are, of being plain throughout as a verb in itself is plain, we may come to think twice about it. The atmosphere that cloaks D. H. Lawrence's stories is of sensation, which is a pure but thick cover, a cloak of self-luminous air, but the atmosphere that surrounds Hemingway's stories is just as thick and to some readers less illuminating. Action can be inscrutable, more than sensation can be. It can be just as voluptuous, too, just as vaporous, and much more desperately concealing.

So the first thing we see about a story is its mystery. And in the best stories, we return at the last to see mystery again. Every good story has mystery — not the puzzle kind, but the mystery of allurements. As we understand the story better, it is likely that the mystery does not necessarily decrease; rather it simply grows more beautiful.

Now, of what is this story composed, the one we're sighting? What is the plot, in other words?

E. M. Forster in his book on the novel makes the acute distinction between plot and narrative thread. A story is a "narrative of events arranged in their time-sequence. A plot is also a narrative of events, the emphasis falling on causality." With a plot, instead of keeping on asking, What next? we ask, Why?

Well, in Hemingway's story, which is "Indian Camp," one of his early ones, Nick goes with his father, a doctor, to see a sick Indian woman. She is suffering in labor and the doctor operates on her without an anesthetic. In the bunk above her head, her husband lies with a sore foot. After the operation is over and the child has been successfully born, the husband is found to have slit his throat because he was not able to bear his wife's suffering. Nick asks, "Is dying hard, Daddy?" "No, I think it's pretty easy," his father says.

The story is composed of this — the inability to endure suffering. The wish to die rather than face pain. Is this a red and blue world? I see it as dark as night — Hemingway's world is again and again a world of fear. Of physical cruelty, pain, the giving of pain, and for a counter the inability to receive it except in propriety — one way. In Hemingway there is only one way, you know. It is a fear-ridden world, in which the only exorcisement is ritual — the bullfighter's code, the rules of sport, of warfare. This story is over and over again told with a kind of appetite, gusto; and this paradox of essence and effect is one of the hypnotic and in-

comparable things about Hemingway — his value and his mystery. His imitators lack both value and mystery. Violence in itself is not a story; there is violence and there is the story, or rather the plot, of violence.

How do we get, in Hemingway, that sense of opaqueness? It is not because the stories are stories of action — for action can be radiant, we know — not because they are bare and clean of adjectives and fuss. (Why are feelings and adjectives supposed to be in themselves any more — or any less — illuminating than action and verbs?) To this reader, Hemingway's stories are opaque because they are moralizing stories. And to be moralizing is to be flat-surfaced — to take up your stand behind a shield. The stories aren't really out in the open at all, the outdoors notwithstanding; the arena functions like an ambush, with the author behind taking pot shots at the reader.

Be stoic. We are taught by Hemingway, who is *instructive* by method, that there is a way we had better be. The world is full of fear and danger, says he. We say, All right — it is that. He says, I give you the ceremony. Better not look any closer, but keep to your places. So braveness and fear, instructions and ceremonial to-do, step in front of reality just as surely as sentimentality can. Our belligerent planet Mars has an unknown and unrevealed heart.

But we have to go on from there. For what comes of it? Part of Hemingway's power comes straight out of this conditioning he imposes on his stories. In San Francisco there's a painting by Goya, who himself used light, action, and morality dramatically, of course. The bull ring and the great tossing wall of spectators are cut in diagonal half by a great shadow of afternoon. There lies the wonder of the painting — the opaque paired with the clear, golden sun; half of the action, with dense, clotting shade. It's like this in Hemingway's plots.

In the same way, one power of Hemingway's famous use of conversation derives from the fact that it's often in translated or broken sentences — a shadow inserted between the direct speakers. It is an obscuring and at the same time a magical touch; it illuminates from the side. It makes us aware of the fact that communication is going on.

As we now picture Hemingway's story, isn't it something like this — not transparent, not radiant from the front; but from the side, from without his story, from a moral source, comes its beam of light; and his story is not radiant, but spotlighted. Don't we feel the kind of excitement from reading his stories that we more usually feel at a play?

4

AS we all have observed, plot can throw its weight in any of several ways, varying in their complexity, flexibility, and interest: onto the narrative, or situa-

tion; onto the character; onto the interplay of characters; and onto some higher aspects of character, emotional states, and so on, which is where the rules leave off, if they've come with us this far, and the uncharted country begins. Let's look at further stories, still not seeking to evaluate their authors or the stories among others of their authors, but taking them up where we find them as they bring out some aspect or another of plot.

Stephen Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky" tells a story of situation; it is a playful story, using two situations, like counters.

Jack Potter, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, has gone to San Anton' and gotten married and is bringing his bride home in a Pullman — the whole errand to be a complete surprise to the town of Yellow Sky. "He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel."

And in Yellow Sky another situation is building up in matching tempo with the running wheels. A messenger appears in the door of the Weary Gentleman saloon crying "Scratchy Wilson's drunk and has turned loose with both hands." "Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. . . . 'Scratchy Wilson is a wonder with a gun, a perfect wonder, and when he goes on the war-trail, we hunt our holes — naturally.'" Scratchy enters town, pistols in both hands. His "cries of ferocious challenge rang against walls of silence. And his boots had red tops with gilded imprints, of the kind beloved in winter by little sledding boys on the hillsides of New England. . . . He walked with the creeping movement of the midnight cat. As it occurred to him, he roared menacing information. . . . The little fingers of each hand played sometimes in a musician's way. . . . The only sounds were his terrible invitations."

All this is delightful to us not only for itself but for its function of play, of assuring our anticipation; the more ferocious Scratchy is, the more we are charmed. Our sense of the fairness, the proportion of things is gratified when he "comfortably fusiladed the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was playing with this town; it was a toy for him." This plot of situation gives us a kind of kinetic pleasure; just as being on a seesaw is pleasant not only for where we are but for where the other person is.

The train arrives, Jack Potter and bride get off, and Jack's emotion-charged meeting with Yellow Sky is due; and Scratchy Wilson turns out to be its protagonist. They come face to face, and Potter, who says, "I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy," takes only a minute to make up his mind to be shot on his wedding day.

"If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?" Scratchy sneers at the marshal. And Potter says, "I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married."

"Married?" asks Scratchy — he has to ask it several times, uncomprehending. "Married?"

"Seemingly for the first time, he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. 'No!' he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. . . . 'Is this the lady?'"

"'Yes; this is the lady,' answered Potter.

"'Well,' said Wilson at last, slowly, 'I s'pose it's all off now.'

" . . . He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and, placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand."

So, in Crane's story, two situations, two forces, gather, meet — or rather are magnetized toward one another, almost — and collide. One is vanquished — the unexpected one — with neatness and absurdity, and the vanquished one exits; all equivalents of comedy.

5

IN Katherine Mansfield's "Miss Brill," there are only one character and only one situation. The narrative is simple, Miss Brill's action consists nearly altogether in sitting down; she does nothing but go and sit in the park, return home and sit on her bed in her little room. Yet considerably more of a story is attempted by this lesser to-do than Crane attempted in "Yellow Sky"; its plot is all implication.

"Miss Brill" is set on a stage of delight. "Although it was so brilliantly fine — the blue sky powdered with gold, and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the *Jardins Publiques* — Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. . . . [She] put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing!" We see right off that for Miss Brill delight is a kind of coziness. She sits listening to the band, her Sunday habit, and "Now there came a little flutey bit — very pretty! — a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled."

Miss Brill has confidence in her world — anticipation: what will happen next? Ah, but she knows. She's delighted but safe. She sees the others from her little perch, her distance — the gay ones and then those on benches: "Miss Brill had often noticed there was something funny about nearly all of *them*. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even — even cupboards!" For she hasn't identified herself at all.

The drama is slight in this story. There is no collision. Rather the forces meeting in the *Jardins Publiques* have, at the story's end, passed through each other and come out the other side; there has not been a collision, but a change — something much more significant. This is because, though there is one small situation going on, a very large and complex one is implied — the outside world, in fact.

One of the forces in the story is life itself, corresponding to the part of Scratchy Wilson, so to speak. Not violent life — life in the setting of a park on Sunday afternoon in Paris. All it usually does for Miss Brill is promenade stylishly while the band plays, form little tableaux, separate momentarily into minor, rather darker encounters, and keep in general motion with bright colors and light touches — there are no waving pistols at all, to storm and threaten.

Yet, being life, it does threaten. In what way, at last? Well, how much more deadly to Miss Brill than a flourished pistol is an overheard remark — about *her*. Miss Brill's vision — a vision of love — is brought abruptly face to face with another, ruder vision of love. The boy and girl in love sit down on her bench, but they cannot go on with what they have been saying because of her, though "still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"'No, not now,' said the girl. 'Not here, I can't.'

"'But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there? . . . Why does she come here at all — who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?'"

"'It's her fur which is so funny,' giggled the girl. 'It's exactly like a fried whiting.'

"'Ah, be off with you!' said the boy in an angry whisper."

So Miss Brill, she who could spare even pity for this world, in her innocence — pity, the spectator's emotion — is defeated. She had allowed herself occasional glimpses of lives not too happy, here in the park, which had moved her to little flutters of sadness. But that too had been coziness — coziness, a remedy visitors seek to take the chill off a strange place with. She hadn't known it wasn't good enough. All through the story she has sat in her "special seat" — another little prop to endurance — and all unknown to her she sat in mortal danger. This is the story. The danger nears, a word is spoken, the blow falls — and Miss Brill retires, ridiculously easy to mow down, as the man with the pistols was easy to stare down in "Yellow Sky," for comedy's sake. But Miss Brill was from the first defenseless and on the losing side, and her defeat is the deeper for it, and one feels sure it is for ever.

(To be continued)

Laski

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AMERICAN CULTURE—THE SOCIALIST VIEW

by OSCAR HANDLIN

1

AMERICAN democracy has consistently played an ambiguous role in the thinking of members of the British Labor Party. This country presents English socialists with a grave intellectual challenge, for here is a society that seems to attain the ends of personal liberty and human dignity despite its subjection to capitalism. Whether in the brilliant invective of George Bernard Shaw that seemed humorous two decades ago, or in the open popular hostility of the last few years, English radicals have tempered their respect for the United States with disdain, their faith with fear, and their love with dislike.

Harold J. Laski's *American Democracy* offers a strategic opportunity for examining these attitudes. That Laski fails in this earnest attempt to understand the culture and people of the United States is not due to want of ability but to the distorted perspective of his intellectual position. The nature of his failure uncovers the weakness of the assumptions with which an important group of writers have approached the problems of America and of modern society in general.

The essentials of American democracy Laski finds in a spirit and in a tradition that, for a time, made Americanism unique as a principle of civilization. Constant expansion on the frontier of a new continent revealed endless vistas of opportunity; here expectation of personal progress without limit nurtured the faith in an enlightened self-interest, redounding to the advantage of all. Out of the Revolution came an openness in class structure that permitted the free rise and fall of individuals in the social system. Out of Puritan Christianity came the gospel of work and the emphasis on achievement above all other values. Together, these forces generated a creed of egalitarianism that was fundamental to all the accomplishments of American democracy.

Laski insists, however, that this development was interrupted when the emergence of industrialism elevated businessmen to a position of predominant

power, prestige, and practical influence. Since the Civil War, Laski maintains, the businessmen have, increasingly, found their interests opposed to the traditions of American life, and have protected their positions by intruding upon every aspect of culture in the United States. Everywhere Laski finds this group subverting the older democratic spirit which, otherwise, might undermine their security. For America is still a democracy, and popular forces are still capable of taking power into their own hands, possibly to use it against the men of wealth.

At the moment, he concludes, the United States is at a crossroads, about to decide whether "it will become altogether a society which tries to fulfill the democratic ideal or a society which tries wholly to deny it."

Many of Laski's specific criticisms of American life are valid. Sections such as those on the ideal of success, on the law, on labor and the courts, on Catholicism, and on the treaty-making power of the Senate are carefully thought out and, in themselves, enlightening. But the work as a whole rests on the false assumption that a group seeking power in the state can alone reshape the institutions of a society. That notion breeds two fundamental errors: first, an unreal estimate of the businessman's place in American life; then, a mistaken conception of the relations between the dominant groups in a society and its culture.

One may accept the proposition that business influences the most crucial phases of life in America. But one need not conclude that that influence is the simple product of dictation by businessmen. If, as Laski grants, the United States was a free society until recently, it would not have allowed a single social group to acquire a hold upon every phase of its culture. The spread of business values cannot be accounted for without conceding that the Americans were, in advance, not hostile but receptive. But since Laski views business values as alien, antipathetic, to the older Americanism, he cannot explain how they managed to infect it. The Du

Ponts now run Delaware, the copper companies Montana; and the party bosses of the city machines (despite a tendency to coöperate with the New Deal) are simply tools of businessmen, so Laski insists over and over. But such ascendancies could come into being only if the wicked were able to fasten upon elements of impurity that already tainted the liberal egalitarian faith of the other citizens.

2

FAILURE to explain the operations of the evil genius of the businessmen suggests a closer examination of these characters. Yet it is difficult to tell just whom Laski means: significantly he rarely uses the more familiar term, "capitalist."

Throughout, the designation "businessman" is applied as if it referred to a unified and coherent group. No meaningful differences are recognized among the *rentier* Brahmin of Boston, the financier of New York, the oilman of Texas, the industrial manager, the corporation executive, and even the local shopkeeper. It is true that Laski sometimes seems to have in mind a more restricted identification — the industrial tycoon of the post-Civil War period. But on the other hand he often refers to the group as if it reached back to the eighteenth century, before the development of manufacturing; thus Hamilton, John Adams, and Calhoun are mentioned as if they were all spokesmen of business.

Actually, Laski does not use the term "businessman" with its usual economic meaning to designate persons who hold a definable role in relation to the system of production. Instead he applies it to anyone in American society who holds a favorable attitude toward property and property rights. This is primarily a conception around which to drape the characteristics of those who defend the rights of property. No wonder the businessman, so broadly conceived, influences every aspect of American life.

One crucial type of American is altogether overlooked in Laski's treatment. There are chapters on the businessmen (whoever they are), on the proletariat, and on the professions; but, as far as Laski seems to know, agriculture in the United States is entirely a matter of sharecropping, debt, and migratory labor. There is not a word about the very important group of farmers who are neither tenants nor debtors. Furthermore, Laski mistakes *The Grapes of Wrath* for an economic treatise. There are large numbers of tenant farmers in Iowa (when they are not wintering in California) whose effective income runs into five figures; and it should be remembered that a farmer with a twenty-thousand-dollar mortgage on a hundred-thousand-dollar farm is not only a debtor, but also a man of property. Laski fails to mention such people, perhaps because there is no way of distinguishing them, in terms of attitudes and ideas, from those who fall into his category of businessmen.

Laski's formula prevents him from understanding that American life does not involve the conflict of the antithetical forces of business and equality, but rather the unfolding of diverse, sometimes contradictory, consequences from a common process of growth. Availability of goods in relative abundance is a condition that encourages equality. But it also creates an interest in property that militates against the establishment of egalitarian ideals. If the two tendencies are distinct, their source is one; and hence the ambivalence that leaves room both for the crassest materialism and for the most outlandish idealism in the United States. In this society, then, power comes to a group not when it imposes its controls upon the whole body, but when it succeeds in drawing support to itself through strategic appeals to general underlying interests and beliefs.

The conception of the businessman's exercise of control supplies the unifying link in Laski's view of culture. What the various social institutions and cultural forms have in common is the fact that they are dominated by a ruling group which bestows a distinctive character upon them. In addition to the weakness of Laski's discussion of the specific nature of that control, this view embodies an inadequate estimate of culture. It denies that institutions have any life or, in fact, any significance of their own, apart from their relationship to power.

If schools, therefore, are considered entirely from the point of view of who runs them, and not of what they are and do, then it is safe to conclude that they are dominated by the power of big business. Yet what do we learn of the nature of the college after we concede that the trustees have power from without and the president from within? Having explained that, Laski still cannot explain why the law schools, certainly close to the interests of businessmen, are, as he says, the best branches of the university. Nor can he explain why the exceptional institutions managed entirely by the faculty or by some other group of non-businessmen are no better than the orthodox, nor even essentially different from them. For the government of the university, with which Laski preoccupies himself, has little effect upon the social forces that decide which children wish, and are able, to become students, upon the intellectual forces that make the instructors mediocrities or worse, and upon the cultural forces that place the life of ideas so low in general esteem.

So it is with religion. Perhaps it is true that the churches have always been pillars of *laissez faire*, supplying "a means of escape from emotional drives which might otherwise have been directed into the examining of social foundations" and thus encouraging "the acquiescence of citizens in the existing social order." Discounting all the exceptions, that generalization will still not explain why the lower classes remained fundamentalists while the upper moved toward liberal Christianity. To

show that Southern capitalists subsidized the revivalist churches in the mill towns still does not account for the workers' fanatical loyalty to those very sects.

As for literature, beyond a kind of Philistinism that sees only a joke in Gertrude Stein and in Ezra Pound, Laski has a single standard by which to judge writers since 1900: whether they are honest enough to agree with him in describing the contracting opportunities of American life. The radio, the newspapers, and the movies are discussed only as devices that influence public opinion — naturally on behalf of the businessmen — for, in Laski's view, ideas are simply handed down to the masses by their ruling class. There is no recognition that these media are also instruments of a popular culture in the shaping of which the people themselves have a part.

Even when it comes to politics, Laski repeats the error of focusing upon the incidentals of control rather than upon the realities of action. He cannot conceive any other function for the American state than that of control in the interests of the ruling class. When, as before the Civil War, he finds few signs of such control, he concludes that the country was run by a "negative state." In so doing, he swallows the National Association of Manufacturers' myth of *laissez faire* and disregards all sorts of positive functions — education, amelioration, regulation. For the same reason, Laski is completely unable to understand that American local government has been the proving ground for all sorts of political and social innovations. Such agencies he regards simply as tools of the businessmen, to be purified when "the rich in America . . . surrender the advantages . . . they have gained" from their corruption.

3

THERE is no quarrel with Laski for recommending changes in what is corrupt and ineffective. His fault lies in advocating a change that seems all-inclusive but is really partial; that seems substantial but is really delusive. And since the nature of the remedy he prescribes affects his diagnosis of the disease, he cannot be depended upon either as practical guide or as scholarly analyst.

The pitfalls that prevented Laski from making full use of his splendid talents were inherent in the intellectual climate in which he worked. He was not alone misled. There was something in the foggy atmosphere of English liberal socialism that also betrayed the Webbs, the Hammonds, and G. D. H. Cole. To the degree that they adopted a common approach to society and to social science, these writers constituted a school. As a group, they were deeply influenced by the benevolent currents of socialist thought that swept along the most sensitive English intellectuals in the quarter century

before the First World War. In a nation which had, by then, suffered the harshest effects of industrialization, in which British ascendancy seemed decisively eclipsed, in which there appeared to be no further opportunity for mitigating hardships through expansion, it made sense to seek a clue to all the disorders of society in the nature of the system of production.

The liberal socialists' assessment of the grim situation was, significantly, tinged with optimism. In recognizing the evils about them, these people did not surrender the confidence that they could create a good community on the basis of the economic techniques brought into being by capitalism. They reasoned that what was at fault was not the mode of production proper — industrialization, mechanization, proletarianization — but only its unjust control. Concentrating entirely upon the element of control, they overlooked the possibility that insecurity, isolation, and social maladjustment might be the products of the cities and factories rather than of predatory ownership alone. And they applied that fundamental judgment from the realm of the economic to society as a whole. Every aspect of culture, they insisted, was shaped by the men who ran it; if the businessmen corrupted the arts, the sciences, and the polity, then regeneration called only for the replacement of the bad ruling class by the good.

Inevitably, that attitude involved a focus of interests upon politics. The guild socialists and Laski, in the period when he advocated a pluralistic society, believed that there could be autonomous areas of social and economic activity. But by the 1930's, even these people were convinced that the assumption of governmental authority was the necessary prerequisite for power in, and improvement of, any other sphere. Some Fabians thought the change could come through constitutional gradualism; others, like Laski, for a time thought a violent revolution necessary. But in either case, the first premise was that the effective changes in the life of a community came directly through political action.

This attitude had a deep effect upon Laski and upon the rest of the group as intellectuals. Their radicalism involved less a conception of ethics or of historical development than a conception of the pivotal use of power. Consequently, while they continued to make theoretical acknowledgment of the significance of social and economic forces, they actually became far more concerned with the structure of the state.

It is not a coincidence, then, that Laski's failure in his analysis of the United States is comparable to that of Sidney and Beatrice Webb in their treatment of Soviet communism. Like the Webbs, Laski thinks the qualities of a society are determined by the system of power embodied in the state. Just as the Webbs began their description of the Russia

of 1935 with a long discussion of the Soviet constitution, so Laski devotes the largest section of his book to political institutions. What is more, every other section of the work hinges upon this central subject. The alignment of classes and the conditions of culture are alike discussed only in so far as they are relevant to government and its control. There is not even a discussion of the American economy, except in parenthetical references to its effect upon political power. For that very reason, a disproportionate amount of space is devoted to such purely technical problems as the optimum length of the President's term of office, the powers of the House of Representatives, the character of the civil service, the function of the Cabinet.

In this emphasis upon politics is concealed an assumption with which no member of this group ever came to grips. Laski criticizes such American reformers as Channing, Emerson, and Parker for thinking that an act of will could "overcome the power of deep-rooted customs and strong interests." But he himself does not realize that the use of state power to effect the deepest social changes also embodies faith in an act of will — only with the addition of force; and he never explores the question of how such an addition alters the tenacity of customs and interests. On the contrary, in this book and elsewhere, he consistently discusses the significant social choices as if they were purely personal in nature, dependent merely upon the will of the governors. If Laski is so persistent in ascribing all the ills of America to its business rulers, it is largely because he is sure that other rulers could cure all.

The consequences of that faith were not categorical so long as there was latitude in it for freedom to choose among rulers. But Laski, and those who thought like him, produced their ideas and attempted to apply them in a very definite social situation which quickly eliminated that latitude. In the 1920's, Laski came back to an England in which, given the intellectuals' emphasis upon politics, the only hope of intellectual reformers was the Labor Party. Through the long series of frustrations and betrayals climaxed by that of Ramsay MacDonald, party loyalty and party discipline became fixed principles, even when they involved many personal sacrifices of ideals. The price of playing any part in the party drama was acquiescence in the decisions of the directors; carping critics would be condemned to the futile role of making "noises off." Out of years of subjection to trades-union bureaucrats, who treated the intellectuals, at best, as a harmless front, not to be taken seriously, there survived only the glimmer of hope

that once power was attained, ideas supplied by the men of ideas would be legislated into acts.

Hence Laski's repeated insistence that no advance can be made without the prior creation of a disciplined labor party. For the same reason he bitterly condemns American radicals, not for the failure of their radicalism, but for their failure to build a radical party. They "support particular aims," he charges, "they do not fight for general power." The corollary is that the fight for general power justifies, and often necessitates, deferment of the fight for particular aims. What this amounts to is the establishment of party discipline as the sole social and cultural value.

There must have been moments when Laski had doubts, as in 1936 when the Bournemouth conference of the Labor Party imposed a shocking restriction upon its members' freedom of speech, or as in 1939, when Cripps was purged for deviations from the party line. But such momentary qualms easily subside when men cease to be concerned with the free individual and think only of the "free society."

From such a simplistic view was not likely to come a satisfactory account of a modern culture, in which the popular, the mass elements are important, often determining. Nor are those who take this view likely to mark out a trustworthy path for current action. When Laski, unable to understand how Americans can coöperate in practice without agreeing on first principles, calls for definition of an ideology capable of being enacted into law, he does so without reckoning on the consequences. For such a process of definition would rule out the very features of American life that he finds most attractive.

A more adequate view of our culture would have revealed that the volume of production has mounted although industry has remained unenlightened, that the conditions of labor have improved although labor organizations have retained their anachronistic structures, that the mass of people are ever more educated though the machinery of education is still backward, and that reform movements have succeeded although reform parties have failed. Americans have reached the ends of which Laski approves, through means of which he despairs, precisely because they have not limited their capacity to act by the dogmas of any overreaching ideology. Freedom to pursue the concretely good and the concretely useful without reference to ultimate judgments of principle may have given American life its chaotic quality; it was also the great source of its strength.



A dramatist who laughs at time, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW at the age of ninety-one had no less than three plays in production on Broadway last season. Born in Dublin in July, 1856, G.B.S. spent his first twenty years in Ireland and in that time acquired the illusion, which he confesses, "that the Irish are The Chosen Race." "I have lived for seventy-two years in England," he writes, "but in Britain I am still a foreigner and shall die one."

IRELAND ETERNAL AND EXTERNAL

by G. BERNARD SHAW

ETERNAL is the fact that the human creature born in Ireland and brought up in its air is Irish whatever variety of mongrel he or she may derive from, British or Iberian, Pict or Scot, Dane or Saxon, Down or Kerry, Hittite or Philistine: Ireland acclimatized them all. I have lived for twenty years in Ireland and for seventy-two in England; but the twenty came first; and in Britain I am still a foreigner and shall die one.

External is harder to define; and until Mr. Costello bounced it into the headlines the other day it meant nothing for me except house repairs that the landlord and not the tenant has to pay for. When I was born Ireland was governed by Dublin Castle and by grand juries of Protestant country gentlemen. They were as Irish as Irish could be, though the figurehead was Queen Victoria, an Englishwoman married to a consort then frequently alluded to in *Reynolds's Newspaper* as a pudding-faced German. The royal pair were represented in Ireland by a British Lord Lieutenant. But he too was an Irish institution; and when his term of office expired his wife wept publicly in her open carriage as she drove through the streets from the city in which she was an Irish queen to the foggy British island where she was a nobody.

Not that this intense Irishness meant Irish unity. Irish faction to the verge of civil war, and sometimes over it, never ceased for a moment. North and South, Protestant and Catholic, Republican and Vice-Royalist, each holding the other to be eternally damned, were irreconcilable.

Mr. St. John Ervine's Fabian political apprenticeship in London could not wash out of him the Orange dye of his native Belfast. He can hardly write the words Southern Ireland without spitting as my Orange maternal grandfather used to spit when he uttered the word Papist. But call Mr. Ervine an Englishman and he will knock you down.

This grandfather, by the way, living midway be-

tween north and south, had a sister who was a Catholic Abbess.

Such is the eternal Ireland. Certain English historians, and even Irish Gaelic Leaguers, have tried to steal Swift and Berkeley, Sheridan and Yeats (to say nothing of myself), as Anglo-Irish. There never was any such species as Anglo-Irish; and there never will be. It is hard to make Englishmen understand this, because America can change an Englishman into a Yankee before his boots are worn out. But America has never changed an Irishman. I am not for a moment implying that this is not greatly to the Englishman's credit: I am only stating an ethnological fact. Nor when I add that the Irish leave Hitler and Houston Chamberlain nowhere in their conviction that the Irish are The Chosen Race am I defending that illusion. I can only say that it exists, and that I share it in spite of reason and common sense.

Now as to external relations. I am by birth a British subject. I have always so described myself when applying for passports, though I never stood up nor took my hat off while the English national anthem was being played until Ireland became a so-called Irish Free State. I am also a registered citizen of my native Ireland.

When Mr. Costello shot out of the blue his intention to abolish external relations a wild hope arose in me that as a citizen of Nowhere I might be able to escape taxation Anywhere. This would not matter to me in Ireland, where I have municipalized my property and pay no taxes. But in England, where I am being beggared by surtaxes called Capital Levies to humbug the Labor Left (which ought to know better), my citizenship is all-important.

Why on earth has the question been raised? We were getting along quite comfortably as citizens of the Commonwealth. To me it seemed that Mr. Costello and his Coalition were anxious to shew

that they were even more Irish, more Nationalist, more Anti-Partition than Mr. de Valera, and could think of nothing else that would do the trick than knocking off the Crown. As the King will be more comfortable in his bowler hat, I do not think he will greatly care provided he can still sell me up if I do not pay British taxes. Beyond this I can make neither head nor tail of the move.

As to Partition, I have always held that when the Labor Movement is fully developed in Ireland, the manufacturers and shipbuilders of the North, finding themselves, like all plutocratic regimes, unable to carry on without the support of a predominant agricultural Catholic vote, will themselves join up with Eire.

Partition saved Mr. de Valera's neutrality in the war; for without it England would have had to reoccupy Ireland from the east, and the U.S.A.

invade it from the west. The possession by these allied and irresistible Powers of bases in Northern Ireland saved the situation for once; but if it recurs and finds Ireland an independent Republic right in the fairway and open to enemy invasion, a British reconquest will be inevitable.

Such independence was Roger Casement's aim; and England promptly hanged him for it. He hoped that the jealousies of the Powers would secure the neutrality of Ireland, as it had so long secured the neutrality of the Netherlands; but that is now a forlorn hope. As the Conference of Prime Ministers has declared unanimously for arming to the teeth, some Anglo-Irish link must be contrived were it only to confer Commonwealth citizenship on the Irish as privileged lunatics. So I shall not bother myself about it. I shall not even say "I told you so" when the trick is done.

FOR ANY TWO PEOPLE

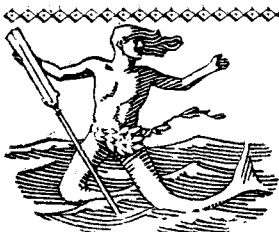
by JEAN PEDRICK

THE heart sinks slightly, like a grave.
It sags, tired, and rests on death,
A cleaned body, without breath.

Our prouder heads are walled and brave.
Fragrant with hope and after-shave
We rub our cheeks on fog and myth.

We see ourselves. We sit like mirrors,
Gazing in one another's errors.
Our twice reflected beauty smiles
In our gold irised eyes, the isles
Of happiness. In yellow shallows
Love like surf folds in and follows
Fading islands miles and miles.

The heart learns first, already sinking
Glad on comfort tombed below it,
— says, "I am alone and know it."
Bright heads lean together, thinking.



The Atlantic Serial



Artist and writer, TOM LEA was born in El Paso, Texas, in 1907, was educated in the El Paso public schools, and then moved on to Chicago, where he studied at the Art Institute and later became an assistant in muralist John Norton's studio. In his assignments from 1941 to 1945 as a war artist and correspondent for Life, he covered more than 100,000 miles outside the United States, and at Peleliu he became the first combat artist to go in with the initial assault of an invasion. Tom has earned his living as a painter since he was nineteen years old, and West Texas and its border country have always been his base. His long veneration for the brave bulls and for the men who stand up to them came into sharp focus in 1946 and 1947 when he was painting and writing in Mexico. This abridgment of his forthcoming novel will appear in four installments.

THE BRAVE BULLS

by TOM LEA

1

LUIB BELLO woke up in the dark. He had awakened in so many unfamiliar rooms that always when sleep left him now his first thought was to place himself and remember. It took him a moment to decide where he was, in his mother's house, in the house he had bought for her, in his home town.

His leg hurt. He put his hand on his right thigh and touched the place. That's just sore from the healing where they took the drain out, Bello said to himself. There's no more infection. There can't be any more infection. He ran his hand all over the scarred flesh of the thigh feeling the hollows, the twisted wrinkles, the bumps from old stitches that no longer hurt like the welt.

The bulls have horns, said Luis Bello to himself there in the dark. They got horns all right. It brought a kind of comfort because it was certainly true. There wouldn't be anything to it if the bulls didn't have horns. But they did. There in the dark there was something mysterious about the horns.

Luis Bello did not like making mysteries inside of his head. But he was making them now. Here they came, crowding in on him while his ears burned and his eyeballs felt dry looking up into the dark.

I'm off my stride. Seven days home in Guerreras and I'm way goddamned off.

That corrida Sunday and then the old man dying

in his chair. My leg. My brother Pepe: I wish it had been a triumph for him Sunday, us fighting together for the first time. It was certainly no triumph. But old Uncle Pedro, that's the worst. He was a father.

He used to get me up, a long time ago. He used to get me up about this time in the night when I was a kid without shoes. We milked the cows. We poured the milk in the pans and then broke the eggs in the milk. I remember how we'd bring up the race horses when it was getting light. Those horses were giants with big yellow teeth arching down over me while they sucked loud on the milk and eggs.

Some of that stuff never got to the horses. The uncle tried to feed us, he tried, and I helped him, us Bellos without a father, living in the three rooms with all those yelping cousins, fifteen people always hungry.

The bulls have brought us along, thought Luis Bello. He ran his hand over the deep scar in his left armpit. The bulls have done some good things. All the old uncle ever had to do after I got in the money was sit on a chair. He got a damn good rest before he died. He got a damn nice coffin. Some of the others that hang around here being related to Luis Bello, Christ I'm tired of them.

I wish it was light. He heard a rooster crow outside far away and another answered. I wish I was out of Guerreras. I wish I was with Linda. He

turned on his side and as he lay looking wide-eyed into the darkness, for the first time he heard the deep regular breathing of his brother Pepe in bed on the other side of the room. I used to sleep like that, Luis Bello lay thinking.

His mind drifted slowly away from namable things, out into the dark, into the blackness which was the color of the bulls, the color of the old man's coffin. He drifted out so far into the blackness he fell asleep.

A knock on the door brought him suddenly awake; he opened his eyes and the room was light.

"Luis! It's Chona. I've got a message!"

"Come in, chicken. What do you want?"

A brown-faced little girl with her hair braided in pigtailed opened the door. "Luis, a man from Aguilar's store is here and says the long distance is calling you on the telephone over there."

Pepe Bello raised his head from the other rumbled bed in the room. "What's all this?"

"Long distance for me, she says. It must be Raul. Look, Chonita, tell the man I'm coming as soon as I get dressed."

The door closed and Luis got out of bed.

"Raul's the only one that knows how to call me at Aguilar's. This is early in the morning for Raul. I wonder what he wants."

"Hope it's good," said Pepe. "Find out what he's doing for me too, will you, Mano?"

Luis pulled on his pleated pants and yellow sport shirt. "Sure Pepillo, we'll fix you up." He straightened the long tabs of the sporty collar, and combed his hair, slicking it back from the careful part. When he had buttoned his tweed jacket, he took a handkerchief from its pocket and wiped the corners of his mouth. Then he cleared his throat and spit in the corner.

"I wish we could get a phone installed in this house. Aguilar's is a nuisance. Get up, Pepe. We'll have some coffee after I talk to Raul."

Luis stepped across the patio, unbolted the door to the street, and walked out into the sun. His eyes flinched from the glare of the whitewashed walls as he walked along the empty street under the plumes of the tamarisk trees. He came around the corner of the Good Faith Grocery Store and walked in past the smell of roasting coffee, then strong meat, then moth balls, and beyond, to the open door of the office where he smelled the smoke of Aguilar's morning cigar.

"Ah, Luis!" beamed Aguilar, jumping up from his desk under the big calendar on the wall. "How are you?" The calendar was lithographed with a gaudy painting of Luis Bello in a veronica with a black bull.

"Well, many thanks," said Luis, looking at the calendar. "I would like to get long distance again."

"Ah, Luis, be seated please. Allow me to get the connection. Have a cigar." Luis lit the cigar while Aguilar stood at the wall telephone.

"Senorita? Casimiro Aguilar speaking. I now have Luis Bello at my phone ready to speak to Mexico. Yes of course Luis Bello himself, the matador. I await the connection." Aguilar adjusted a frown over his iron-rimmed spectacles and brushed his mustaches.

"Eh?" said Aguilar finally. "One moment."

Luis took the receiver. "Bueno. Luis Bello. That you, Raul?"

"This is Raul. Listen Luis, how'd you like to be on the card in the Plaza Mexico this Sunday?"

"Huh? What's that?"

"Velazquez got gored yesterday in Puebla and can't fight Sunday. This is a break for you. They called me from the bullring office last night and offered to put you on in Velazquez's place."

"Okay Raul. Good. What are the bulls?"

"They say they were hand-picked at La Punta. You better get over to Monterrey today and catch the plane. Say, yesterday Eladio Gomez phoned me. Wanted to sign you as First Sword on a special what he called extra-fine corrida at Cuenca two weeks from Sunday, the week after the Guadajajara trip."

"I know those extra-fine corridas at Cuenca. I know them well."

"Luis, I had an idea. They really like you at Cuenca. Why don't I tell Gomez you will appear in his plaza if he will take Pepe on the card with you?"

"I will tell you why you don't tell Gomez that. I am goddamned tired of the goats and oxen people like him put in the ring for us to slaughter while the crowd throws cushions." Bello was abruptly conscious of Aguilar listening, and he did not go on.

"Fix yourself, man," said Raul on the phone. "Suppose Gomez got some real bulls for you, four-year-olds with the ancestry in them?"

"He won't spend the money. I know him."

"But if Gomez really got bulls, would you and Pepe sign for his corrida two weeks from Sunday?"

"Why not? You tell Gomez when he encloses in his plaza pens six Number One bulls from Las Astas, I will come to Cuenca with Pepe for what is called the most beautiful festival of all. That is a laugh. But you tell Gomez if he gets no Astas he will get no Bellos."

Raul whistled. "Las Astas at Cuenca? Okay Luis, I'll tell him. I really want to put Pepe on some cards."

"Good. I'll be on the plane from Monterrey tomorrow afternoon. Meet me in the car, will you? And listen, tell Linda I'm coming. How is she?"

"Linda's fine. I'll tell her."

"Okay, Raul. Until tomorrow." He hung up the receiver.

"Many thanks, Don Casimiro. That was my manager, Raul Fuentes. Antonio Velazquez has been gored and I'm taking his place in the Plaza Mexico Sunday."

"Ah, splendid," said Aguilar as if he had not heard. He hesitated a moment, touched his spectacles, and then blurted what he had to say:

"I feel deeply, bothering you with a detail at this time, my admired friend Luis, but there is a matter of a grocery bill that has doubtless escaped your attention. A bill for several months of goods I have sold to your mother's house. It now amounts to some four thousand-odd pesos, and I am sure you would like to liquidate it to aid me in my affairs."

"Hasn't my brother Alfredo been taking care of the bill? I send him money for all such things."

"He has not paid anything here since May."

"Damn him. I didn't know it. Give me that statement, Aguilar. I'll send you a check from Mexico. Thanks for treating my mother with consideration."

2

Luis's anger grew with every step homeward. Grinding his jaws he raveled out the end of the cigar clenched in his front teeth. It tasted sour. His head pounded, and his stomach felt empty. He threw away the cigar and spit. When he jerked open the door, his mother stood in the patio waiting for him.

"Good morning, son. What did the telephone say?" She saw his anger. "What troubles you?"

"Where's Alfredo?"

"Help me God, something has happened now! He's not in the house this morning. Tell me, Luis, what the telephone said!"

"The telephone said nothing about Alfredo. Nothing has happened yet. It's about to. He's been using the money again. This time more than four thousand pesos owed Aguilar since May."

He held out the statement, forgetting his mother could not read. "He's no brother of mine. Not any more, he isn't."

Senora Bello began to weep silently, a thin figure dressed in black mourning for her brother Pedro. She wept now for more than Pedro, for more than anything she could name, standing before her oldest son, Luis, who was a stranger to her from another world. Weeping silently, she blamed Alfredo, but she understood him. She understood her children Carmela, Rosa, Eulalia, the sainted Juan and little Maria who were in Heaven, and even her baby boy Pepe. But not this Luis.

She did not grasp the undreamable life he bought her in a house of her own, matron of a family, mother of a famous man. It confused her. She was not prepared to meet it as she met the old accustomed and familiar anguishes she had always known before Luis went away. So she wept, standing in front of her stranger son, who was disowning one of his brothers now, and who had carried away another, her baby Pepe, away from her forever into a world she did not understand.

She began to listen to what Luis was saying.

"— I'll kick them out. I'll sell this place and take you to Mexico with me and these good-for-nothings around here can all start scratching for themselves." Terrified with the threat of being carried away into Luis's alien world, she sobbed.

Her daughter Rosa heard, and came out the kitchen door. "What in God's name is wrong now?" she asked, looking at her brother.

"I'm tired of moochers living in this house without shame."

"Meaning who?"

"At this moment meaning Alfredo. It should be easy for you to name others." He shot a glance at the kitchen door, where Rosa's husband immediately retired from view.

Eulalia and the fat Aunt Teresa entered the patio just as Pepe came out of his room. Three men and another aunt followed them. Cousin Lupe carrying a baby, and little Chona with the pigtails, hurried out to join the muster.

Luis felt foolish in the middle of this gathering. His eldest sister, Carmela, appeared and walked up to his side. "What happened, Luis?"

Alfredo Bello chose this unfortunate moment to burst into the patio from the street door. Red-eyed and grinning, he sidled unsteadily up to his mother.

"Were you worrying about me?" he asked, looking around. "It was a fortunate accident. Thanks to God I can tell you that I am unhurt."

He barely lifted his eyes toward Luis in the silence. "But I'm afraid the car is damaged."

All the old rages gathered into one and rose up in Luis Bello's throat. He grabbed his brother Alfredo by the collar, yanked him away from his mother, and with all the power of his sword arm and thick bullfighter's wrist he slapped Alfredo in the face, holding him up and pulling him close.

"Listen — you — you. Get out! I've had enough of you. Don't say you're sorry! You're through."

"Open that door, Pepe. Open it!"

"Now Alfredo Bello, you professional brother of a bullfighter and disgrace to a name, you're finished. You're leaving. So help me God if you enter this house again I'll take the puntilla my peon uses to cut the ears off my bulls and I'll carve the guts out of your belly —"

He kicked his brother into the street, slammed the door shut with a crash, and whirled around with his fists clenched, facing his family. They gazed at him paralyzed.

"I'm glad you were all here! You saw it. It's about time. It shows what I got to think about. Everybody asking for money. You ask me for money in my sleep! I pay for this house, I pay for everything, with my flesh. My flesh, you understand? The flesh I expose to the bulls while you get rotten with fat!"

The Bello family stood there like oxen, looking at him, the stranger from another world. Then Luis

Bello was ashamed. He was ashamed not of his rage, but of the way his own family stood there like oxen. Cart oxen by God, the kind that always gave you trouble. For a moment he was silent, then he turned to his mother.

"Well. I'm sorry. None of this was for you." He glanced around. "Nor for Pepe. He knows. Nor for Carmela." Finally he almost smiled. "Nor for anyone here. I'm sorry."

He put his arm around his mother's shoulders and spoke to her. "The telephone call was from Raul Fuentes. Sunday I will fight in the Plaza Mexico, taking the place of a man who has been gored. So my visit with you is ending now. This afternoon I go to Monterrey. Let's have some breakfast together, and finish our visit."

At two-thirty that afternoon Rosa's husband went out and found a taxi. Every man in the Bello household tried to help Luis put a handsome pigskin traveling case, initialed LB, in the front seat by the driver. While all the family, and some of the neighbors, stood on the sidewalk around them, Luis kissed his mother good-by. Everybody waved to him as he drove away.

3

THE four engines droned in the high Mexican sky. Luis Bello, wearing sunglasses, pretended to doze in his airliner chair; he was hoping the lieutenant of cavalry sitting next to him would take the hint and quit talking. The air was not smooth.

Riding a burro is the best way to travel, he said to himself, about to be sick. It's the best if you got no place to go. But I'm going to fight bulls in the Capital Sunday afternoon.

It was strange to be traveling without the cuadrilla. He was sorry now that he had sent everyone, even Tacho, to Mexico while he stayed alone for the funeral and family affairs in Guerreras. His peons were always with him as he went from plaza to plaza; they made traveling hardly noticeable to Luis Bello, who felt somehow naked now without them. He had not traveled alone since he was a kid riding the freight trains, fly style as they called it, hanging on the rods going from town to town and ranch to ranch, looking for bulls to fight. That was fifteen years ago. With his eyes closed he wondered if Linda would be at the airport.

He let his mind dwell on how she looked at him, trying to remember exactly how she smiled and what she said when he met her at the party with Raul, the night before leaving for Guerreras. He could not remember exactly, but trying to remember, it gave him a feeling. It was there all right, and it wasn't for sale at the butchers'. None of that stuff. It was the casta, the true ancestry, it stuck out all over that girl. It stuck out pretty, like her name Linda, and it impressed Luis Bello. She was flower and cream.

The engines droned on. The minutes and the miles unwound themselves, and the lieutenant talked. The sun went lower than the starboard wing slowly, coloring the windswept clouds over the mountains in the west while long shadows patterned the map of earth below. When the no smoking and seat belt sign flashed on, the map of earth came closer.

Then the Valley of Mexico spread out beneath them, mountain-rimmed and magical in the twilight. The familiar dark peak of Ajusco brooding over Luis's house somewhere down there in San Angel loomed against the sun's last glow. Across the valley in the southeast far above the dark space of the Pedregal and the dim mass of trees that marked Xochimilco, the white crests of the two volcanoes caught the glow from the west and stood light and ghostly, incredibly high over the gathering dusk in the valley where twinkling city lights awakened. The salty shores of Texcoco below were pale like snow in the twilight and the waters were black.

He felt the plane's flaps and wheels come down. While the pilot banked to shoot the approach, and while the lights below got closer, Luis swallowed, and ran a pocket comb carefully through his hair. When the wheels touched and rolled along the ground slowing, he thanked Mary Mother of God.

Raul Fuentes, handsome and smoothly tailored, was waiting for him inside the railing by the Immigration desk in the terminal.

The inspector spoke to Luis Bello and waved him by, while the passengers from the States lined up to present their papers.

"Hi, traveler," said Raul in his familiar hoarse voice. "Welcome!"

They gave each other a quick, easy abrazo.

"What goes, Big Agent?"

In the Customs room Tacho the swordhandler was waiting, with his tweed cap in his hand.

"Tachito! What passes?"

"Only buttocks," said the swordhandler, grinning. "There's your suitcase. Give me the claim ticket."

Luis and Raul started through the terminal while Tacho waited for the baggage. Luis could feel people in the crowd looking his way and nudging each other saying, "That's Luis Bello." One of them sang out, "Hola, Luis!" and the matador held up his right hand and smiled as he walked, with his coat over his shoulders like a cape. He still wore his sunglasses; they marked his profession outside the ring almost as much as a pigtail in the old days before Belmonte.

"Your car's over here," said Raul.

The Buick convertible was sleek and shining in the light. It had cost Luis Bello thirty thousand pesos, a whole corrida, to buy that car. It was bright blue, and beautiful to him, and he smiled to see it again.

Luis and Raul got in the back seat. When Tacho had stowed the luggage, he took his place as chauffeur, and headed the big Buick for town.

"Say Luis, I talked to Gomez again about Cuenca on December Fourth. You know, about Pepe and you. You should have heard him when I said you wouldn't come unless he had bulls of Las Astas.

"I found out it's a festival at Cuenca, on the town's Saint's Day, Santa Barbara. I told him he ought to celebrate it right; that as far as our fees were concerned, we would be reasonable.

"Maybe you feel something about Santa Barbara's Day, Luis?"

Luis Bello wore a medal of Santa Barbara when he went into the ring; he was silent for a moment, thinking the things he would not say. "It's just to give Pepe a chance," he said finally. "Besides, we fight for money, Raul. Not Saints. Did Eladio Gomez call it all off?"

"He finally said he was going to get in touch with old Don Tiburcio and see what the bulls would cost. I stirred his sporting blood. He could have some real propaganda for a change: The Two Bellos! Bulls of Las Astas! Gala Corrida of the Day of Santa Barbara! He'll sell every seat."

They came up to Insurgentes on a cross street, and Tacho stopped the car until he could turn left and nose into the stream of traffic headed out toward San Angel. "Did you tell Linda I was coming tonight?" Luis finally blurted.

"Sure I told her, Luis. She already read it in the paper. I asked her if she wanted to come out to the airport, but she said she had an engagement and was sorry."

"Oh," said Luis. "I just thought I'd ask about her. She seemed like a very nice girl."

The boulevard took them suddenly by the Plaza Mexico. Over beyond the unfinished underground parking lot and past the Sports Stadium, Luis saw again the vast silhouette of the plaza curving into the darkness. A lighted billboard at the corner, by the biggest bullring in the world, announced Sunday's cartel:

JUAN SALAZAR

LUIS BELLO

CHATO PALACIOS

It looked lonely and mysterious with only the three names lighted and alive there at the corner. The only sound was the hum of the big Buick as they went by.

Beyond the Obregon Monument, Tacho turned the car up the slope into San Angel. They drove past the familiar domes of the convent and the empty plaza where the street lamps cast a chalky light on the undersides of the trees. Beyond the Church of San Jacinto the car climbed a steeper, darker way where the smell of pine drifted and the street became a lane flanked by the walls of

old houses and gardens hung with bougainvillea. Slowing to a stop before a big barred double gate, Tacho shattered the evening quiet of the walled lane with a violent blast of the Buick's horn. The gates swung open and the car went in and stopped by the lighted entrance of the two-storied house in the high-walled garden. Tacho cut the engine.

"Back in the bull pen," said Luis.

"Luis," said Raul, "I have an engagement. I have to go back to the Ritz. Sure glad you're home. You want to see Valles tomorrow? I'll call you in the morning and we'll meet."

"Sure, call me in the morning, Raul. I'll take a little supper now, and then make myself some sleep. Tacho, drive Raul home to the Ritz."

The lonely anticlimax of his arrival bore down upon Luis Bello suddenly. Irritated, he walked over to the radio, flipped it on, and tuned it to music, loud. Standing by a window he looked out into the darkness, drawing on his cold cigar, absently watching the tiny toy lights of traffic moving along the slope of the highway over the mountain to Cuernavaca. The cook set his table, and brought in his supper. He ate without relish, alone. The light over the table seemed too strong to him, now that his sunglasses were put away. The radio moaned that a girl had sinned and regretted; Luis Bello thought he could still hear aircraft engines, droning in tango time.

It's no use to call her, thought Luis Bello. She wouldn't be home; she told Raul she had an engagement. The hell with her. She's probably drinking champagne with some Embassy pimp. Besides, I got to face bulls, Sunday.

4

IT WAS almost noon when Lala brought chocolate and put it on the table by Linda's bed.

"Senora," said the maid, "shall I open the curtains and let the morning come in?"

Linda straightened her legs under the ruffled counterpane. Without opening her eyes, she nestled her jaw in the hollow of her bare shoulder. "Ai, Lala. I was having a dream." She sighed. "What day is this?"

"This is Friday morning, the eighteenth of November. It's almost noon. Shall I bring in the papers?"

"No, no papers. I'll have my chocolate when I'm awake. The champagne last night —"

Linda finally opened her eyes, carefully. The foamy hot chocolate was fragrant; she turned toward the table at her side. Beyond the edge of the ruffled satin canopy cascading from above her head, the crystal table top bore its accustomed burden, the silver clock and cigarette box, the silver tray and chocolate pot, the fragile blue china — and something that brought a puzzled wrinkle across the smooth roundness of Linda's forehead.

By the satin with the silver and china she saw three massive books stacked on her bed table. Their blunt titles were burned like brands upon their raw leather backs: *LOS TOROS*.

"The bulls?" she breathed, half awake. "My God." Then she remembered.

Luis Bello. I was going to read about toreros and know all about the bulls. Those are the books Raul Fuentes brought last night. They tell everything, he said. What a lot! They look like dictionaries of all the tongues.

"They have beautiful pictures," said Lala, pouring the chocolate.

When Linda had bathed and powdered she sat on a blue divan to read while she awaited lunch. Her honey-colored hair, drawn up high and smooth from the nape and fixed with a golden-headed comb, looked well with the pale blue negligee she wore. Relaxed and languid, she could feel the warm inner sides of her naked legs pressing together under the chiffon. Her chin touched the hollow of her neck where the scent of the powder lingered, and when her eyes strayed from the book she held, she looked down the V between her breasts and watched her own breathing.

She found on page 119 in the third volume of *Los Toros* a formal tauromachian biography of BELLO GARCIA (LUIS). Studying the photographs and the portrait drawing by Cabral that accompanied the dry text, before she began to read the facts of the matador's life, she decided Luis Bello was a very attractive man.

Cabral's drawing showed cruelty in Luis Bello's mouth, yet she did not find it echoed in his eyes. A man with a face like that must think barbarous things nevertheless, she thought. He probably did them too. A torero must have an enormous life. Her gaze left the book and wandered down the V as she thought of Luis Bello's mouth, remembering the white teeth. He was undoubtedly barbarous!

Luis called her on the telephone at twenty minutes after five, when she had returned from the hairdresser's. She used her low voice with a kind of anticipation in it, so that he could hear the rich intake of her breath when she laughed and answered what he said.

She would love to have dinner with him. At ten would be fine. Wherever he liked. He didn't? Well, *Ciro's* was clearly very public. La, Luis Bello! No. She liked Club 123. Very much indeed. She would be ready.

She was also spectacular, in a gray gown and white furs, when she came into her drawing room a little after ten, smiling at Luis. The handkerchief showing from his breast pocket was very carefully folded, and he was smoking a cigarette.

Outside by the driveway gate he helped her in the front seat of his car, and walked around to get in at the wheel. He hadn't dreamed it up. Here it

was. What if there were bulls on Sunday? This was only Friday and look at it now!

Sitting there beside him in the convertible, the flower and cream was not so formidable. It was nice. Luis felt nice himself; his self-consciousness withered away before he had driven out of the Lomas.

"Raul Fuentes says you will be very busy now," Linda said in her low mellow voice, "for three months, every Sunday in the plazas, and then maybe you will go to Spain again in May."

"I hope so, God granting."

"I haven't seen you in the ring, you know," Linda said.

"You haven't? Maybe that's better."

"Why do you say such a thing?"

"You like the brave festival?"

"To be truthful I have not seen much of it, Luis Bello. We lived so long in the Argentine and Paris and Cuba. Raul Fuentes says you are the best."

"Raul is an agent. Did you know Raul a long time?"

"Our families were friends. He is very fond of you."

"Well, he presented me to Senora Linda Castillo de Calderon. I am enchanted. You like being in Mexico again?"

"It's very interesting to be back."

"I would like to call you Linda because the name fits."

"La. I suppose I should be calling you Don Luis — Luis!" Her eyes laughed at him in the moving lights as they turned into a side street from the Paseo.

"I think it's good enough, just Luis."

On Calle Liverpool he parked the car a few spaces away from 123, and they walked into the lights under the striped awning. The doorman looked surprised, grinning at Luis Bello; he opened the door with a flourish. "Ole!" he allowed himself to say.

"It will be all over town tomorrow," whispered Linda as they stood waiting for the maitre to seat them.

"The same, if we were having barbecue together in Tlalpan," laughed the matador. "Jabber, jabber."

Their table was in a pleasant unnoticeable corner; they sat beside each other on the upholstered seat built along the mirrored wall. They ordered coq au vin while a pianist played sentimental gringo ballads from an alcove beyond the chef's salad table. The dim light added art to Linda's gray gown and pearls, to her dark golden hair; she seemed flawless, smiling at Luis.

In some way she communicated this flawlessness to him, so that Luis felt he said the right thing, did the right thing, smoothly, there in the dim light with the music, sitting with her, eating with her, talking with her. It exhilarated them both, as if they each

were demonstrating triumphs to each other. It was better than the wine they drank.

Quite suddenly the intoxication, the feeling of intimacy, changed pace.

"You've been in love, Luis? Been married?"

"Both."

"Your wife?"

"That was the first year I was matador de toros. While I was in Lima she died. Typhoid."

"You loved her? Tell me her name."

"Barbara. I was a kid."

"I loved Jaime. When I was a kid, as you say."

"Lucky man."

"Not so lucky I guess."

"Raul told me about him. Killed playing polo. But we all get killed! Or else die. Just die."

"Oh Luis, do we live any, before that?"

He believed she meant it. He took a swallow of brandy; the bulls, everything, always came back.

"You do, Linda. Carai!"

"Jaime didn't love me."

"Tell me," said Luis, looking at her after a pause, "what are you doing like this, Linda? I'm torero. It is something that you are with Luis Bello tonight. It gets more every minute. But — I don't know your type because you are better than that. You got a family. You're —"

"Their disgrace if you want to know, Luis Bello. I have only aunts and uncles and they are stupid. Stupid! Jaime's family is a barbarity. In Buenos Aires. I am finished with them all, completely. Luis, I have nothing I can do well, and nothing to do now but —"

"Don't tell me," he broke in, holding up his hand. They both laughed. "Let's have a brandy."

"Tell me, Luis, how does one learn to be a torero?"

"Well, I guess you watch the bulls, and the bull-fighters, and then you try it yourself," said Luis. "The main thing is to stand still while you're trying. You learn all the good stuff from the bulls and yourself while you're standing there."

She leaned on the table with her chin on her hands. "It's rare," she said. "How does it happen?"

"It's hard to say. You really want to know, Linda? I'll tell you. To fight bulls a little worm has got to bite you. He gives the fever. The little worm bites a lot of people but it takes a real man to get the real fever. Bullfighting starts from here." He indicated his middle, somewhere below the table. "Then, it goes up here." He pointed to his head. "And it comes out here." He worked his wrists. "That's all."

"Starting with that little worm," she said, laughing with him. "I see!"

The singing band of mariachis that took the pianist's place changed the tempo of Club 123. The tenor smiled at Luis as they started "Guerreras, The Place Where I Was Born."

"A scandal is arming itself," said Luis. "Let's get out of here. Shall we go someplace where it's darker, and dance?"

"You ought to take me home, Luis. Don't you have to fight bulls Sunday?"

"They'll wait."

"You really had better take me home," she said when they were in the car. "Luis, I want to see you in the plaza Sunday."

"It's not a very good cartel," he said. "But you come. Maybe I can show you something."

"I know you will."

"I'll ask Raul to take you. He can explain it as it happens."

"That would be wonderful."

The trees of Chapultepec whished by fast as they passed under the wide branches; the stars were bright between the dark clustered leaves.

"Am I really taking you home this early?" he asked, as the car climbed the Lomas hills.

Oh, it was there. It was there for sure and he was just taking her home.

"Here is the turn, to your left, Luis. You are really taking me home."

She had a key that unlocked the gate in front of the dark house and another that unlocked the door and she was trembling. Even her lips were trembling.

"O Luis, no, O God," she whispered, "O —"

"Here," said Luis Bello, "and here and here. And here," with the wave mounting in the yielding trembling softness under the furs, in the dark.

The morning star was up when he headed the car for San Angel. He stopped on the way and had a bowl of warm broth at the street stand by the carbarns of Indianilla.

5

FOR the hundredth time Eladio Gomez took the folded telegram from his breast pocket and read it to look for something he might possibly have missed. He knew it by heart.

COME TO LAS ASTAS AS MY GUEST TO SELECT
REQUIRED BULLS DISCUSS TERMS HERE COR-
DIALLY

T. BALBUENA

He was too far in the trap to get out now.

Yet he had to admit to himself a certain pride. He had never been asked to Las Astas but he was going now. To the greatest bull ranch in Mexico, on business. He fingered the yellow paper of the telegram, the final bait to the trap.

The wheels on the rails said only click click clack in a tentative way. Five hours late. Powdery dust churned into the chair car. It lined the nostrils, stung the eyes in the hazy light from the lamps over the long dusty aisle. It reduced the passengers to a torpid state of resignation. Most of them had closed

their eyes, trying to doze on the gritty plush, while Gomez sat staring into the darkness outside. A baby cried somewhere ahead. The train jerked, and the cuspidor sloshed by the empty beer bottles at Eladio Gomez's feet.

He folded the telegram again and put it in his pocket, next to his billfold. When he heard the door open at the back end of the car he felt the cold and smelled the billow of new dust that rolled in with the louder clicking of the wheels on the rails. He turned in his seat to look back.

It was the brakeman holding a lighted lantern. He pointed his finger at Gomez.

"Cienleguas!" he barked.

"By God," mumbled Eladio Gomez, reaching for the overcoat and the pasteboard suitcase on the rack over his head. He set his suitcase down on the thick dust in the vestibule and put on his overcoat, while the train slowed to a stop in the darkness.

"Cienleguas!" said the brakeman again, hopping off with his lantern.

Gomez went down the steps with his suitcase and stepped off in the dark. Far up the track he saw the one dim light of the station house, up by the engine. Nothing else. He started walking.

Somewhere off in the dark a dog barked the long bark of a country dog, challenging Gomez to Cienleguas. And then another dog, closer, and then two others, closer yet, and then a regular nigger-supper of barking dogs out there in the dark. Headlights. He could see them. Then he heard the rumble with the dogs barking, and the rattle and the sound of the motor as the headlights came toward the station.

It was a five-ton truck when it rolled up and stopped. Loaded on the flat bed behind the cab Eladio Gomez could dimly see shapes that made him happy. The truck was from Las Astas all right. The shapes were boxes for shipping brave bulls.

"Senor? For Las Astas?" the driver said, getting out of the cab.

"Yes."

"Ah, senor," he said, taking off his vaquero's hat. "Policarpo Cana at your orders." He bowed his head with old back-country courtesy, and reached for the suitcase.

"Eladio Gomez. Much pleasure."

"The hour is late," said Policarpo when he had gotten the gears shifted and the dogs were barking again. "I feel deeply. I saw the train from the hill. I hurried." He cut in sharply at one of the dogs but missed.

"How far is it to the hacienda?" Eladio asked.

"Twenty-two kilometers, more or less," Policarpo said. "A short way, by machine."

He pulled his sombrero down tighter and pushed the accelerator. The truck lurched forward in the darkness, eating the uneven ribbon of the road that turned and twisted ahead white in the headlights, bumping by the thickets of nopal, the dark mesquite

in the draws where the dust whirled out under the wheels, and the long rattling flying stretches through the grass over the hills. The chalky pale road plunging toward him had an effect on Eladio Gomez's eyes. He closed them, and nearly fell asleep bouncing on the seat with the cigarette burning in his hand.

At the top of a rise Policarpo got out and opened a gate, drove the truck through, and closed the gate again. Down a long slope they came at last into the headquarters of Las Astas. They drove in past the dark adobe huts and stone walls, through a narrow lane, and ground to a stop in front of the big house lurking in the darkness behind a courtyard wall. "This way," said Policarpo, carrying the suitcase.

The ancient arched doorway to the big house was wide open; Eladio Gomez followed his guide into the patio beyond. A single bare light bulb cut a pale hole in the gloom of the battered columns that flanked them as their footsteps sounded on the flagstones around the patio.

"The toilet," whispered Policarpo, pointing to a dark door. "And here is your room."

The door squeaked. Inside, Policarpo groped around above his head, and found the light bulb, and turned it on. The room was pink. Over in a corner by a small rug was a brass bed with a purple spread, a bureau, a wardrobe that leaned at an angle, and a straight chair.

"Manolete," whispered Policarpo, pointing. "He slept there, in that bed, when he came to the tientas. May God care for him now in Glory! Good night, senor."

Eladio Gomez stood alone in the middle of the pink room, before he went to the toilet.

Las Astas. Where they raised the greatest bulls in the Americas. Where a bull cost six thousand pesos.

6

GOMEZ felt dry and brittle when he awoke in the dim pink room and the cold. He dressed quickly, shivering, and took a nip of tequila from the bottle in his suitcase before he stepped out into the patio, into a day at Las Astas.

Ruddy light from the early sun warmed the weathered arches and carved stone tops of the columns on the opposite portico, but the rest of the patio was still in chilly blue shadow when he stepped down on the flagstones and looked up between the columns at the pale spotless sky. With his hands in his pockets he sauntered out into the morning.

Peons stood around outside, waiting for their foreman. They lounged by the tall open door of the saddle house, by the truck with the bull boxes, by the sunlit walls, warming themselves in the light from the sky, the "stove of the poor" that climbed bright and promising over the hills in the east. They stood in the sunlight gathering unhurriedly the

direction and the desire for the work of the day, while the dew dried, and the horses were saddled. In the west the Sierra rose up pale blue and beautiful, like a promise, above them.

"Good morning," said Eladio Gomez, walking out the courtyard gate. Something in his city-dwelling heart expanded there in the open sunlight. His senses reached out beyond the clay they lived in and found the tidings good.

He looked out across the markings in the sunny dust, the tracks of hoofs and paws, the tangled prints of cart wheels and truck tires, of boots and sandals and naked feet, and out beyond the open space he saw the stone pile of the bull corrals with their heavy gates, and walked out to examine them.

As he came around a corner, three horsemen appeared in the lane under the pepper trees. He recognized the rider on the big sorrel. Drawing closer, the horse pitched forward suddenly, answering the spur. Ten paces from where Gomez stood, it reared high, spinning on its hind legs, coming down facing Gomez smartly as the rider grunted "Ho!" and dismounted, throwing down the reins.

"Senor Gomez!"

Don Tiburcio Balbuena came forward, extending his hand. He was tall, spare, with white mustaches, and he was dressed in tight leather charro clothes, well worn, under a magnificent sombrero with a hat string biting into his monumental chin.

"You arrived, Senor Gomez. Now you know where your house is." His voice was deep and strong as a bull's.

"Eladio Gomez at your orders, Don Tiburcio."

"At yours, Senor Gomez. I feel deeply I did not meet you last night. . . . The lateness of the hour —"

He walked over and caught up his reins.

"You had some breakfasts?"

"Not yet."

"Neither have we," said Balbuena. "Tuerto, take these horses. We are going to eat. We'll get Serafina, that old cow, to put something on the table." His spurs were like bells, on the flagstones. "Serafina!"

They had a tumbler of claret first. Then canned asparagus laid out on a platter, soaked in vinegar, to whet their tongues; then Spanish sardines and claret and fried beef and frijoles with plenty of chili and more claret.

"You need a foundation to look at bulls in their pastures," said Balbuena, picking his teeth. "Tell me what you have in mind for your corrida, friend Gomez."

"Well," said Eladio, drawing a breath. "Don Tiburcio, as you know, my plaza is modest. The corridas there are the best I can afford, but the box office is limited. I am forced to practice economy to keep my enterprise sound. I seldom pay the high fees currently received by ranking toreros, nor can I afford the kind of bulls great plazas buy."

"I understand clearly."

"The season at Cuenca usually opens on the Fourth of December, as the main feature of the festival of our town's patron, Santa Barbara. This year I thought I might make that first corrida something special, if I could manage. I am about to sign Luis Bello as First Sword."

"Luis Bello," Don Tiburcio said. "A real torero, and my good friend. He's in the Plaza Mexico this afternoon; we'll listen to the corrida on the radio. Luis says his career was born at Las Astas; he came here as a boy herding horses."

"He wants Las Astas bulls at Cuenca, Don Tiburcio. I want them too —" Gomez added. "That's why I came —"

"You ought to have them. Who's alternating with Luis?"

"He wants his kid brother Pepe on the card."

"The kid, eh? Who else?"

"Nobody yet. And if I get Las Astas bulls, I can't afford six of them, nor three toreros. I can't."

"Then what you are thinking is this: a mano a mano, a hand to hand, between the two brothers. And only four bulls."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well — why not? A short one. But quality not quantity. Something special. The Great Swordsman of Guerreras with bulls of the first class from Las Astas. What's wrong with that?"

"The only thing is the kid. Pepe. That part don't seem so strong. It's no mano a mano because it's no heated competition."

"Luis insists on the kid of course?"

"That's it."

"Go on, Gomez. You know Luis will put on a show. You know that. And the kid will be trying. He will be trying, with good bulls. And the two brothers together in the ring will give a color, a certain interest."

"The Cuenca public is hard, Don Tiburcio."

"The public anywhere is hard, my friend. It's a gamble. From my standpoint, from yours, from the toreros', from the public's, it's a gamble. Everybody risks something. Whether it's the price of a back row seat on the sunny side, or death on the horns, everybody has to risk something."

"It's the only thing to do, I guess," said Eladio Gomez.

"I'm going to take you out now and show you some bulls for the Bello boys at Cuenca," said Balbuena. "I have something in mind."

7

OUT at the feed lot they leaned with their chins on their hands, looking over the high wall. The peon that went with them threw rocks at the bulls in the enclosure, so that they stood up, alert, in the shade of the huisache.

"I will take the two reserves from this encierro,

Gomez, and two from another. You understand that these are absolutely Number Ones. I will show you the book when we go to the house. Write down those numbers, 74 and 107, and we will check their ratings in the registry."

"They are wonderful bulls, Don Tiburcio. But I can't pay the price you get for them at the big plazas. Have you got —"

"I have something in mind," said the dueno. "Now let's look at the other pair I want to show you in the lot down the lane."

The peon got the other encierro up, throwing more rocks. "Ho! Toros! Ho!"

One of the bulls in the enclosure stood out from all the rest. His horns were good, turning slightly toward each other, like parentheses. His barrel and legs were well shaped and powerful, matched in size and line with the other bulls. But he was ugly. He had a marked Roman nose. Coarse hair grew under his jaws like a beard, along the brisket, under the belly to the pizzle. And the tassel of his tail was missing. He was a whiskered, bobtailed bull.

"What's that one doing in there?" asked Gomez. He sensed the impending offer. He understood now what Balbuena might have in mind.

"Listen," said Balbuena. "That nose and that hair are just one of those rare matters that crop up in breeding. There is nothing wrong with that bull, Gomez. Unfortunately a coyote nipped the end of his tail off when he was a calf, and left him rabon. But I gave him four stars at his tienta. I'll show you in the book. Number 23. Write that down. You can see he's the amo, the master of that encierro, now. I've had my eye on him since he lost his tail. He deserves a torero. I say he is a Senor Toro!"

"People expect something different from that, wearing the green and gold ribbons. No, Senor Balbuena! That buffalo would make people laugh and then get mad and throw cushions!"

"All right, Gomez. Look. Granted I can't sell Rabon to the big boys. They say he's ugly. All right. I say I like the bull. I say he will wear my ribbons very well. You take the bobtailed bull along with three other Number Ones, and we will do business. I'll give you that Number 37, the pretty one by the wall, to go with Rabon."

"How much?" Gomez asked. He was sweating.

"For four selected Number Ones I can get above twenty thousand pesos in the Capital this season. What can you afford?"

"Fifteen thousand?" Gomez asked.

Tiburcio Balbuena broke into a laugh. "Gomez, the devil sits on the shoulders of hagglers. Take the bulls for sixteen thousand."

"I'll take them."

"Good. Now. I want to find Tuerto and have him put your four together so they'll get used to each other and not cause injuries in the pens at Cuenca."

Sitting alone on a bench in the courtyard sunlight, waiting for his host to return, Gomez probed at the work and the worry he saw ahead, promoting the half-born corrida. It was hard to wait until he could notify Raul Fuentes, to get that signature on the dotted line. He wished it were train time. If the Bellos refused a mano a mano with the four bulls . . . well . . . that would be the fat pearl in the crown! That would chill him. He was glad when Don Tiburcio walked into the courtyard.

Gomez had not seen the parlor in the big house. He was surprised it was there, when his host opened a door from the patio and asked him in.

"Ai! What time is it?" Balbuena asked. "We're forgetting the corrida!" He turned on the radio. "What station do you get it best in Cuenca?"

"XEW," said Gomez.

"The same out here," said Balbuena, twisting the dial so that the red needle pointed straight up on the kilocycle band. "Don Verdades is not a bad narrator. But we're late."

When the tubes warmed, a blare of sound blasted out at them.

"— Bello is citing the bull with muleta in right hand. There! No, no. The bull did not follow! Bello chopped with the rag from horn to horn. He is having difficulty adjusting. Now he tries again, approaching, for a two-handed pass with the cloth held high. There! But a very mediocre high pass. The bull does not turn for a repeat. Luis Bello is trotting after the bull. There is some whistling from the crowd.

"This is very dull, friends of the radio audience. Bello is angry. The Swordsman of Guerreras has not shown us anything yet this afternoon. He has not shown his usual feeling of domination.

"He is chopping at the horns again, without undue risk. There is more whistling. Loud remarks from the sunny side —"

"Bad!" Eladio Gomez said.

"Friendly listeners," said the voice on the radio, "Luis Bello has just made two inconclusive passes with the right hand, and has continued chopping at the horns. Bello is being intelligent and discreet with a difficult bull, but his work is without spirit. The crowd demands more. Bello has given up the idea of developing a faena. He is trying to square the bull for a sword thrust. There is whistling and booing.

"The sword hit bone! It's still in Bello's hand! He's squaring again, mounting the sword. Oh! Bello is having a bad time! He hit solid bone again and the sword bent and whistled into the air. He's disarmed, the muleta is hanging on the horns. Somebody has just thrown a cushion. More cushions! Bello is at the barrera taking another sword and rag. He's sweating ink."

"Fiasco," Gomez said.

"There!" said the radio voice. "Bello has delivered half the blade. It is on the bias. It is not

sufficient to bring the bull down! There is a scandal of cushions and whistling. Bello is attempting to sever the spinal cord at the base of the skull with a descabello. One jab. No good. Another. O ladies and gentlemen! The Plaza Mexico is the scene of a near riot!"

The roar blurred the broadcaster's voice.

"At last." Balbuena and Gomez heard it with difficulty. "The ninth intent to descabellar is successful. The ninth! The bull is dead, the mules are coming out. The demonstration continues. Bello is walking very slowly now, across the ring. His head is down. I see tears on the face of Luis Bello, ladies and gentlemen."

"Holy Mother," Balbuena said. He filled his glass. "But they all have afternoons like that. They all have them. It starts with something very small, and once it's started, the devil builds a monument."

A gloom descended upon the impresario of the plaza of Cuenca. Luis Bello would be a savage this week. He would be a son of filth to deal with, signing a contract with a fiasco still in his teeth. He might not come to Cuenca at all. He might go into a slump and be terrible even if he came to Cuenca. Gomez looked up at the bull heads, the bull pictures, the bull business, that surrounded him, and he thought of sixteen thousand pesos, and he hated the bulls. He wished he owned a grocery store.

It happened suddenly during the fourth bull. Skinny Salazar had been the soul of caution, the competent old craftsman on tired legs, working his last animal of the afternoon, for money.

The tone of Don Verdades's voice jerked Gomez and Balbuena up in their chairs.

"Sacred Name, the bull has Salazar! Ahh! *Ai ai ail!* Oh, friends! *Ail!*" The voice was silent. The static popped and crackled. Balbuena jumped up and turned the volume knob, waiting, with a wrinkle like a gash between his brows, with the static crashing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the voice resumed, trying to control itself. "Friends. This is Don Verdades at the Plaza Mexico. Juan Salazar has been gored, horribly gored, by the fourth bull of the afternoon. They are carrying Juan to the infirmary. His blood stains the sand, stains his clothes. He appears unconscious.

"Luis Bello," continued the radio, "whose cape was prominent in the rescue, Luis Bello has muleta and sword, is walking out to kill the Salazar bull. The bull has a wet horn, ladies and gentlemen. The horn is red. Bello is squaring, mounting the blade. There it is! Now we have the great Swordsman of Guerreras! A tremendous lunge in over the horns, ladies and gentlemen. An enormous volapie by Luis Bello! A revenge by Luis Bello. The bull is dead! A terrible drama. Bello stands over the beast. Bello has thrown the muleta on the ground; he is

walking to the barrera, wiping the blood of the bull from his sword hand."

The voice of Don Verdades was hoarse and tired as it came with the static to the two waiting listeners at Las Astas. It recounted without excitement the regular progress of the fifth bull toward death at the hand of Luis Bello before an unresponsive, almost silent plaza.

"The crowd is not seeing the ring. The crowd is imagining a white room under the plaza. It is waiting for word from under the bright lights in the white room," said Don Verdades.

Young Chato Palacios was placing a pair of banderillas on the last bull of the afternoon, his bull, when the word came.

"Attention! Attention, all Mexico. Juan Salazar, beloved veteran matador of Teotihuacan, is dead. He died in the infirmary of the Plaza Mexico in the Capital of the Republic approximately three minutes ago, as a result of wounds suffered at the horns of a bull in this afternoon's corrida, reported to you by Don Verdades, radio station XEW. The name of another glorious martyr is now inscribed on the golden catafalque of the brave festival! Juan Salazar is dead. The nation's heart mourns. Rest in peace, Juan Salazar, torero."

"I've got to get the train tonight," Eladio Gomez said to his host. "The train to Mexico, not Cuenca!"

"We'll get you to Cienleguas in time. I think I'll go with you, Gomez. To pay my respects to the remains. Salazar sat in this room many times. I didn't think the bulls would ever get him. He wasn't the type. The public will make him a hero now for a couple of days while they bury him, after making him a cynic while he lived, past his day. Dying on the way down."

"I'm wondering about Luis Bello," Gomez said. "My corrida."

8

WHEN the Bello cuadrilla fought in Mexico they dressed for the ring at Luis's house; afterwards they always returned together to San Angel where they could bathe and change to their street clothes again. On evenings after triumphs, friends and fans swarmed to the house where Luis held open court with his cuadrilla, accepting congratulations while his callers rehearsed his exploits to each other and prolonged his triumph. It was different after an afternoon without luck. The fans went to pay court to a more fortunate matador then; or if they were confirmed Bellistas, they went home glum, to wait for another day. Only a faithful few would come to offer their comforts after a gray afternoon in the plaza.

But this evening as Raul drove up the narrow lane there were cars and a crowd by the gate to the matador's house. Tonight Luis Bello was no hero;

he was contact man with a tragedy, to be touched if possible, morbidly, and to mourn with.

When Luis and his men got out of the car in the garden they were surrounded. Stiff and sore, with the sweat drying cold on their silks, they wished for no company, neither mourners nor enthusiasts, but they had them. Luis allowed a few of the faithful and the influential to embrace him, but he answered none of their words. Raul Fuentes skillfully assumed the public relations of his shaken matador.

Upstairs, with no less skill, Tacho drew a hot bath and got Luis Bello's hair unfastened from the black velvet button of the pigtail pinned on the back of his head; got him out of the scuffed slippers, the bloody gold-crusted jacket with the black band on the left sleeve, the spangled vest and the sash and the wrinkled satin tie, the skin-tight glittering taleguilla, the stained embroidered shirt, the dirty pink stockings, the gritty white socks, the long sweaty underwear, the shining silver medals of La Virgen de Guadalupe and Santa Barbara from around his neck.

Luis Bello got into the bath where his flesh seemed to melt outward away from him in the hot water, pulling the tense knots out of his flat empty belly, away from his arms and his legs floating in the heat, dissolving the knots out of his shoulders, and finally from the inside of his tired skull. He felt better when Raul came upstairs.

"Raul, I never even noticed. What in hell did you do with Linda? I forgot."

"Some people took her home. The Galvez Ramiros were sitting next to us. They took her; I went to find you. Listen, you better stay with me at the hotel where I can block the fans and the phone calls until after the funeral. It's no good being around here. Everybody can get at you and make you nervous. There are two reporters downstairs now, more coming, and everybody seems to think the idea is to cry. Tacho, you can handle them here; I'll handle them at the hotel. We won't tell anybody where Luis is."

It was raining when they drove into town. The windshield wipers clacked and the water whished, thrown by the wheels on the black shining streets, in the silence. There was no talk. Raul hunched over the wheel, intent on driving. Luis sat with his hands in his trench coat pockets. He had an unlighted cigar in his teeth.

The newsboys were screaming the name of Juan Salazar in the rain, along with the lottery tickets, by the hotel door. At the lobby desk in the Ritz, Raul left strict instructions. He was not in. Luis Bello was not with him.

They ordered dinner in the room. On the day of a corrida a torero never eats a meal until his work is done; Luis Bello was usually ravenous after an

afternoon in the plaza. Tonight, as he sat at the table the waiter brought to Raul's rooms, the food stuck in Luis Bello's throat.

"Can you give me a brandy, Raul? I'm not hungry."

"Quit worrying, Luis. There's plenty more Sundays when things will be different."

"It won't take many more Sundays like this one, senior mine."

"Juan was never the torero you are."

"He was pretty damn good. Raul, I want to be smarter with the money. Will you help me be smarter? A real program. I'll listen."

"You'll do all right, twin. Sure I'll help. If you're serious."

"I'm serious, Raul. This don't last forever. It don't feel like it used to. Meat for the bulls. They say it about me. They always have."

"What the hell do they know about it?"

"I don't know," Luis Bello said. "It's dead around here, Raul. Makes me nervous. Is your radio working? I wish the caudrilla would come, so we could go to Skinny's house and get it over with."

The phone rang.

When Raul hung up, he was smiling.

"Luis, that was Gomez. He's got your bulls!"

"What bulls? No! You don't mean the Cuenca Gomez!"

"He's got 'em. He wants us to sign."

"Must be something queer, Raul. It's the end of the world!"

"Number Ones, from Las Astas!"

"How do you know?"

"He's telling the truth all right. He's been to the ranch. He said we could ask Don Tiburcio what's going in the boxes to Cuenca. Gomez says he's bought four. For a mano a mano between the Bello boys! No third alternate. And now, a booking for Pepe Bello, matador de toros!"

"Wait a minute! I'm not going to any Cuencas until I find out more about this business."

"You will."

The radio was playing a new ballad, just composed, the announcer said, "The Tragedy of Juan Salazar."

Juan died at dusk
In the gloaming.
When the day was dead
So was Juan.

They took him from the plaza.
It was empty. The wind blew
An Ole of gray ashes and then the rain
Washed everything away.

"Turn that goddamned thing off!" Luis Bello said.

(To be continued)

Black Watch during the First World War. On his return he began the writing of those comedies, The Road to Rome, Waterloo Bridge, Reunion in Vienna, which established his early reputation. His work acquired additional force and depth as the crisis abroad reached across the Atlantic, and for his plays, Idiot's Delight, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, and There Shall Be No Night he was three times awarded the Pulitzer Prize. A confidant of F.D.R. and a friend of Harry Hopkins, he completed Roosevelt and Hopkins on Mr. Hopkins's death.

"PLEASE DON'T FRIGHTEN US"

by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

SINCE the appearance of Dr. David Bradley's widely (but insufficiently) acclaimed *No Place to Hide* in these pages, various military authorities have been making strenuous attempts to counteract the effects of such "alarmist fearmongering" by tut-tutting the atomic bomb.

(In his famous "Arsenal of Democracy" speech in December, 1940, Franklin D. Roosevelt summarized a telegram he had received from a private citizen in these words: "Please, Mr. President, don't frighten us by telling us the facts"; now it is not the private citizens but the Top Brass who are urging that.)

Rear Admiral William Sterling Parsons, one of the Navy's foremost experts on the Topmost Secret, and also one of the bravest of men, gave an interview to the Associated Press in which he said that there has been "tremendous overemphasis of the atom bomb"; that one or a dozen dropped on American cities "would be just another Pearl Harbor. . . . It would cook the goose of any nation doing it . . . unless that nation had hundreds of atom bombs to follow up with." (No guarantee provided that an aggressive enemy would *not* have hundreds of atom bombs.)

Shortly after the Admiral's reassuring statement, Colonel James P. Cooney, one of the Army observers at Bikini, was sent to Boston by his chief, the Surgeon General, to address the American Public Health Association. As reported in the *New York Times* by William L. Laurence (another courageous expert), the Colonel referred to the atomic bomb as "this piece of ordnance" and stated that "unreasoning psychological fears" of the effects of radioactivity "could well interfere with an important military mission in time of war."

There can be little argument about that last assumption. But there can be and must be plenty of argument over the theory that the way to keep the people fearless is to keep them ignorant.

Dr. Bradley was only one of thousands who participated in Operation Crossroads, the tests at Bikini. He was, however, engaged in what was undoubtedly the most important part of the gigantic, complex, historic task: the Geiger monitoring of radioactivity on land and sea and in the air and in the fishes of the target area and in the urine of the sailors, who worked in necessarily short shifts aboard the blasted ships. It was his conclusion that the Bikini Atoll — an area of some two hundred square miles — could not be decontaminated and made habitable for years or perhaps for centuries. To Dr. Bradley the bomb is not merely another "piece of ordnance": it is "the colossus which looms behind tomorrow"; and he gives even the incurable layman (meaning myself) a deep and disturbingly clear idea of its implications. Although young and rugged (he had to be, on the Crossroads assignment), Dr. Bradley reveals in his writing the qualities of a doctor of the old school who, driving his buckboard out to some remote farm on a life-or-death mission, does not neglect to note en route the unseasonable appearance of a golden-winged flicker in that neck of the woods. But the Doctor's sensitivity to the beauty of Micronesia and the peacefulness of its people merely serves to underscore his awareness of doom. There is a sense of terror even in his dedication: "To Kim and David, who will know whether we have made that cloud man's masterpiece or his master."

As is well known, the first of the Bikini bombs was detonated above water level — as were those at Hiroshima and Nagasaki — and the second one beneath the surface. Whatever the destructive effects of the first bomb — and it was not Dr. Bradley's job to report on this — it left behind it little of the real atomic menace, "the lingering poison of radioactivity," since the great bulk of the most dangerous fission products was hurled upwards to be dissipated in the stratosphere. It was the second,

underwater bomb which provided the real, ominous warning, for in this test the lethal elements, including plutonium, were held in the huge cloud of water which returned to the Atoll. According to Dr. Bradley, this is the effect of plutonium on the human organism: "It lodges in the bones, destroys the blood-producing marrow, and may kill its host by wrecking his red and white blood cells; or, if the host survives that early period, he may die years later from bone tumors. . . . Plutonium cannot be removed by processes known to medical science to date."

The second Bikini test gave an indication of the effects of a bomb detonated in San Francisco Bay, or the Chicago, the Hudson, the Thames, or the Moskva River. A formidable portion of the fission products, particularly uranium, would similarly be held earthbound if bombs were detonated at ground level in the canyons of our cities. How extensive this poisoning would be, or how long enduring, I cannot say, nor do I like even to think about it.

Operation Crossroads was to have included a third test to be carried out in the deep waters of the Pacific, but this was abandoned and Dr. Bradley does not appear to know whether or not another atomic bomb has been detonated anywhere since he left Kwajalein at the end of September, 1946. The rest is indeed silence, and far too much of it.

He has written: "The greatest failure of all in these tests has been in apprehending their sociological implications. Evidently the Bomb has failed to impress more than a few congenital pessimists with the full scope of its lethal potential. This error in publicity — an error of omission — might be justifiable on the basis of strict military secrecy. In the long run, however, the one thing more dangerous than informed governments abroad will be an uninformed American opinion."

Or, it might be said, a misinformed American opinion. Day after day we read official statements from high authorities of the Army, Navy, or Air Force which plead the case of each branch of the service and, when put together, leave us in a state of utter confusion which inevitably resolves itself into indifference. (Not long ago I read an Air Force prediction that if there were an atomic war within the next few years it would be fought exclusively by small formations of fast, far-ranging bombers and would be won or lost within the space of two months.) But no one on the upper levels has offered clear refutations of Dr. Bradley's contentions: —

There is no real defense against atomic weapons.

There are no satisfactory countermeasures and methods of decontamination.

There are no satisfactory medical or sanitary safeguards for the people of atomized areas.

The devastating influence of the Bomb and its unborn relatives may affect the land and its wealth — and therefore its people — for centuries through the persistence of radioactivity.

Colonel Cooney, previously quoted, did say that "the residual radiation from an air burst bomb is insignificant," and pointed to the fact that only 5 to 15 per cent of the casualties in Hiroshima and Nagasaki were due to radiation. But the lengthy report of his speech by Mr. Laurence indicates no mention of the measurable results of the second Bikini bomb.

For want of other evidence we must accept Dr. Bradley's and assume that we confront an age — an eternity — in which the most vital mechanism is not the wheel or the lever or even the human heart, but the Geiger counter (and that is useless in detecting plutonium). The unseen enemy that still poisons the gallant, sunken *Saratoga* does in awful truth constitute the wave of the future.

Why don't we know more about this transcendent reality? Military security must be respected and the authorities can be forgiven for a tendency to err on the side of excessive secrecy. But military security is not compromised in Dr. Bradley's *No Place to Hide* any more than it was in John Hersey's immortal *Hiroshima*. Why then must we depend on individual, unofficial writers for our information on this vital subject instead of on the appropriate officers of our government and armed forces? Does this betoken lack of confidence in or even contempt for our people? If so, a policy prevails which has always proved lamentably unprofitable.

I do not believe that there has ever before been a time when the people have so conclusively demonstrated their right to be trusted. The people have developed a wonderfully healthy attitude toward world problems in so far as they are given an opportunity to see and understand these problems. Public opinion is perfectly expressed in words attributed to George C. Marshall, "The only way to be sure of winning the next war is to prevent it," and there can be no doubt of the people's confidence that the Truman-Marshall policy is calculated to prevent rather than instigate war with the Soviet Union. Nor can there be any doubt of the character of the Atomic Energy Commission under the chairmanship of David E. Lilienthal.

There remain, however, the deluding or confusing pronouncements from military officers who seek to boost the stock of their own arm of the service. The people cannot be sure that there are not chips as well as stars and eagles visible on the shoulders of some of our military leaders. It seems at times that there is one policy for the White House and State Department and another for the Pentagon Building. It is the members of the "War is Inevitable" brigade who need to be told the facts brought out by Dr. Bradley — or, rather, they need to know the feelings of every citizen who is made aware of these horrors. (It would also be a good idea to keep reminding the Soviet leaders of them and as many of the Russian people as can be reached by the Voice of America or any other medium.)

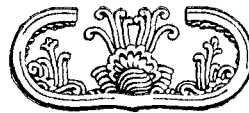
I have been told (not on unassailable authority) that our best military thinking estimates that the Russians will have found a way to manufacture the atom bomb sometime before 1952 but that they are not likely to catch up with us in manufacture, because of our superior industrial "know-how." (As Dr. Bradley says, "This know-how is our Maginot Line.") However, I do not think the real problem is when the Soviet Union completes its first bomb or its thousandth. The basic point for our military leaders to bear in mind (and on their consciences) is this: —

We do not want to drop so much as one bomb on the Russian people any more than we want them to drop one on us. Because the first one will be the period at the end of civilization.

The maintenance of peace involves firm and resolute action rather than the repetition of mere pious, wishful words. Whenever I hear anyone talk of the

desirability of "outlawing" the atomic bomb or bacteriological weapons, I am reminded of the Chevalier Bayard who ordered his troops to treat with utmost consideration all enemy prisoners who had been fighting with swords, spears, battle-axes, or bows, whereas those captured in the act of firing any of the new weapons — cannon or blunderbusses — were to be tortured to death; for the Chevalier considered the use of gunpowder an unseemly violation of the ancient and honorable rules of "civilized" warfare.

Accepting the present need for universal military training, it seems that the people should be informed as well as trained. The people deserve the respect, the most humble respect, of their leaders. They deserve to know just what it is they face. They deserve to know that the ancient concept of national sovereignty has gone forever, blasted into the stratosphere above Bikini.



SONNETS OF THE SEASON

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

JANUARY

WHEN I came home across the moonlit land,
Through pastures where the rabbit burrows go,
Frail ghosts of goldenrod on every hand
Stood delicate against the drifted snow.
And when I brushed against the withered weeds
I heard a sudden spate of whispered words,
The sift and patter of a thousand seeds,
The casual harvest of the cheerful birds.
The snowbound junipers like igloos arched
Their woody mazes, making tiny lairs
For field mice. Past the trees the drifts had
marched
In sculptured furrows, frozen thoroughfares.
And in those quiet streets and lonely alleys
The little trails led over hills and valleys.

FEBRUARY

WE MUST have more than light, that gave its pledge
Three fortnights back to shrive the dying year.
We must have warmth who shiver on the edge
Of our new scintillant ionosphere.
Well, it has come. The delicate new moon
Hangs over maples filled with secret thought
Which yet the squirrel guessed this afternoon
And bit the buds to taste what time had wrought.
The evening falls, but something is astir:
The systole within the faithful heart.
And while the campus darkens to a blur,
With cosmic sigh the winter falls apart,
While in the heaven the hunter, backward leaning,
Hears winter's dirge, the Dog Star's mournful
keening.



A LETTER TO JAMES BONE *from* SIR MAX BEERBOHM

James Bone, who was for more than four decades the Manchester Guardian's stouthearted correspondent in London, is one of four brothers, Scotch, talented, and independent. During his years in Fleet Street, Mr. Bone took note of the vanishing London, and from his pen have come two delightful descriptive books about the city, each of them illustrated by the artist of the family, Muirhead Bone. The first, The London Perambulator, appeared in 1925; and this year, on the appearance of its sequel, London Echoing, the Editor of the Manchester Guardian published the endearing letter from SIR MAX BEERBOHM which follows. We reprint it for those who will value these books and the friendship behind them.

MY DEAR JAMES: —

The Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* has very kindly sent me a copy of *London Echoing*, and, very kindly too, invites me to review it. But it is so many long years since I reviewed a book that I have utterly forgotten how to perform that task presentably. Therefore I am merely writing a letter to you — and shall post it not to you, but to the Editor, asking him (though even Editors ought not to read private letters addressed to other people) to glance through it and, without showing it to you, publish it if he thinks it would pass muster in print.

Far be it from me to gush, even in strict privacy; but measured terms are not those in which I can express my gratitude to you for this sequel to *The London Perambulator* of 1925 — a book that I have read and reread many times and have never tired of. The splendid pictures by the great Muirhead, your brother, would have cast into the shade any writing that wasn't splendid too. And now here you and he are again, to enthrall me jointly.

You object that to your way of writing the epithet "splendid" isn't applicable? I agree. I remember that when I was quite a small boy I was taken to hear a lecture given by a very orotund old Irish barrister on "The English Humourists." As an instance of Charles Lamb's felicity in choice of words, he quoted, with deep unction, "the dusty splendour of St. Paul's." Then he paused. "Splendid? It is not splendid. Dusty? The notion's absurd. But," with upcast eyes, "DUSTY SPLENDOR-R!" And you, James, remind me of St. Paul's. Your splendour is dusty. So was Charles Lamb's. You remind me of him, too. You are always happiest when your beams of light are filled with the motes of the dust of old things vanished. You're a wondrous rememberer, as was Elia: a most warm and cosy recorder of things scythed away by that brute, Saturn.

You object to the word "brute"? No doubt. Like Elia, you are inveterately Gentle. You never rail at the present, at science and mechanism and vandalism and uniformity and insipidity and so on, as do I and so many others. You are best pleased to

write of what you have loved — queer old shops, queer old taverns; queer old shopmen and inn-keepers: "odd fish," as Elia called the old clerks at the South-Sea House, and the old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

Again you object? — pointing out (gently) that during the greater part of your life you have been a Fleet Street man, ever alert in a maelstrom of current events. You have indeed. And nothing could be more vividly "actual" than (for instance) your account of the crowd outside Buckingham Palace when Edward VII was dying, or your notation of the difference in the public emotion at the close of the first European war from its emotion at the close of the second one. But even in times of intensest stress you are not forgetful of arcane corners.

I remember lunching with you in Soho on the day of Neville Chamberlain's second flight to Germany, and how much you disheartened me with "inside information" that nothing would come of it, forasmuch as Hitler was in the worst of moods. But after the meal you atoned by giving me a great treat: you took me round to a strange old low-ceilinged shop which, in an adjacent street, had been kept by the members of one family for more than a hundred and fifty years. It was filled with a thick rich pungent odour, an exquisite scent of — but (in a letter that may find its way into print) I must not say what, for the charming old man behind the counter made us both promise that nothing should be said "in the papers" about his premises. He had an antique horror of any kind of advertisement. I hope those premises suffered no hurt in the impending war? I imagine that Tony Weller, in his day, knew them; and his son too. And this reminds me that you, James, remind me not only of St. Paul's and Elia, but also of Sam Weller — though I doubt whether even *his* knowledge of London was so "extensive and peculiar" as your own.

And now, with renewed thanks to Muirhead and to you — to him for his shining mastery of spaces, to you for your glowing intimacy with corners — I am yours ever,

MAX BEERBOHM

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I AM a lover of winter sports. I enjoy them in retrospect, and the closer to the fireplace the better. My most vivid experiences have that pristine quality of a First Time — that breath-taking impression of virgin snow seen early in the morning. They seldom have been repeated.

Winter sports were of the common or suburb variety back in Elizabeth, New Jersey, when I was a boy. We skated and played shinny on Salem Dam and Bunnel's Pond. There were no hills where I lived, so when the snow came, we had to invent ways of using our Flexible Flyers.

Our favorite winter sport (circa 1910) was to hook rides on the delivery wagons which ranged up and down North Broad Street. With the rope attached to your sled passed over the axle or through the iron bracket at the rear you could be towed quite a way. Most drivers were rather hostile to this sport — which added to its excitement; especially the drivers of coal wagons, who would rock us with chunks of coal if they saw us adding to their weight. But the Bamberger wagons were an easier, swifter mark. With their two horses, they hit a good clip, and because of the solid doors at the back the delivery men couldn't see us. As I remember, my cousin Allan Church was once towed all the way to Newark. He had some difficulty getting back.

I got my first taste of a New England winter in 1913 when I spent January and February with my Navy cousins at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. There the snow was a fixture. We were shut in by three different blizzards. There, for the first time, I walked between walls of snow higher than my head. There I first saw skis, and there for the first time I caught a fish in the dry dock.

The Navy Yard possessed one of the largest dry docks in the world, and in the course of my visit a ship was floated in for repairs. Word went to all

the Navy families when the time came to let the water out. In our rubber boots, we kids clumped down to the dock and watched the water recede lower and lower in the giant stadium. We followed it down until at last, when it was only three feet deep above the floor gratings, we could see the fish swimming frantically against the current. Then we'd slosh into the icy water, pick out a big cod and drive him toward the rim, until with a sudden dip of our arms we had him in a fast embrace and were staggering up the stone.

That was a good winter sport, and there is another which I also associate with Portsmouth. One of the officers of the Yard had a big family of daughters — very attractive girls in my eyes, especially Kit. When we came indoors at dusk either in their house or ours, we played a version of Cops and Robbers which involved a good many closets. That was a nice winter sport, too, as I remember.

The fast and drifting snow

After college my work settled me in Boston. I became habituated to the snow, the ice, and the enmity of the wind and was lured by my friends into other winter pastimes. Early in my stay, I had my first toboggan ride. We had heard that there was good tobogganing in Dedham and five of us, two couples and an odd man, went out to have a try. There stood the runway pointing down the beautiful long slope of the golf course. As a member of the Club, I acted as host. There were no other tobogganers around — which might have warned us but didn't. All I noticed was that the snow in the runway had packed to a hard, fast ice and that the wooden sides were bare.

We placed the toboggan on the take-off and I got in first. "Come on now," I said, "wrap your arms and legs around me and then sit tight." Jim gave us a good shove, jumped on the stern, and down we went. Because there was so little snow in the chute, we careened from side to side and I thought I heard an outcry as we picked up speed. The wind in the face felt fine, and by the time we hit the snowy crust we were really going. As we slowed down, I turned back to the crew expectantly. The girls, I noticed, seemed to have tears in their eyes, probably the wind.

"Great stuff, wasn't it?" I said. "Great stuff, hell!" said Jim, who was standing somewhat lopsidedly in the snow. "Help me pull this out, will you?" and as he turned his flank toward me, I saw a splinter the length of an arrow emerging from his

tweed. Evidently every time we touched the wood my crew had picked up splinters. The girls' mittens were burned through and the backs of their hands were peppered. There were splinters along their legs and several large ones in Jim's. We retreated to the Club House. I put the toboggan away and poured out some consoling bourbon for the injured, who were silently applying needles, hot water, and Dioxigen. Nice day's work.

It took a doctor to separate them from that loose wood. Indeed, as I look back, it seems to me that doctors are indispensable in winter sports. One surgeon of whom I am fond used to take his annual vacation on the ski trails. For some time, I wasn't sure whether he did this for pleasure or business: as the ski trains took more and more of the middle-aged to the higher and higher slopes, there were always a goodly number of arms, legs, and collar-bones to be set on the spot or in the hospital at Hanover. But when the doctor broke his own leg on a Sitzmark at Peckett's, I knew that he had simply caught the bug.

Eventually the time came when I had to try it for myself; under the incitement of my friend Jim, I let curiosity get the better of me.

The plan was this: on a Thursday evening Jim and I would motor up to the Baker River valley in New Hampshire. There we would be joined by Roger, a veteran of those slopes. Friday evening I would lecture at the Absquasset Women's Club; Saturday I would make my debut at Tenney's Hill; and Sunday we would try the golf course with its steep slopes down toward the river.

The lecture went off well enough but I cannot say the same for Tenney's Hill. In my borrowed skis and ski boots, I felt and must have looked like a fish out of water. The snow was covered with a firm, gleaming crust and it seemed safer to all concerned to conduct me to a little dell on the lower slope. There was a small pine tree, then a down grade, a little run across the flat, and another rise to another pine tree. This was to be my course, and by holding on to each tree, I could get myself straightened out before each run. With plenty of rude advice, the boys left me and went upstairs. My method was to scramble, using my hands as much as possible (I had no poles) up the crust to the pine tree, stand erect, point my skis downhill, and go as far as I could before I fell down, then scramble up for the other tree and turn around.

This vibration went on for some time. Midway in it I was joined by a bedraggled-looking woman of my years, unknown to me but presumably the wife of one of the heroes. After watching me from a distance, she evidently thought my method was as good as any and so, like a couple out of Thurber, we took turns until night fell. Then her husband led her away and I clumped after the boys, dented and very aware of my thirst.

The crust was a little harder on Sunday when we

visited the golf course. My legs had stiffened during the night. I wanted to avoid falling as much as possible. Even Jim and Roger seemed a little more cautious as they skirted the nob of the glistening glacier, the snow-covered hill giving precipitously to the ninth green. From where I stood holding tightly to my tree, it looked as if Jim were trying to dissuade Roger from going down but the veteran was for it. "Well, here I go," he said. And leaning forward, he went.

I never saw anybody go so fast. Nor hit the snow so hard. No turns were involved. He just rushed straight down until he hit. Jim, sensing disaster, slowly made his way around the back side of the hill. I couldn't see what was going on and I certainly wasn't going to move. Eventually they made their way back to where I stood. Roger's forehead was red and bruised; the bridge of his nose was bleeding. "Well," he said, "that's enough for one day." And we took off our skis and drove home. As I say, there always has to be a First Time, but there's no law against its also being a Last.

Giving and receiving lectures

Those who are giving and receiving lectures this midwinter will be grateful to **Emily Kimbrough** for the natural gaiety with which she itemizes her adventures as a speaker. Miss Kimbrough has the delightful gift of self-ridicule: the picture which she drew of herself in that dreadful tweed costume with hat to match (it was especially run up by the local seamstress for her trip to Europe with Cornelia Otis Skinner) I have never forgotten. And now here she is again, introduced as the successful co-author of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* and holding forth to women's clubs with results which are sometimes embellished but always laughable.

Her lecture tours run for six weeks at a stretch (I gather she does two of them each year) and hardly a day passes without one or more of what she calls her "grotesqueries." Some of these, as I have said, are embellished. When the professor of English who escorted her back to the hotel after the meeting of the Students' Literary Society, pausing in her room to discuss an article in the current *Atlantic* which he had come up to borrow, suddenly blurts out what Emily calls his "rather personal speech," I am surprised (as she was) and delighted, for here is the story to end for all time that old chestnut about the virgin who could travel anywhere as long as she was chaperoned by the *Atlantic*. But when, after Emily has turned him down, the same professor walks violently into her closet, mistaking it for the door, and on re-emerging disappears down the hall carrying on his back "three wet rayon stockings and a net brassiere," I think Miss Kimbrough is laying it on just a little thick.

The unexpected is always lurking to waylay a lecturer on a tour, and when you have such a flair for the unexpected as Miss Kimbrough, with a sharp

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Director of the Metropolitan Museum

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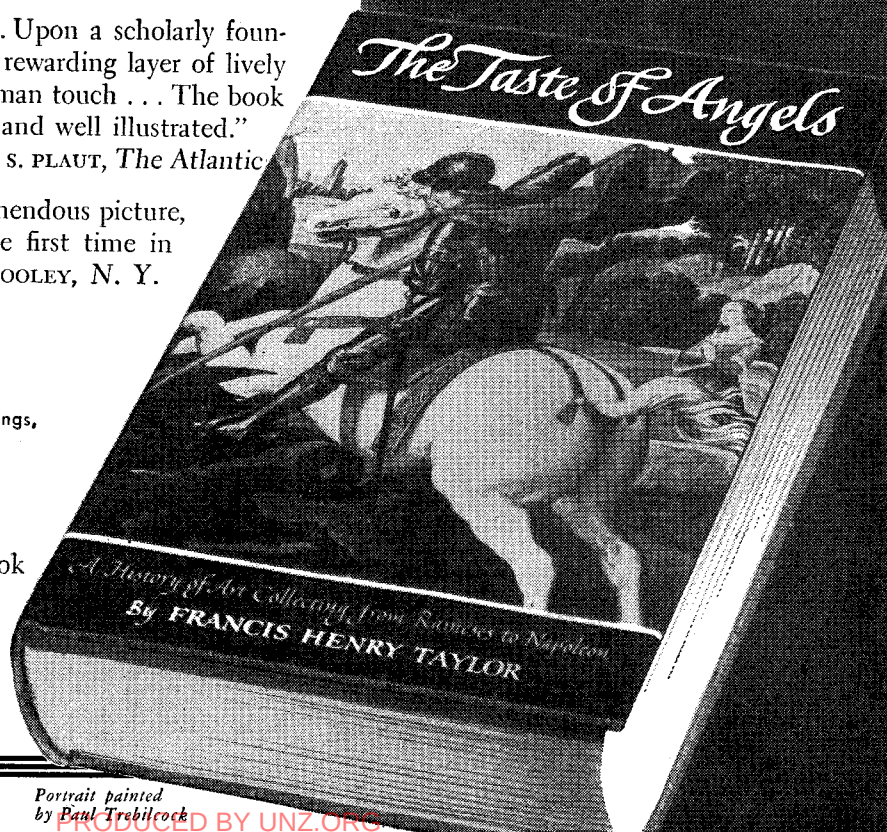
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sense of observation and a clear memory of what was said, the results are highly readable. Miss Kimbrough's efforts to open a bottle of ginger ale, which turn her bathroom in the Netherland Plaza into a Cincinnati shambles; her railroad troubles as she runs behind schedule; her nervousness before and during those wonderfully charged introductions; her inability to keep her figure when she is out on the "chicken patty circuit"; her struggle with the Texas audience that got out of hand, — these are just a handful of the more delightful passages in . . . *It Gives Me Great Pleasure* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50).

As I have suggested, Miss Kimbrough has chosen to stress the Helen Hokinson aspect of her tours, and Miss Hokinson's illustrations of her text seem altogether natural.

Family in motion

Cheaper by the Dozen (Crowell, \$3.00) is a boisterous, breezy family chronicle, the true story — the more incredible for being true — of how an inventive and immensely capacious American engineer, Frank Bunker Gilbreth by name, and his game and surprisingly durable wife, Lillian Moller Gilbreth, raised their twelve children and kept unceasingly on the go. From 1910 to 1924, Gilbreth, Inc. (which meant father and mother) made a pot of money as "efficiency experts" and were first in the field of "motion study," whatever that means. Certainly they came nearer to attaining perpetual motion than any other American household of their time.

Cheaper by the Dozen is written by two of their attractive redheaded dozen, **Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr.**, of the *Charleston News and Courier* and his sister **Ernestine Gilbreth Carey**, and just to hear them tell it one gets a brisk, not to say fatiguing, notion of how the family must have trotted around, keeping up with Dad. "Dad was a tall man, with a large head, jowls, and a Herbert Hoover collar. He was no longer slim; he had passed the two-hundred-pound mark during his early thirties, and left it so far behind that there were times when he had to resort to railway baggage scales." Dad never did things by halves, — he did them by the dozen. He was great on surprises: boxes of Page and Shaw, cameras from Germany, a dozen Plymouth hens; two victrolas for the upstairs bathrooms, which would play French and German language lesson records, white typewriters; and for summer he invested in two lighthouses on Nantucket, with a cottage squeezed between them.

I don't question the veracity of all this; I just wish it sounded more like life. The story would be better were there more landmarks in it of time and place by which the reader could steer. Of them all, Mother alone has the identifying touch, and when Mother goes swimming at Nantucket, we see her and for a time are back in the land of the plausible.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

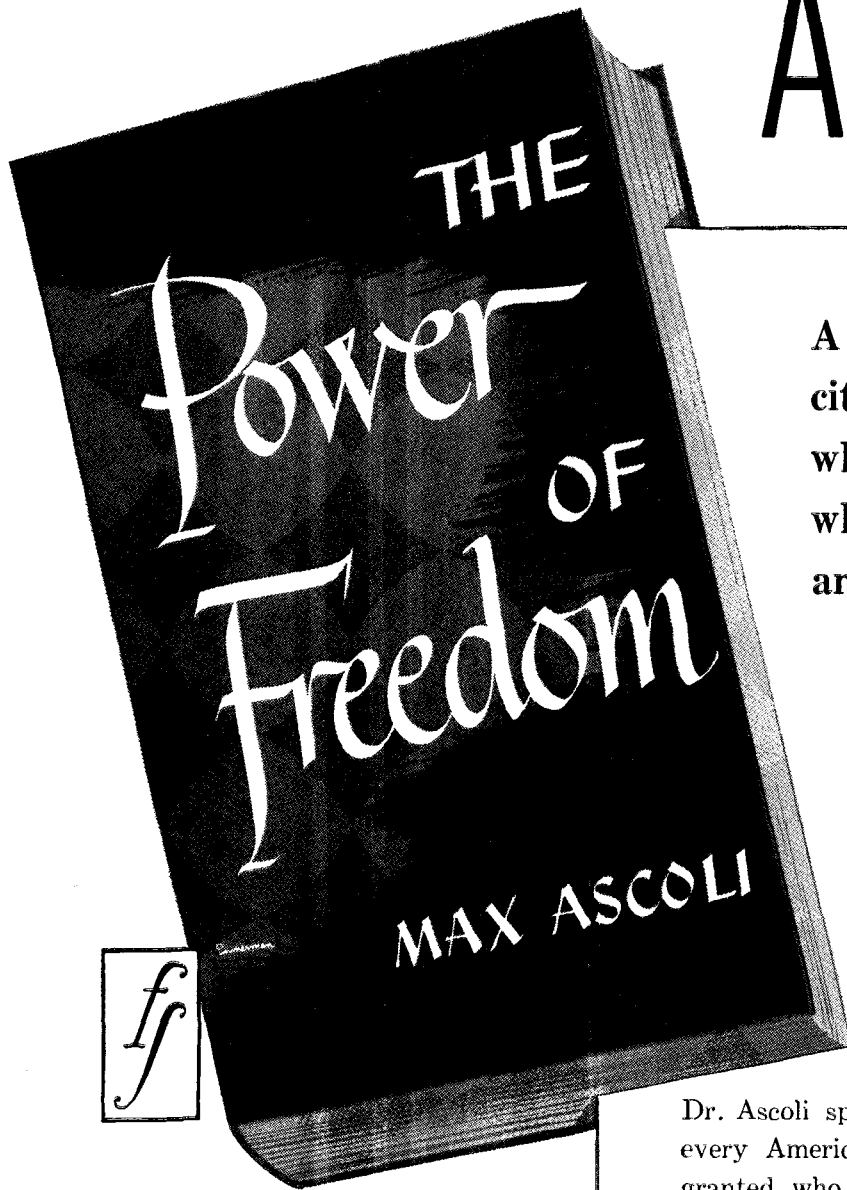
IN HIS new novel, **John Dos Passos** returns to the quasi-documentary technique of the trilogy, *U.S.A.* *The Grand Design* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) is a fictional statement of the author's farewell to reform (already explicit in his political articles) — an acidulous collective portrait of New Deal Washington. Despite the conventional remark, "Any resemblance to real people is accidental," no one not insulated from the press and radio throughout the Roosevelt years will be in doubt as to who inspired some of the major figures in the book. It marks the conclusion of a second trilogy, whose earlier installments were *Adventures of a Young Man* and *Number One*, the Spotswood family providing the connecting link.

Life with reform

As in *U.S.A.*, the narrative is distributed among several characters whose lives crisscross each other — Millard Carroll, a Southern businessman who sacrifices half his income to enter "public service" in 1932; Paul Graves, an agricultural expert enthusiastic over a project to save the family-sized farm; Paul's secretary, Georgia Washburn, who comes to Washington to forget an unhappy love affair with an adolescent Communist; and Herb Spotswood, a Caspar Milquetoast who has become a breast-beating radio celebrity. Their several stories are supposed to objectify the case against the novel's collective "hero" (or rather, villain), the New Deal. Its achievements find no place in Dos Passos's desolate and embittered picture, which suggests the perspective of a John T. Flynn.

The New Deal, meanwhile, has been re-created in multifarious detail — the bureaucratic madhouse, the cocktail-hour politics, the glib phrases and grand ideas, the posing and the feuding, the soggy Washington summers and the slimy Washington Communists preaching and spying, and, always in the foreground, the brain-trusters, their knowing aides, and the news pundits. The gallery of sour portraits is dominated by the sickly figure of Walker Watson, a member of the Cabinet, who plays the horses, dabbles in astrology, spouts his mother's homely wisdom and the Boss's lofty slogans, and who, next to the President, is the chief executor, in peace and war, of the grand design. Dos Passos imparts an added dimension to the over-all picture

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by prefacing each chapter with a sort of commentary in which the collective voice of America speaks its piece — a record of deepening disillusionment which, judging from the election results, is historically at least partially false.

The Grand Design is a much more impressive novel than its two predecessors, in which Dos Passos turned to the traditional story centered on an individual character. Here the special talent which has made him a major novelist — his gift for sharp, pulsing documentation of the social scene — is fully exploited and achieves savage effects. But one is also confronted with his serious limitations — limitations, that is, in a writer of the first rank.

The most serious of these, it seems to me, is that Dos Passos writes novels of political protest in which the protest is never properly dramatized in political terms (as, for instance, in Koestler or Malraux). A radical when "the system" was conservative, a conservative when the system embarked upon a new deal, Dos Passos has always damned the system primarily by showing that people are disgusting and by chronicling their frustrations and defeat. His description of physical details continually suggests that "loathing of living forms" which Ortega y Gasset wrote of as symptomatic of the "dehumanization" of modern art. One suspects, in fact, that Dos Passos's chronic protest is not political at all, not a matter of ideas, but at bottom an expression of disgust with human beings, with Being itself — a painfully sincere, acrid, totally anonymous disgust, which is impelled to celebrate failure.

When things start to go well with one of his characters, the narrative switches to somebody else. Like Thorstein Veblen, his special hero in *The Big Money*, Dos Passos seems to suffer from "a constitutional inability . . . to get his tongue around the essential yes." His positive message is always a species of "no" — desertion from the army in *Three Soldiers*, revolution in *U.S.A.*, and now the wistful notion of a return to the "plan" of the early settlers, a strangely naïve primitivism with isolationist overtones.

In *The Grand Design*, to be sure, there is some relief from the black pessimism of *U.S.A.* — a major character, Paul Graves, who is not unsympathetic; tender glimpses of mar-

ried love and family rise an admiration for economic self-reliance. But (except in the commentary, where the author's opinions are explicitly articulated) the individual values never become an effective counterpoint to the collective nastiness because of Dos Passos's inability to create a three-dimensional character. His protagonists, as usual, remain impersonal. We see them from the outside in hard outline and sharp detail, but we never share their inner life — they do not seem to have one. As Sartre has observed, they have not set up housekeeping in their own consciousness. And here, surely, is a fundamental contradiction in Dos Passos's work: the only values he sees any hope in are individual values, yet he cannot endow his characters with a subjective reality, with a self-conscious individual will.

Life without Father

"All right we are two nations," Dos Passos wrote in *The Big Money*, and the novel ended with the hungry "Vag" thumbing a ride on the highway while overhead the big-money men sat back in the transcontinental plane. The climax was symbolic of identity as well as contrast; the extremes met in a common characteristic — they had no anchor anywhere. They were, not geographically but spiritually, Displaced Persons.

This idea of American rootlessness, so insistent in U.S. writing since the First World War, is the theme of a first novel by **Edward Newhouse**, whose two books of short stories garnered superlatives from the reviewers. *The Hollow of the Wave* (Sloane, \$3.50), as the jacket states, "presents a group of people deeply engaged in an old American quest, the search for a sense of belonging. These people are looking for love, faith, morals, and commitments to live by."

It is something of a triumph that Mr. Newhouse, who has handled this familiar theme in a familiar environment (the Manhattan publishing world) and in terms of reasonably familiar types, should have turned out a novel with a distinct individuality. We have an immensely wealthy young publisher, Larry Holland, who cannot get along with his lovely wife; but they are nice people, with a well-behaved neurosis, who just don't know what to do with their lives. We have a couple of fellow travelers who run Holland's publishing house, and a pukka Communist who tells them

how to run it; but the author knows that such people, by definition, are a bundle of clichés, and he keeps their palaver under strict surveillance.

The hero, Neil Miller, illegitimate son of a famous radical who died in Russia, is a young man whose life has been a series of economic and emotional makeshifts; but his is by no means the usual brassy portrait of the hero as something of a heel. He does have an affair with the Boss's wife, which betrays a conventional streak, but having wisely burned his paintings on page 8, he shows a marvelous singularity by evincing no further twinges of the creative urge.

Mr. Newhouse steers these people (and two or three others) through a story of love, politics, and war, and devises an unexpected aftermath to war for Larry Holland and Neil Miller, who find a niche but discover they are still spiritually Displaced Persons.

The Hollow of the Wave is written with feeling, restraint, and a pleasing integrity. It has no comment of great consequence to make — the theme is reported, not really explored — but what it does say is intelligent and very readable. The author's publisher has given him the benefit of an outstanding job of bookmaking.

Life with Mother

A theme at least as familiar as Mr. Newhouse's inspires the fourth novel by **Gore Vidal**. Still in his early twenties, Mr. Vidal has behind him last year's best-seller, *The City and the Pillar*, and two previous novels which established him as one of the most gifted of the new writers. In *The Season of Comfort* (Dutton, \$3.00), he deals with the emotional conflict arising from the tyranny of a selfish and possessive mother — a gadabout divorcee, daughter of a Vice-President — over her growing son.

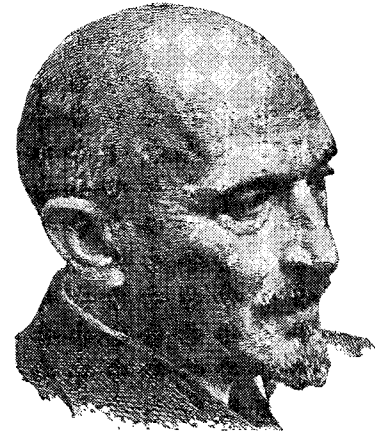
I referred last month to the increasing prevalence of novels which are ably put together, thoroughly readable, and yet not specially worth reading — because the writer brings no "new seeing" to bear on his material. *The Season of Comfort* comes dangerously close to being that kind of novel. Mr. Vidal shows signs of relying on his "know-how," which is considerable, rather than on creative effort. His story is deftly told, his characters are skillfully described, but no deep tensions, no deep emotions, are generated. What is clearly

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MACMILLAN

intended to be a novel of acutely psychical conflict reads in large part like a brisk account of growing pain.

At school Bill Giraud is usually the gang that runs things. At home it's true, when scolded, he's apt to say "Yes, Mother" with a twinge of guilt; but it takes more than that to make a mother-complex. Even when the adolescent Bill displays a firm lack of interest in girls, the reader is not seriously perturbed. As Dr. Kinsey might put it: in the highest educational group the expression of heterosexual eroticism is frequently delayed. Sure enough, Bill later forms an attachment to a girl which promises to lead to eros. He also succeeds, despite his mother's nagging that he be "practical," in devoting himself to painting, which his father abandoned. He has his troubles with "momism," of course, but they do not become a novel-sized predicament.

Life with Ireland

The Man Who Invented Sin (Devin-Adair, \$2.75) comes as a reminder that good writing continues to be one of Ireland's staple exports. The particular merits of Irish fiction and you will find them in Sean O'Faolain's collection of his best stories, seem to be those which are growing scarcer elsewhere: beauty of style; characters who live and who move us; sharp comedy of morals and manners; and the ability to harmonize the view that life is essentially tragic with a sense it is sometimes magical and always worth living.

Some of Mr. O'Faolain's stories are humorous, some melancholy, and some gravely lyrical. The comedy, which is not as vigorous as Frank O'Connor's, succeeds in being diverting with tragic overtones. "The End of a Good Man" is the story of a man destroyed by competition. Larry Dunne was contented, because without ambition, until his father gave him a racing pigeon. Brian Boru was the fastest pigeon in the club, but it had a flaw: it would not come to earth until some other bird had walked off with the race. Larry finds a way to make it win — and breaks his heart doing it.

The title piece is a tender fable with the moral that the Serpent is sometimes a cleric. Two young monks and two young nuns on holiday are enjoying themselves in perfect innocence until a meddlesome curate brands their merriment sin. Twenty

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years later one of the monks, reminded of that lovely summer in the mountain hostel, says: "I'm not sure that I altogether approve of young people going out to these places." Innocence invaded by the worm of conscience is a recurring theme, along with memories of childhood and the idea of death.

The finest tale is "The Silence of the Valley." I can't improve on the comment of an English reviewer: "It is poetry without blarney, incantation without the wand displayed, and the valley when we leave it is a place richly known and poignantly experienced."

The new Zion

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, born seventy-five years ago in the Russian ghetto, the son of a log hauler, has been the prophet of modern Zionism. To him its animating impulse was not the need for a refuge, or the political idea of a Jewish state—the idea of Theodor Herzl, founder of the Zionist movement. It was the mystique of a "folk renaissance" through re-creation of the Jewish homeland.

This concept has shaped a life whose monument is the state of Israel, which made Weizmann its first president. *Trial and Error* (Harper, \$5.00) is the embattled autobiography of this very great man, in whom three divergent strains have coalesced and reinforced each other: the prophetic spirit, scientific genius, and political realism. Weizmann, the prophet of The Return, has been severely practical as a statesman. Even before he negotiated the Balfour Declaration, his primary concern was the concrete enterprise of pioneering a country. When Britain, in 1905, offered the Zionists territory in southern Palestine—ironically, the area Mr. Bevin has fought hard to detach from Israel—Weizmann (unsuccessfully) urged acceptance despite the apparent absence of water. No concrete beginning could be too small.

Clearly Weizmann's scientific training, with its vindication of "trial and error," had shaped the statesman's attitude. If Weizmann were not known as a Zionist, he would be famous as a chemist. His numerous discoveries include a process for synthesizing acetone which averted a critical shortage in Britain's output of explosives in the First World War. In the last war, he made an important contribution to America's synthetic rubber program.

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It was as a teacher of chemistry that Weizmann made his beginnings in England just after the turn of the century. Within a decade the young Russian, who had to learn English from scratch, had met and made allies of many of the most prominent figures in the country, among them Lloyd George, Churchill, Leopold Amery, the editor of the *Times*, and the future Prime Minister, Arthur Balfour. Later he won the support of General Allenby, Lawrence of Arabia, and the Emir Feisal, then leader of the Arab world.

The strangely contradictory role of Britain in the history of Zionism occupies a special place in Weizmann's story. He rejects the view that Britain championed Zionism as a cloak for imperialism, and remains convinced that, whatever the practical considerations, it was moral sentiment which activated the Balfour Declaration.

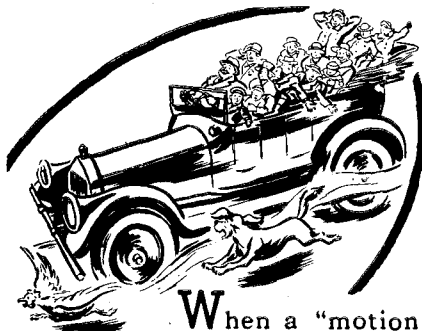
Despite the Palestine Administration's flagrant obstruction of Jewish development, Weizmann resisted Zionism's rising hostility to Britain; despite Bevin's vindictiveness, he speaks of the Labor Government's betrayal of explicit promises more in disappointment than bitterness. What sparks his anger is the undercover struggle against Zionism waged by many of the world's assimilated Jews.

Trial and Error is written with a modesty which on occasion (in the case of Weizmann's wartime contributions) is actually misleading. It is filled with vivid glimpses of great persons, with sharply remembered details of history, and pervaded by the spirit that moves mountains. Dr. Weizmann has given us a human and stirring account of the birth of a nation.

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F.D.R.: HIS PERSONAL LETTERS, 1905-1928. Edited by Elliott Roosevelt. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$5.00.

The second volume of F.D.R.'s personal letters is of infinitely greater interest than the first, and his son's editorial comment and annotations cement the correspondence into something approaching an informal personal history. Beginning with the Roosevelts' honeymoon trip to Europe, the book shows us F.D.R. as a sedate young father, covers his entry into state and national politics and his tenure as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and gives us an intimate picture of his seven-year battle with infantile paralysis.



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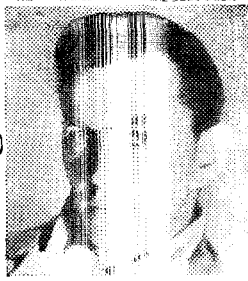


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The correspondence, which is warmly colored by family feeling and F.D.R.'s proverbial exuberance, clarifies several aspects of his later career and contains a variety of minor revelations.

THE LIMITS OF ART. *Collected and edited by Huntington Cairns.* Pantheon, \$6.50.

Any anthology which wrings a blessing out of Mr. Mencken ("the most original ever printed, and in many ways the most useful") — not to mention warm endorsement by Herbert Read and Allen Tate — is clearly something of a publishing miracle. The brilliant idea which inspired *The Limits of Art* was to collect the greatest in poetry from Homer to Valéry, the greatest in prose from Herodotus to Joyce, and to accompany each selection with comment by critics ranging from Aristotle to Eliot. These 1500 pages contain some 500 selections, those from foreign literatures appearing for the most part in the original as well as in translation. The one flaw in this wonderful collection is the too frequent use of very brief critical encomiums ("The masterpiece of its kind"), which are rarely of much interest.

CÉZANNE by Bernard Dorival. Continental Book Center, \$12.50.

A distinguished art book, very slightly marred by a certain stylistic quaintness in the scholarly text and by glaring typographical errors. Printed in Paris in an English translation, this extremely thorough volume by the Curator of the French Museum of Modern Art contains a full-length biography and critical appreciation of Cézanne (with illustrations showing formative influences); quotations from Cézanne's letters showing the man and his views on painting; a selection of comments by critics and painters; and 160 plates, 24 of them in full color, followed by descriptive and analytic notes. The color reproductions are superb.

THE ROAD TO REASON by Lecomte du Noüy. Longmans, \$3.50.

Written seven years before the author's immensely successful *Human Destiny*, this essay offers a fuller exposition of the scientific outlook from which du Noüy arrived at the religious postulates of the later book. Here he offers a thoroughgoing analysis of the objectives and concepts of modern science, the limitations of the scientific method, and the philosophical problems that confront the scientific thinker. His conclusion that science "can only supply relative answers" leads to the hypothesis of "anti-chance, which one might well call God," and to a fervent reaffirmation of "moral and spiritual" values. There is one curious omission in the argument: du Noüy ignores a possibility which recent discussions of a "unitary science" have brought to the fore — namely, that a foundation for ethical values may eventually be found in biology, neurology, and psychology.

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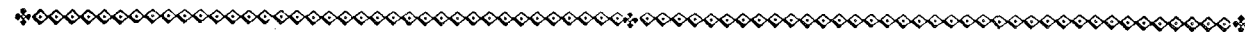
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THIS MONTH

The newsmen were loaded with questions about his plans, but the New York Herald Tribune's Bob Donovan shot first. What had the President to say, he asked, about an article in the current Atlantic Monthly by Chemist Bradley Dewey charging White House suppression of a report on the Bikini atom bomb tests?

Harry Truman paused, then said that Mr. Dewey must be mistaken — that seems to go with the name. Everybody roared; the show was on. (Time, December 13, 1948)

News reporting in the nation's capital must be delightful work. The reporter asks an apt question, gets a brush-off, and everybody relishes "the show." Naturally, he must face some competition, and the fast tempo of writing big news of this kind and getting it on the wire is fatiguing. One can imagine the whole crowd pelting to the telephones; the genial rivalry over who will be first in print with the "no comment" or the "nothing to say" flash that the interviewers have just wrested from some reluctant statesman. It's still a devil-may-care calling with a queer fascination of its own; full of risks and variety, the impact of great events at their very inception — or initial suppression.

In a small bureau, where one man may have to carry the whole Washington assignment, the pace is headlong: now to the Treasury, where the first "don't quote me" of the day is gleaned; again to the Pentagon for one crackling turndown after another; next an "off the record" luncheon speech at the National Press Club by a visiting dignitary. Afternoon continues the high adventure.

Back at his office, the news hawk finds a terse telegram from his paper: "You beat the A.P. by half an hour on Snyder's refusal to comment on income tax boosts. Congrats." But there can be no letdown, no easing of the quest. The A.M.'s are already trickling in for the President's press conference. Now the room is full, and even the foreign

press reporters feel the tension. Pencils poised, the correspondents await the first shrewd question and the robust disclaimer: No, the President does not wish to say anything on that one. Appointment of Doakes? Nothing at this time, later maybe. Nothing about the budget, or the Cabinet, Pittsburgh-plus, the miners, or tidewater oil wells. The pencils fly. Notes become voluminous. Excitement mounts when the President allows himself to be quoted directly: "I haven't decided." Appreciative laughter, end of interview, mad scramble for the telephones.

Then, off to the Russian Embassy — nobody home. Senate Finance Committee Chairman — won't talk. Attorney General — no statement. And always, the inexorably moving hand of the clock. Never forget that newspapering is forever a race against time.

These are, of course, the high spots of the Washington beat. Beneath them, solid foundation at all times and especially on days when no big nothing-to-say stories are breaking, is the handout, the canned "statement" which eliminates tiresome questions by the press and saves much of the time wasted in interviews. Where the small papers can maintain only one representative in Washington, the larger bu-

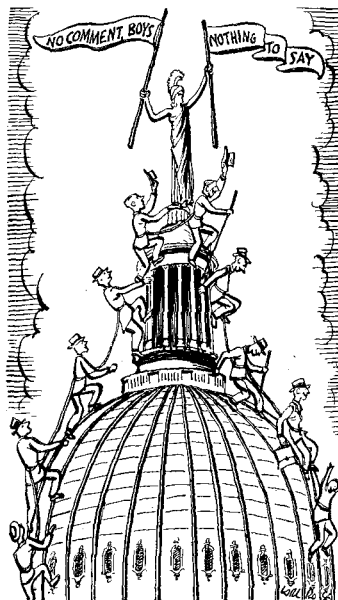
reaus have sizable staffs, some to gather brush-offs, others to receive handouts.

Many of the correspondents in each category are specialists, expert through long service on the job. A man skilled in Treasury turndowns, for instance, might not even know where to go to be refused by the State Department "spokesman," etc., etc.

Today's Washington newsman bears little resemblance to the uncouth old-time reporter who went out and pestered officials with questions. There was certainly no old-timer around when the President wrote Bradley Dewey off as "mistaken," to spoil the fun by posing the next question: —

"Wherein?"

CHARLES W. MORTON



FACTS

A native New Yorker, NEWMAN LEVY is a lawyer, a versifier, and the author of much lively writing about opera, movies, and the theater.

PICKING A JURY*by* NEWMAN LEVY

A TRIAL lawyer has to be many things, but above all he should be a good judge of human nature. After years of cross-examining and clashing with hostile witnesses his instincts become sharpened. Gestures, mannerisms, inflections of the voice, reveal to him secrets undetected by the less experienced. If he has learned his business he can pretty well tell whether a witness is lying or telling the truth.

But when it comes to selecting a jury that will incline favorably to his side, his instincts and psychological insight are slightly more helpful than they would be in picking numbers on a roulette wheel. Every trial lawyer plays certain systems; he acquires hunches and rules of thumb; but every one I have ever spoken to has admitted that he knew little more of the art of jury picking after years at the bar than when he was a tyro.

Ferdinand Pecora, who was an eminent advocate before he became a Justice of the New York Supreme Court, tells me that when he was trying cases he would never take a man with a beard. "We are living in a clean-shaven age," he explained. "The fellow who wears whiskers is an individualist, one who defies convention. He will be less amenable to persuasion than the man whose smooth face indicates that he conforms."

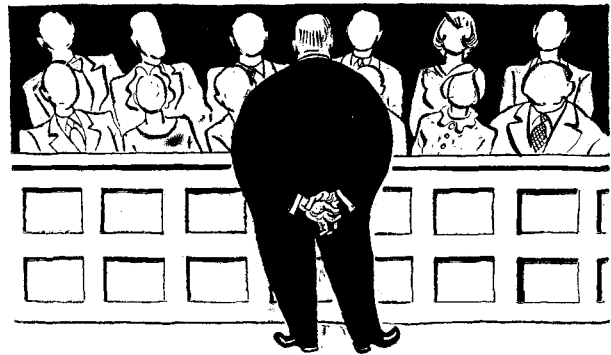
"Suppose he wears whiskers to hide a weak chin?" I asked.

"So much the worse," replied the judge. "Such a fellow would be likely to subordinate his honest convictions to the stronger members of the jury."

I will leave the validity of this argument to be tested by psychologists, but judging from Judge Pecora's success in persuading beardless jurors to decide his way there may be something to his theory.

One of my friends says that he does not like engineers and accountants on his juries. "I don't trust the mathematical mind. It's too logical and precise." I ventured to suggest that it might depend upon whether the juror was on the right or wrong side of the case. There have been times when I would have been grateful for a juror with a bit of logic in him; there have been other occasions when jurors capable of intelligently considering the evidence might have been an embarrassment.

I once tried a murder case before Judge James Garrett Wallace, who for many years had been a mighty prosecutor. One of the talesmen called, a



shaggy, Bohemian-looking fellow, testified that he was a playwright and poet. On further questioning he admitted that none of his plays had been produced. I have a few hunches of my own (one is that literary people are frequently human beings), so I decided to take him. The judge called me up to the bench.

"Why did you accept that fellow?" he asked.

"Well," I answered, "I do a bit of writing myself, and I have a sort of fraternal feeling."

"Well, you pulled a boner," said the judge. "That fellow is a nut. I wouldn't take a professional writer. They have too much imagination."

Many hours later it began to appear that I had pulled a boner. It was late at night; I was sitting smoking in the judge's chambers, and the jury had been deliberating for hours. It was obvious that they were hopelessly deadlocked.

At length a court officer brought in a note from the foreman of the jury which the judge handed to me. "We are eleven to one," it said, "and there is no possibility of an agreement."

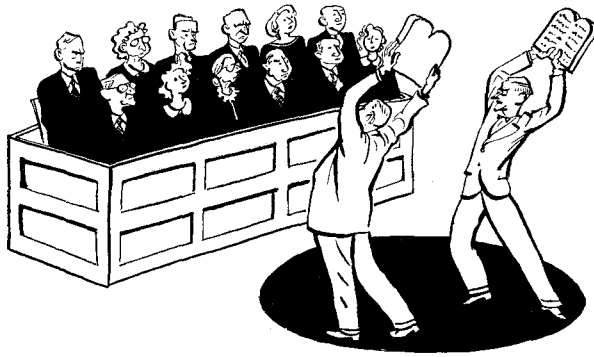
"What did I tell you?" His Honor said. "Next time lay off those literary fellows."

We went down to the courtroom and the judge discharged the jury. Afterwards I went out into the corridor and discussed the case, as I usually do, with the discharged jurors. I learned that eleven of them had voted for conviction almost from the first ballot. My playwrighting juror had announced that he was convinced of my client's innocence, and would stick out for acquittal till hell froze over. The judge had been right, of course. The fellow was an eccentric, but you never can tell which side the eccentricity is going to help.

I had a curious experience some years ago trying a case in a small country town about a hundred miles from New York City. Knowing the hazards that face a city lawyer when he leaves his own bailiwick, I took the precaution to hire the leading local attorney to assist me. I was picking the jury when a young man with one of the meanest, toughest faces I have ever seen was called into the box.

"We certainly don't want him," I whispered to my associate.

"He's all right," he whispered back. "Take him. He's my son-in-law."



I am unable to say whether the young man's countenance belied his disposition, but he gave complete satisfaction as a juror. I should hasten to add, lest any question of professional ethics should arise, that this was in a small community where everyone knew everyone else, and the opposing counsel not only was aware of the relationship to my associate, but was related himself to the juror.

Some lawyers take an inordinately long time to select a jury. I remember one case in which I assisted an eminent attorney who took ten days. My own belief is that, barring actual bias or prejudice which can be determined by a few questions, the first twelve men in the box will do, in most cases, as well as the jury obtained after lengthy examination. I believe too, and this is confirmed by talks with jurors, that they are apt to become annoyed by extended questioning. And one of the cardinal rules of trying cases is never to annoy a juror.

Under our trial system each side is allowed a certain number of peremptory challenges — that is, challenges for which a lawyer does not need to give a reason. It ranges, in New York, from six peremptory challenges in civil cases and certain criminal cases, up to thirty in first degree murder cases. This gives a lawyer ample latitude, and much of the delay in selecting juries is due to the maneuvering of the lawyers to compel their opponents to exhaust their peremptory challenges first. The side with a few challenges left is in the advantageous position of a chess player who has saved his rooks and queen after his opponent has lost his.

I remember a case about a year ago in which the defense had used all his challenges while the prosecutor had all of his left. The Assistant District Attorney looked over the faces in the courtroom, decided which he liked, and then proceeded calmly to examine talesmen until he had precisely the jury he wanted.

This explains why so much time is frequently spent in asking what to laymen sound like silly, unnecessary questions; it is usually to try to coax an undesired talesman into admitting actual bias or prejudice and thus save a peremptory challenge. Of course, if the prospective juror looks good the lawyer cuts his examination short.

In criminal cases a defendant obviously would

not want jurors connected with the police, or related to them. In accident cases the defense would not want jurors who have been the victims or whose close relations have been victims of negligence. There might not be any actual prejudice, but there is no sense in taking the risk.

Most lawyers to whom I have spoken will not accept the wives of lawyers, the theory being that they are apt to have a muddled idea of the law derived from their husbands, instead of accepting the pure, undefiled version from the Court. My own view is somewhat different, especially if I have a tough case. When I can anticipate that the judge's exposition of the law will not do my client any good, I am not averse to the possibility of a bit of confusion in the jury room.

It has been my experience that racial or religious loyalty play, very little part in the deliberations of jurors. If it has any effect it is to cause the members of a group to lean backwards against members of their own group in an effort to seem impartial. I remember a recent case against a Negro in which the only Negro on the jury was one of those who voted for conviction and finally succeeded in persuading the others to bring in a verdict of guilty. I may add that in defending Negroes I have seldom hesitated to accept Southerners. Frequently they have a more sympathetic understanding of Negro psychology, and will make allowances for conduct that a Northerner is less likely to condone.

The deliberations of a jury are supposed to be secret, but in the old Criminal Courts Building, which has now been torn down, it was possible to listen through the door of the jury room, and court officers and prosecutors occasionally availed themselves of the opportunity. This story was told to me by one of the court officers.

A man had been tried for some crime, and all the evidence against him was circumstantial. When the jury began to deliberate, the vote on the first ballot was eleven to one for conviction. The one was a stolid old German who insisted that he would never convict anyone on circumstantial evidence.

"But the judge told us that circumstantial evidence was just as good as any other kind," the foreman said. The other jurors argued and pleaded with the German but he was adamant.

This went on for a long time. At length the old man turned to the foreman and said, "I suppose if my watch was found in your pocket, that would be circumstantial evidence that you stole it?"

"Certainly," the foreman said.

"Then go over and look in your overcoat pocket."

The foreman walked over to the rack where the coats were hanging, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the watch that the old German had dropped in some time before.

"I suggest that we take another vote," the foreman said. This time the count showed twelve for acquittal.

HOWARD HAYES has worked on newspapers in Detroit and Paris and now lives in New York. He is a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*.

BIGGER AND BETTER HOTHOUSES

by HOWARD HAYES

I LOVE hothouses. I love them outside, sparkling in the sun, and inside looking out. I love to wander in a fine big public hothouse (or more politely, conservatory) when an autumn rain or a spring rain is pattering on the glass overhead, or snow is swirling or a winter gale is blowing.

I love to stroll among the tall shooting bamboos and the spreading palms. The steam pounding in the steampipes is music to my ears. So is the gentle plash of unfrozen water in the goldfish-and-lily pool. My chapped skin is soothed by the warm humidity, and the musty moldy smell of humus is pleasant to my nose.

Altogether I think the big well-run hothouse is one of science's and civilization's great triumphs over nature. I've spent many a pleasant winter hour under hothouse glass and I hope to spend many more.

But I have a double complaint. Hothouses are simply not big enough, and there is no place to sit down. Even in the best of them there is a sort of stinginess, a cramped-up quality that reminds you more of some tiny European principality of the nineteenth century than it does of the wealth and grandeur and generous spirit of America. The walks, for example, are only a few feet wide—hardly wide enough to walk arm in arm with your girl. The plants (in pots) are jammed in too close together. The taller trees are bumping against the roof. As for a view, a vista, or a place to sit down and rest your feet, they hardly exist.

Public hothouses, it seems to me, should be "re-conceived" in a new and modern America spirit. You know what has been done with the zoos. You've seen the new zoos where the animals appear to have been let out of their cages and to stare at you with nothing in between. But I'm a plant and flower lover and not a zoo lover. Thus I don't understand why we plant lovers aren't entitled to some of the same kind of money that has been going into these big fancy new zoos. Not everybody likes the smell, or the sight, of caged animals. Some of us prefer plants and flowers. At least they don't make those horrible noises, and they don't look at you with suppressed rage and hopeless pain, and they don't dirty their cages.

Well then, how would I "rethink" the great public hothouse? I should begin

by imagining a beautiful summer garden—wide walks, plenty of room, trees and lawns and shady nooks, flowers in bloom everywhere—and then I should quite simply throw a high glass or plastic roof over it.

As to size, it shouldn't be a city block long, nor three blocks, nor even ten, but twenty blocks long. Let's not be niggardly. No more of these little Monte Carlo conservatories. Think of ourselves. Think of the Russians. Think of Africa. Think of the Grand Canyon. Think of anything, but don't be stingy.

As a matter of fact, a simple way to begin such a hothouse or "winter garden" as I have in mind would be to take a good-sized piece of any well-established public park and merely put in steam radiators under the trees and a continuous glass roof overhead. Leave the walks and benches and flower beds as they are. Replant steadily with tropical or subtropical material according to seasonal changes.

And now, as a taxpayer, let me ask you this: What could be more wonderful on a January day than stepping into a perfectly air-conditioned public park, checking your overcoat and galoshes, and then strolling for a mile or two among fresh blooming flowers, green lawns, and leafy trees?

For your pleasure and enjoyment I would go further. I would install café terraces and "open-air" restaurants. Architects inform me that we shall never have them otherwise, as our climate is simply too windy and brutal and changeable for the outdoor dining of France. Part of my hothouse could be made to look like a corner of the Rue de la Paix on a spring day with "open-air" tables and waiters and gay crowds strolling by. And all this, mind you, under our own January and February sun, which is so much brighter than anything in Paris. Plenty of steam heat from the radiators scattered all around would make up for the subzero temperatures outside.

I was thinking of little French bookstalls, too, and other things. But then I realized that if I put in bookstalls I'd soon have to admit *parfumeries* and then department stores.

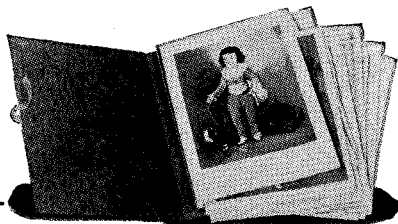
Anyway, if we Americans are as rich as we say we are, and we're truly the lovers of all the good things we claim, I see no difficulty over my jumbo-size winter garden. As I see it, we've air-conditioned everything else; now why not air-condition a sizable chunk of the open air?



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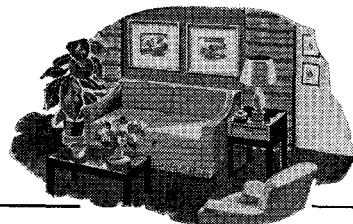
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